SHADOWS ON THE WALL

OR

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.

A Retrospect of the Past Fifty Years.

SKETCHES OF NOTED PERSONS MET WITH BY THE AUTHOR.

ANECDOTES OF VARIOUS AUTHORS, MUSICIANS, JOURNALISTS, ACTORS, ARTISANS, MERCHANTS, LAWYERS, MILITARY MEN, &C. &C.

Met with in Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, and other Southern Cities.

ALSO THE HISTORICAL POEM OF

DE SOTO, OR THE CONQUEST OF FLORIDA,

AND MINOR POEMS.

BY

John H. Hewitt.

"And scenes long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain."
—*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

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Dedication.

TO THE REMAINING FEW,

THESE IMPERFECT RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST

ARE CORDIALLY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

INTRODUCTORY.

The writer of these recollections is now treading the barren path of life winding its way beyond the limits allowed to man by the Holy Book — threescore and ten being the span of years allotted us. Though born in the city of New York, still he has always considered Baltimore his home, for within her limits he commenced his career of life. Many changes have taken place since he first began his professional career, with a heart filled with hope and a laudable ambition to make his mark. Many of the friends of his youth have sought the dreamless slumber of the tomb; many bend under the weight of years, and, as they smooth their white locks, look calmly forward to the settling up of all earthly accounts.

They are passing away, for decay is stamped upon the features of the most beautiful of other days, and, one by one, they leave us to make room for other travellers on the same highway. In a few short years those who were the children of our maturity, and made us rejoice in their innocent merriment, have grown up and become themselves mature. The laughing schoolgirl has become a staid matron, and desires no greater happiness than that which lights the domestic hearth. The wayward boy has become the dignified father, and,

bent on speculation, scarcely troubles himself about those silent monitors, gray hairs, which, through the workings of care and anxiety, are beginning to show themselves.

These are melancholy reflections, and melancholy is not one of the ingredients of the writer's nature; though there are times when the buoyant spirit, like the waves of the ocean, will settle down to the calm and even pleasant quiescence of melancholy. Though we are passing away, yet the city of our pride has been swelling in magnitude and improving in beauty. She has passed her ancient limits. Where the venerable oaks of the forest stretched their giant branches, and sheltered the grazing cattle beneath their ample foliage, stand the palaces of the wealthy, who, through industry and enterprise, have thriven and prospered with the city. To the fixed resident, these great changes are not so perceptible as to one who has been absent for years. Memory pains when it receives new impressions; and, though these evidences of prosperity may prove cheering to the speculator and business man, yet to the solitary wanderer they bring with them the sad thought of his own evanescence.

I presume there are still some people living who can remember our goodly city fifty years ago. If there are not, I am "the last man," and stand, like one alone, mourning over the recollections of the past. But there are many, for we meet them in our daily walks. It is true, the hand of time has pressed heavily on them, and the frosts of many winters have whitened their locks; yet they live, the breathing chronicles of the past. I greet these remaining few, and speak to them of days past and gone, when the hot blood of youth ran riot in our veins, and we gazed with pride on the growing strength of Baltimore.

Let me carry the reader back to the period when, where now tower the magnificent dwellings of the wealthy, the majestic oaks of "Howard's Park" bowed to the strong winds of the storm, and the grand monument, erected to the memory of the illustrious Wash-

ington, arose proudly above the crests of those mighty forest-sentinels. The noble shaft still stands; but where are the oaks that have bowed their heads as its shadow stretched out opposite to the rising and setting sun? Levelled with the earth! The march of improvement has swept the works of nature before it; the axe has prostrated the trees, and the pick and spade have levelled the hills. Old "shanties" have given place to magnificent mansions, and ancient "cow-paths" have become populous streets and avenues. The commerce of the city was then mostly confined to the coast trade, and steamboats scarcely ever ventured beyond the mouth of the Chesapeake bay. The slow coach bore its burden of passengers to cities and towns in the interior, and the dim street-lamps—burning wicks and whale oil—"made darkness visible." It was remarkable that the more lamps the city fathers caused to be established, the more the streets approximated total darkness.

Still, Baltimore was a prosperous city. She had her nabobs and her enterprising merchants. Her banks were in good credit, and her institutions bore an excellent repute. Year after year her trade and commerce expanded, and she swelled on until she became the third city in the Union. At several periods the elements of rowdyism, from which no large communities are free, were nursed on her bosom, and came near destroying that fair fame for which she had so earnestly labored; but the reproach soon wore away, and she now stands before the world free of tarnish.

Let us change the picture. A new era has opened; a new generation has taken the place of the "old fogies" of former times; new notions have crept into our social system, and we are not the people we were thirty or forty years ago. Competition has awakened the sleeping energies of man, and to be behind our sister cities was considered an abandonment of the race. With the new-fangled notions of the times came the spirit of enterprise; and with enterprise, failure is disgrace. The unhappy war between the North and South kept Balti-

more stationary, and five years became a blank in her existence; but now, the clouds that shadowed her have passed away, and, as the mild sunshine of peace diffuses itself over the land, there is hope that she will move on and gather in the wealth that must pour in through the channels of commerce. Her rapidly increasing population is an evidence of her prosperity. Capitalists, seeing the necessity of extending our means of communication directly with Europe and the Southern ports, in order that our merchants might fill orders that were crowding in upon them from the interior, established direct lines of steamships, foreign and coastwise, in order that the fabrics or products of distant lands might be brought to a mart so admirably calculated to supply the wants of the interior. The establishing of a line of ocean steamers foreshadowed a great and beneficial change in the prospects of Baltimore. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad now terminates at Liverpool and Bremen, and our city has become the depot for goods and wares that are destined for the Pacific coast.

But my object in penning these papers is not to trace the rise and progress of the city of Baltimore: that has already been done by abler pens. My intention is to relate to the readers of the present period the experience of an author and composer; to draw sketches of well known personages who existed in former days, and to express my own views of that which I have seen and heard. In doing this I may touch a delicate chord in some bosoms; but I eschew all ill-will or malice.

Literary Associations with Rufus Dawes AND OTHER POETS.

Among my first literary associates was Rufus Dawes, the poet; a man of refined ideas, and a scholar of the first order. We became strongly attached to each other and were constant companions, for our tastes harmonized as well as our dispositions, and in the literary *coteries* of the day we ever stood side by side.

Dawes was a wit—one of the refined order. He was a poet of sentiment and passion, though he was never fully estimated by the public at large. His volume of "The Valley of Nashaway, and Other Poems," was a casket of gems, as pure and unsullied as the dewdrops embosomed among the white petals of a newly-opened lily. He never failed in his efforts to lead me aside from the dull speculations of this life of cares and disappointments, for he was ever among the stars. The moon was a tablet on which he traced his thoughts, the bright blue skies were scarcely deep enough for his wandering imagination. He read volumes in the brooks and rivers, and translated the tacit language of flowers into the tongue of song. To use his own language:—

> "And I have found in poor, neglected flowers,
> Companionship for many weary hours;
> And high above the mountain's crest of snow,
> Communed with storm-clouds in their wrath below."

No one doubted the inspiration of the Western muse after our press put forth such beauties as are the offspring of the pens of Hillhouse, Bryant, Percival, and Willis. The name of the former is not familiar to every reader, but his writings were such as will at some future period yield him undying fame. Dawes pursued a judicious course. He did not cause the press to groan

with productions that might have sated his admirers by a perusal. His poems, like comets, appeared "few and far between"; though, when they came, they were robed in dazzling splendor all their own. In short, none of our native poets have gained so enviable a reputation upon so small a number of publications as Dawes, if I except Sprague and Richard Wilde; the *quality*, not the *quantity*, placed him among the most favored of our bards. His earliest productions, which, I believe, first appeared in the *United States Literary Gazette*, won him a popularity which has never been in the least tarnished by those which subsequently appeared in the columns of the *Baltimore Emerald*, a weekly journal which he conducted with marked ability, and which was afterwards merged with the *Minerva*. Many of the readers of this retrospect may, doubtless, remember a series of poems published at the period of which I now write, under the title of the "Times," than which a more excellent imitation of Byron's "Don Juan" has never appeared on this side the Atlantic. In these poems the characteristic foibles of the day were finely hit off, and gave clear proof of the author's satiric vein; saying nothing of the beauty of the thoughts, and the brilliant stream of wit and humor that ran through every line. John Neal, with more liberality than was ever accorded to him, without knowing the name of the author, pronounced the series of cantos more racy and better written than Halleck's "Fanny," or Walters' "Sukey." The "Times" created a great sensation in Baltimore, though their locality prevented a wide reading beyond the limits of the city. They perished, with many other ephemeral productions of the day.

The only strictly literary periodical published in Baltimore at the time of which I now write, was the *Portico*, a weekly, printed by a bookseller, Mr. Edward J. Coale, an amiable and popular gentleman. Many able pens contributed to this work; among them were those of Edward Pinckney and Francis S. Key, whose "Star-Spangled Banner" seems to be linked with the glorious destiny of this country. The *Portico* did not live long;

for, after a brilliant though brief career, it went the way of all Southern literary journals.

The daily papers published in Baltimore at that period were: the *Evening Gazette*, by William Gwynn; the *American*, by Murphy, Dobbin & Bose; and the *Chronicle*, by Peachin & Leakin. The *Patriot*, by Isaac Monroe, was established some years later. There were no quarterlies or monthlies.

The failure of the *Portico* did not deter Dawes from founding the *Emerald*, which became popular with the then circumscribed reading class. It was handsomely printed in quarto form, by Benjamin Edes, one of the leading printers of the day, and a good-hearted, though not strictly a business man. The *Emerald* continued about six months, and then took a folio form, and appeared weekly under the title of *The Baltimore Minerva and Emerald*, I being the sole editor, though Dawes continued to contribute to its columns. It contained a large amount of original matter—tales, essays, criticisms, poetry and reviews—for its columns were opened to all writers of any pretensions, and not confined to a select few. This truly democratic mode of conducting a journal pleased the masses, and the *Minerva* became extremely popular, though, in truth, there was no small quantity of trash published in it, and many of its original articles were puerile, and such as might please the fancy of school-misses and boys. However, it eventually brought out hidden talent—writers who are now well known to the literary world, though but tiros then. The first efforts of Brantz Mayer were made through its columns. Timothy S. Arthur wrote for it; also John N. McJilton and Nathan C. Brooks. The early effusions of Elizabeth Bogart and Phoebe M. Clark likewise graced its columns, while many ladies contributed under various *nommes de plume*. Mr. Ford, the uncle of the present John T. Ford, the popular theatrical manager, was a voluminous contributor. He was a carpenter, and his essays were always in support of the mechanic arts and the elevation of the "hard-fisted."

The *Minerva's* success induced a restless M. D. who

could not "cramp his genius over a pestle and mortar," to inaugurate another weekly of the same kind in opposition. It was called the *Wreath*, and the editorial department was under the control of Doctor Lucius O'Brien, a good-natured Irishman, but barely cut out for the responsibility of a journalist. The *Wreath* struggled through a sickly existence of half a year, and then gave up the ghost; not, however, without firing many a severe shot into the sides of its more successful rival.

The journals published in Baltimore in 1829 (the population then being about 75,000) were as follows:—Annual, none; quarterly, none; monthly, none; semi-monthly, the *Mutual Rights and Christian Intelligencer*, and the *Itinerant;* weekly, *Niles' Register*, the *American Farmer*, the *Minerva and Emerald*, and the *Saturday Evening Post;* daily, the *Gazette*, the *American*, the *Chronicle*, the *Patriot*, and the *Republican*. Total, 11.

This was but a poor display when contrasted with Boston, which, with a population of only 50,000 souls, sustained 44 journals of various kinds. Baltimore, even now, is far behind Northern cities.

The Editor.

My fondness for the life of a journalist caused me to neglect, to a considerable degree, my sheet-anchor—music. In a country like this, where the periodical press flourishes free and untrammelled, and where almost every cross-road settlement boasts a press of its own, while the periodicals of large cities scatter their stores of information into the very heart of the most densely settled territories, the character and high standing of an editor are not so fully appreciated as they are in Europe, where journals are fewer in proportion to the amount of population, besides being subordinate to and under the supervision of the ruling powers.

The character of an editor has its private stamp as

well as that of the poet, the painter, or the musician; it is generally found on the summit of originality. He is the oracle of taste, the umpire of fashion, the organ of his country's wants, the redresser of her wrongs, and the distributor of public reputation. He exerts, as it were, an extensive jurisdiction, and it is not without reason that pigmies in high places exclaim, "The pen is mightier than the sword." That journalism is a power, one with which they, in all their vigor and influence, have not the strength to wrestle, they cannot deny. The periodical press is their bane. Nevertheless, no profession conceals, perhaps, so many thorns and thistles under the roses which adorn it. Contending with self-love, susceptibilities, and exigencies, the editor dares not even flatter himself to fill his house, like Socrates, with friends.

What hireling was ever burdened with a more toilsome task? Hardly has he finished the "forms" for to-day, when to-morrow's columns claim their material; and, behold him, in spite of Minerva, bringing forth daily, without more hopes of filling up the created spaces than the daughters of Danaus had of finishing their task with the fatal sieves.

Still, if he could promise himself, at some remote period, the sweet slumbers and good things of a fat office under the Government, or the lucrative appointment to the duty of "polisher of the public moneys," then might he glory in the sweat of his brow. But no; in this "model Republic" he stands no better chance than those beneath him, save in the time of a sweeping reform, when he chanced to be on the right side of the fence. He cannot hope for immortality; for ephemeral works, like the insects of Hypanis, survive not the setting sun that gave them birth in his rising; and the parent of those short-lived children, as fugitive as the leaves of the Sibyl, sees them rolled into spiral forms to hold pepper or ginger for a neighboring grocer, or torn into strips to bind up the stray tresses of a simpering schoolgirl.

Fate, too, with stubborn malignity, incessantly causes

the pen and the temperament of the editor to be at variance. Should he be happy and joyous, he must lament some sad catastrophe. Has the partner of his life made him a proud father, he must write funeral obituary. Is he ordered by his physician to use plain diet, to cure dyspeptic complaints; he must describe civic dinners and the perfumes of electioneering viands. Has he a fit of the spleen, he is compelled to write humorous stories; to laugh, as Horace tells us Ixion did at the music of Mercury's lyre in the abodes of the Shades.

After pondering over his notes, he seats himself in his solitary sanctum, pale and thoughtful. Everything then becomes to him an object to comment on, for his summary must be filled; all nature seems paraded before him; he has but one object in view, an item for his columns. All his ideas, all his feelings, are, by one sudden fusion, thrown into the periodical mould, and burn to spread themselves into pages and swell into volumes. See him—his eyes cast up, his mouth half open—ever on the track of events, and more eager in the pursuit than Rousseau after the periwinkle. Duels, assassinations, robberies, broken legs, sudden deaths, bursting boilers, lamp-explosions, broken banks, removals, dishonest officials, ghosts, hailstorms, and thunder and lightning, are the precious spoils with which to enrich his summary—the fruitful harvest of pathetics which he garners up to excite the nervous irritability of his sentimental readers. He never fails to attend courts of justice, to watch and note the smallest events of the career of crime toward the dreadful issue so often accomplished by means of the gallows.

The dramatic art belongs particularly to the editorial jurisdiction, and is sustained by the power of the press. The doors of the theatre are respectfully thrown open to the autocrat of the pen. Let him enter the green-room after some witty sarcasm on the talents of the actors or actresses has appeared in his journal. In a moment he is assailed with their interpretations; he

hears the clamor from all quarters: "Ignorance!" "injustice!" "malice!" &c. The dignified Roman father throws aside his stage character; the pale Ophelia bursts into a paroxysm of rage, and even the prompter assumes the voice of a Stentor. However, the commotion ceases by a wise forethought, and the dissatisfied become sycophants, by striving to be the first restored to the good graces of the arbitrator of their fate. Lear calms his madness; Othello foregoes his "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war"; Macbeth drops the dagger to do the honors of the tobacco-box; Audrey breaks loose from her archness, and Furies cast tender glances on him.

But the true editor disdains all these decoys. He courts inspiration for the sake of taste. Public opinion, sooner or later, disgraces the mercenary Aristarchus who barters his praises for a service of plate, or the base Troilus, bent upon railing against the superior talents of a modern Roscius. But, when his country's cause guides his pen, then the editor's calling becomes exalted, and even sacred. Then is the time to display all the glories, the virtues, the impartiality and the independence of the press. Then his columns, as it were, become the rostrum from which, like the Roman orator, he points out to the people's animadversion the infernal plottings of the Catalines, or the extortions of the Verreses.

In the days when the rancor of party animosity is carried to excess, we have seen editors, bought up by the tempting bribes of demagogues, distilling from their pens the poison of anarchy, and veiling their original principles under the title of "The People's Friend." In a popular representative government, an editor should be the depository of the people's thoughts, the echo of national sentiment, and the advance-guard of public liberty. Entrusted with the watchword, he should bring abuses and usurpation of power to a stand, and shield the palladium of freedom.

Among the editors with whom I freely associated was William Gwynn, of the *Evening Gazette*. He was a

bachelor, and, of course, not free from the characteristic weaknesses of bachelors. He lived pretty much by himself, and for himself, in a quaintly constructed building in the rear of his office, and closely wedged against Barnum's City Hotel, on Bank Lane. His habits were rather staid, though he was sociable with intimate friends, and enjoyed a bottle of good wine with as much gusto as did John Falstaff his sack. At a repartee he was quick and cutting, and an avalanche of anecdote never failed to issue from his lips when at the festive board. He might have been classed with portly men, though he was not over-tall. His features were open and intelligent. His editorials were not remarkable for their brilliancy, but they were solid and highly flavored with sarcasm. He was a lawyer by profession, very popular, and a man whose opinion was respected. He died poor, and the *Gazette* died before him.

Samuel Barnes, the leading editor of the *Chronicle*, was a deep politician and a writer of some ability, though strongly tainted with old-fashioned notions. His political essays carried much weight with them; but his criticisms were weak, and proved that his pen worked uneasily when he floundered out of his natural element. He was an enthusiastic Whig, and his political articles in favor of his party doctrines were dry and caustic; some people thought him even morose and misanthropic on account of his extremely luminous nose, which caused those who did not know him to suppose that he was intemperate. Quite the reverse: Mr. Barnes was a very abstemious man. His misfortune, it was understood, was caused by the bite of a rat; the "feature" became inflamed, and he bore it thus to the grave. He was a moral man, warm-hearted, liberal with the goods of this world, and yet not extravagant. Through industry he accumulated a handsome property, though he left no children to squander it away.

Sheppard C. Leaken, his partner in the *Chronicle* concern, wrote but little for the journal; the financial care of the establishment was almost entirely under his charge. He was a handsome man, extremely popular

with the people of all parties and classes; assisted materially in establishing a creditable military system, and rose to the rank of Brigadier-General. At different times he held the offices of Mayor and Sheriff of Baltimore. I have passed many a social evening with Gen. Leaken; he was excellent company, witty, and remarkably fond of a joke, even though it was perpetrated at his own expense. During the "Bank Riot" he particularly distinguished himself by his coolness and courage. He died near Lake Roland a year or two ago, at an advanced age, leaving children of whom a parent might well be proud.

William Peachin—familiarly known as Billy Peachin—was one of the veterans of the "Press gang." He established the *Chronicle*, was associated with the *American*, and in some way or another connected with other journals. He was a bustling, mercurial little man, and for a long time after the article had gone out of fashion, wore a queue, which never failed to attract attention. In his political creed he was extremely ultra, and hammered his opponents without mercy. At hustings and other political gatherings, his shrill voice might be heard above all others, and his violent gesticulations were sure to draw the crowd, while—

> "So quick the words, too, when he deigned to speak,
> As if each syllable would break its neck."

Mr. Peachin, however, was a very worthy man and a useful citizen. He entered heart and soul into many enterprises for the benefit of Baltimore, and reaped but little or no profit, certainly no thanks, for his exertions. In his decline of life, instead of being comfortable, he went down to the grave dependent on his children.

Thomas Murphy, the senior partner in the *American*, was a short, thick-set man; a most amiable gentleman, respected and esteemed by all who enjoyed the pleasure of his society. Quiet and unobtrusive in his demeanor, placid in his manners and unostentatious everywhere, he, of course, had numerous friends. He did not write

for his journal, being more of a practical printer than editor; but, to his great business tact and strict economy that highly respectable journal is indebted for its success. Mr. Murphy died a bachelor, and left a large property to his numerous relatives. The firm was originally Murphy, Dobbin & Bose. The latter gentleman retired some years since, and Mr. Dobbin, the only remaining member of the original partnership, took sole charge of the establishment. It is, at the present writing, in the hands of Mr. C. C. Fulton. The *American* has always sustained an elevated position among the daily journals of the country. It was for a long while neutral in politics, but finally took up the cause of the Whig party. It now sustains the Republican administration.

One of my most intimate associates was Dr. Edward J. Alcock, the editor of the *Jefferson Reformer*, a man of attractive manners and brilliant education, though a violent and headstrong politician. His journal was noted for its haphazard style of promulgating its peculiar doctrines, and the editor was continually apprehensive of being waylaid on the streets, or finally disposed of by some revengeful assassin—an apprehension which proved to be too well founded. In a severe philippic he made some allusions to the family of the Stuarts. One of the young men of that family challenged him, but he declined the meeting on account of his being very near-sighted. This excuse did not satisfy young Stuart, who watched his opportunity and shot him one night while seated in his office on North Gay street.

At that time I commanded the "Marion Rifle Corps," of which company Alcock was the surgeon. On the occasion of his funeral the corps turned out with full ranks, and buried their friend and comrade with military honors. The following obituary appeared in the *Transcript* (the first penny paper established, or rather attempted, in Baltimore), on the evening previous to the funeral:

"We come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him."

In recording this instance of fatality, the writer of this article has endeavored, as much as possible, to divest himself of all party feeling (being politically opposed to the subject of his remarks), and to cool down the probably too excessive glow of friendly feeling the recent affliction may have created. It is well known to the community that the death of Dr. Alcock was caused by a bullet fired from a pistol in the hands of a young man by the name of George Stuart, a young man of "a highly respectable family." The cause of this fatal act is also too well known to the public. It originated altogether from party animosity. And, is it not a melancholy spectacle for every lover of his country to behold the maimed corpse of a warm and ingenuous patriot—to hear the sobs of relatives and friends, and feel the warm tear of sorrow stealing down his own manly cheek? It is indeed a sad reflection to know that a valuable citizen, in the meridian of life, was cut off in his career of usefulness, leaving a bereaved and dependent family, through that bane of all social intercourse, party rancor. When will the storm abate? When will Americans unite as a band of brothers, with hearts glowing in unison for the nation's glory and the general weal?

Edward J. Alcock had his faults—and what man has not? He was a warm advocate of the administration of Andrew Jackson. This we do not consider a fault; yet his feelings frequently burst the bounds of control, and the excess constituted the fault. The violence with which he advocated the cause of "State Reform" is fresh in the memory of those who perused the pages of the *Jefferson Reformer*, a journal which he conducted with more talent than discretion. He was the stern and fearless advocate of the interests of the workingmen; labored for the equal distribution of justice; and strongly advocated the "levelling system," which he considered purely democratic. His impetuous disposition frequently led him into errors which his proud spirit would not allow him to acknowledge. He consequently created enemies, when his rare talents should have secured him friends and admirers. In cases where public spirit was required for the establishment or completion of any work which might prove of general benefit, he was always its warmest and most liberal advocate; but, when he beheld the object abused, he was the first to raise his voice against the maladministration of those in power. The poor have often blessed him; his means were scanty, but what he gave he bestowed in the true spirit of charity.

He has gone from among us in the prime of life, while the cheerful smile of content was on his lips, and his eyes beamed with all the pride and gratification of a father watching the progress of his now orphan children. He had pictured many days of happiness yet to dawn; for, though he was aware of his danger from the open and bold position he had taken, yet he never anticipated *such* a result. *Requiescat in pace.*

The Rev. Benjamin Kurtz, editor of the *Lutheran Observer*, was a man of good, practical, sound sense. His writings were plain, but to the point; and he was highly esteemed by his congregation and the public generally. He was said to be rather close in his dealings. When on a tour through Europe, he happened to tarry in an inland German town which was infested with organ-grinders. The reverend gentleman had no particular fondness for music, and more especially such as was produced by itinerant organists. A fellow, who was proprietor of a barrelled machine and a monkey of attractive appearance, seeing that his victim was a foreigner, as he sat on the hotel balcony on *two* chairs, one for the body and the other for the legs, immediately struck up "God save the King," looking at the stranger with a leer that seemed to say, "I'll touch your patriotism." Mr. Kurtz shook his head. The musician then struck up "La Marseillaise." Again the American shook his head. Several other national airs were tried, but with no better effect, and the man and monkey began to think they had encountered a live cosmopolite, when a bright idea lighted up the features of both Jocko and his master, while the latter exclaimed, "Ah, ha!—Yankee Doodle"; and he briskly ground out our homely national melody. Mr. Kurtz, finding that he was cornered, threw the wandering minstrel a small coin, and bade him begone.

I had but slight acquaintance with Samuel Harker, the editor of a Democratic paper entitled the *Republican*. He was a quiet and unobtrusive man; possessed a good deal of stamina as a journalist and politician. Horace Pratt subsequently took charge of the *Republican*, which, in the course of time, fell into the hands of Col. Henry S. Sanderson, afterwards the recipient of several municipal offices. It finally came under the control of Beale H. Richardson, Esq., and assumed the title of the *Republican and Argus*.

Mr. Richardson is at this present writing still living, but quite near his final resting-place; and I feel disposed to pay him a compliment for his sterling patriotism,

his devotion to the cause of the South, and the noble patience with which he bore his persecutions. While editing the *Argus* (the name of *Republican* having been dropped), such was the firm and unwavering stand he took, that the pimps and spies of the Federal Government kept him in continual surveillance, watching his every movement, until they at length gathered sufficient proof to establish the charge of "treason" against the "purest Government under the face of the sun," and then he was banished from his home and many friends. The cause of his arrest is not generally known. It was this: At about the time when infants with their nurses were arrested for wearing Confederate colors—red and white—the *Argus* contained an editorial article recommending that the police had better arrest a *cow* whose hide displayed the objectionable colors. That hint was enough; the chain-links were rivetted, not on the cow, but the editor, and he was thrown into prison, and finally sent into Dixie, where he was well provided for.

Mr. Richardson, on the ending of the fruitless struggle, returned to Baltimore, and became a contributor to the columns of the *Methodist Protestant*, a religious journal formerly conducted by the lamented Reese. He was afterwards appointed one of the Judges of the Appeal Tax Court, but retired on account of ill health. He is an urbane and gentlemanly man; a ready writer, and, no doubt, sincere in the expression of his sentiments.

William Lloyd Garrison.

William Lloyd Garrison, the Abolition firebrand, at the time of which I now write (1829), began to show his tushes. He was a delicately small young man, stiff in his demeanor, and of rather a sanctified caste; though his religious sentiments were "neither here nor there." Nobody doubted his talents; but they were of a dangerous order. He was ambitious for a reputation, no matter how obtained; though many were of the opinion

that the appearance of a halter made of Southern hemp would have frightened him out of his boots. Had he been disposed of when he ventured as far south as Baltimore, the unfortunate events which have occurred within the last decade might have been avoided.

My acquaintance with this notorious individual was of short duration; and, as it was brought about without a formal introduction, I will allude to it.

There was a small anti-slavery journal published in Baltimore, and edited by one Benjamin Lunday. In this journal Garrison attacked the reputation of Mr. Francis Todd, of Newburyport, whom he accused of having acquired wealth by a base traffic in human flesh. Garrison was sued for a libel, and the case was brought before Judge Nicholas Brice. He was found guilty and fined $50 and costs, both of which he determined not to pay, and was consequently sent to jail. In the *Minerva* the following editorial appeared:

"Mr. Garrison is now a voluntary inmate of the Baltimore jail; for, notwithstanding the commiseration of the Northern and Eastern philanthropists, it does not appear that the gentleman received a direct sentence of imprisonment, except for the non-payment of the fifty dollars, a sum which he might easily raise among his friends, if it be not already in his pocket. We have always looked upon Mr. Garrison as a young man of talent, but wanting in discretion."

He replied tartly to the charge, denying it *in toto*, winding up his communication with the following language:—"I understand that his Honor Judge Brice opines that Mr. Garrison is ambitious to become a martyr; to which I beg leave to reply, that if the suspicion of his Honor be correct, he is equally ambitious to collect the fagots and apply the torch."

The fact is, this extremely modest young aspirant after notoriety had just established his *Genius of Universal Emancipation* in Boston, and was desirous of bringing his inflammatory sheet before the public. He succeeded in making himself world-renowned; he succeeded in exciting the sympathy of half the Northern

and Eastern people; he succeeded in obtaining money from a benevolent gentleman in New York to pay his way out of prison; but he did not succeed in convincing the citizens of Baltimore that he was a persecuted man. His hypocrisy was exposed, and he had to leave the city post-haste, through dread of a coat of tar and feathers. His career has ever since been confined to the regions north of Mason and Dixon's line, and the *good* his pen accomplished might be seen in the wrangling and fiery debates in Congress, the gradual estrangement of one section of the Union from the other, and, finally, disorder, rebellion, anarchy, bloodshed and desolation.

Mrs. Ann Royall.

Among the literary celebrities of other days was Mrs. Ann Royall. She is, no doubt, well remembered by many who may read these reminiscences.

Mrs. Royall was one of the original strong-minded women of this country. She was not exactly a Joan of Arc or a Lucretia Borgia; but she was—Ann Royall, one of the corps editorial; and, as such, merits a passing notice. How she came within the circle of my acquaintance will be seen by reading on.

She was a squatty, round-faced, sharp-nosed, thin-lipped little woman, who claimed the proprietorship of a tongue which was tied in the middle and vibrated at both ends at once. Her journal, the *Huntress*, was the leading organ of a motley party, existing somewhere, but to be found nowhere. She sketched the lives and limned the features of members of Congress, executive officers, and such as paid her the price demanded, with a skill and grace peculiar to herself alone. If a gentleman, ambitious to appear in the front ground of popular preferment, did not bleed freely, he was sure to have a deformed picture—a sketch which I can only liken to the production of a photographer whose subject moves his face from forty-five degrees to five just as the shade is raised from the camera. But he who was liberal and

paid his subscription promptly in advance, was beautifully photographed, and received the encouraging smiles of the bland widow of Lieut. Royall, deceased.

One morning, while I was seated in my sanctum, knee-deep in exchange papers, and flourishing the inevitable scissors with all the importance of a drum-major when he flourishes his staff at a review, the gentle Ann took it into her head to make me a call.

"Good morning, sir," said she, puffing from the exercise of ascending the stairs, and dropping into a vacant chair.

"Good morning, madam," I replied, rising and bowing politely, though I saw a squall ahead. "Pray be seated. Mrs. Royall, I presume. Glad to see you—an honor not expected—fine day"——

"Exactly so," answered the old lady, smoothing down her apron and placing her spectacles on her nose. "I know what you editors are—all deceit—all hyprocrisy! You say one thing and mean another. *You* glad to see me? I don't believe it. You wish me to the devil; and, as to the *honor* and all that sort of thing, bah! I know it's a fine day without your volunteering your information."

Delectable creature! thought I, though for worlds I would not have contradicted her. "To what cause am I indebted for this friendly visit?" I asked.

"Business—purely business," was her reply. "You know, sir, we poor widows have an up-hill road to travel. Men can fight their way through the world; they have the muscle, sir; but we weak females—oh, dear! I think sometimes that I shall drop down in the street, and I don't believe that there is a man gallant enough to pick me up. And I have so much talking to do, too. I am compelled to talk; if I didn't, I don't believe people would listen to me. The more I talk, the more folks think I am worthy of their attention. Do you know, sir, that I have come across people who have told me to put their names down on my subscription list before I was half-done talking? Now, I want you to help me along: we of the fraternity should aid one

another. In the first place, you must subscribe to my paper and give me a smacking editorial notice. One good turn deserves another; I can do you some good in my sketch-book."

Here the lovely Ann stopped to breathe, while I thought of the harm she might do me. "I receive your *Huntress* in exchange for my *Minerva*," said I, blandly.

"So you do, but that's not aiding the widow. Pish! for your paper! You may be a very fine poet, a learned essayist, and all that, but what do I or the public care for that? You must make a sensation, sir —a sensation. You are young and have got to understand human nature. If you will subscribe and pay in advance, I will give a sketch of you."

"That may do you no good and me much harm," replied I, smiling.

"Faith, I don't think it will do *me* much good; but for yourself, it will place you in honorable company; a position you cannot expect to reach by any other means."

This sarcasm touched me to the very quick, and I, abstractedly, plunged my scissors through a sheriff's sale advertisement, clipped it out, and placed it among the *other* choice selections, while the old lady thrust her subscription list under my nose.

"Here's the list," said she; "and now's your time to get your obscure name among the *big bugs of the nation*."

I pushed the list from me, bitterly remarking that I had no desire to associate myself with individuals introduced by Mrs. Royall.

The match was applied to the powder magazine, and an explosion took place which came near knocking *Minerva* from her high niche, and scattering her fragments to the four quarters of the world. The gentle Ann arose in all her majesty, and such a volley of abuse and billingsgate eloquence never before poured from the lips of angelic woman. For at least a half hour she continued her battering, and did not cease until the "devil" drove her out of the office with an

ink-roller, after I had fled to the nearest magistrate's office for protection.

The next number of the "Sketch-book" contained a graphic account of "the monkey who edited the Baltimore *Minerva*."

Hezekiah Niles, the editor and proprietor of that useful weekly known as *Niles' Register*, was a stout, though short man, usually denominated "thick-set." He was of amiable manners, though somewhat taciturn. He was very industrious, and rather popular throughout the States. As a work of reference, or a record of past events, his journal was invaluable, and may be seen at this day on the shelves of every statesman and politician, handsomely bound and carefully preserved. I passed many pleasant evenings at his house, and found him highly companionable. After the death of this gentleman, the *Register* fell into the hands of his son, William Ogden Niles, and, after a languid existence of a year or two, perished. Its place was taken by Rives' *Congressional Globe*.

Messrs. Skinner & Tenny established the first one cent daily journal in Baltimore. It was called the *Evening Transcript*, and made a very promising beginning, but was finally enlarged, and assumed the name of the *Baltimore Post*, being partly under the editorial charge of Thomas Beach, who was afterwards connected with the daily *Sun*. The *Post* did not stand as long as most posts usually do, though it was a spirited sheet and went with the masses.

The well-known Duff Green attempted a daily paper in Baltimore, but it proved a failure. He was a keen politician, but rather unfortunate in his efforts to induce the people to wear the harness he had fashioned for them.

R. Horace Pratt.

R. Horace Pratt, after resigning the editorial chair of the *Republican*, associated himself with me in the

literary department of the *Saturday Visitor;* and, as I am furnishing sketches of the literary characters of the day, I might as well bring him into this part of my reminiscences. He was a good practical printer, as well as a writer of some force. A number of the late *Baltimore Dispatch* contained the following notice from my own pen:

"I claim the privilege of a corner in your journal, Messrs. Editors, for the purpose of redeeming a pledge made some years ago to the lamented individual whose name heads this article. We were seated in the editorial sanctum of the old Saturday morning *Visitor*, which paper we jointly edited, with piles of exchanges on either side of us, and the friendly scissors lying idle on the table. Our daily task was done; the paper had gone to press, and we were congratulating ourselves on the sensation a spicy number might create among its numerous readers, when our conversation naturally turned on poets and poetry—the slender encouragement extended to writers by the 'patrons' of literature, and the dim prospect of one or two American poets having a niche in the Temple of Fame. During this colloquy we pledged each other that he who outlived his associate should write the obituary of the departed one. A wise and merciful Providence has ordained that I should survive my friend, for poor Horace expired on Thursday evening last, in the 48th year of his age, and I now shall endeavor to fulfil my pledge.

"Twenty-five years' acquaintance with the departed ought to make me familiar with his merits as well as frailties. He was a friend to every being save himself; generous to a fault, trusting and forgiving. His political notions were ultra, though he was always a good working member of the Democratic party, and edited the *Republican* with some degree of ability. But his forte was satire. With a keen wit he would assail his opponent, and almost exterminate him. 'He was a fellow of infinite jest,' quick at repartee, full of anecdote, and apt at quotations. In fact, the festive

board were but a dull scene, without the wit and song of Horace. As a poet he was wanting in the *beau ideal;* his poems were smooth and flowing, though the gems of thought were rarely found sparkling beneath the unruffled surface. As a ballad-writer, he had not his equal among our native poets. I have wedded his ballads to music, and always found them easy of adaptation and pleasant to sing. In epigram or satirical verses he was particularly happy, and many of his hits are repeated with much zest at the present day. Chivalrous and honorable, he was never known to desert a friend, or even to take advantage of an enemy; for, though his pen was caustic, he seemed to feel himself the wound he inflicted on others.

"His life, of late, appeared to be a blank to him. Desolation reigned around, for many of the best beloved of his family had gone to their last repose, and left him comparatively alone in the world. No kind friend to smooth down his pillow of sickness or gladden his hours of loneliness. He was a solitary man; the wit and humor of his younger days fled when the cold finger of Time began to trace furrows upon his brow. The cheerful smile of peace no longer illumined his features; the warm press of his hand was no longer felt, and he passed quietly into the sleep that knows no awaking. 'Alas! poor Yorick!' One by one they are passing away—the choice spirits of other days. Whose turn next?

THE POET'S GRAVE.

His grave is where the willow weeps
O'er the brook that wanders by,
Where nightshade blooms, where echo sleeps,
And zephyrs faintly sigh.

His dirge swells on the forest breeze
That slowly creeps along,
And whispers to the leafless trees:
"Here rests the child of song."

His epitaph upon the sand
Oblivion's hand may trace;
While ocean waves leap up the strand,
And every word efface.

The sleeper did not covet fame;
An humble poet's lay
Was all he craved to wreathe his name
When he had passed away.

The knell is rung, the dirge is sung,
The poet calmly sleeps;
His harp hangs lonely and unstrung,
While Friendship o'er it weeps.

George P. Morris.

George P. Morris, the poet, and, in connection with N. P. Willis, the editor of the New York *Home Journal*, occasionally wrote for the *Visitor*, and corresponded privately. We had been associated in earlier days, and were considered *the* ballad-writers of the times; though I had somewhat the advantage of my friend, being able to wed my verses to music, a science (or art, if the reader pleases) which the "Brigadier" was not at all versed in, though remarkably fond of the "concord of sweet sounds." The great popularity of Morris's song of "Woodman, spare that tree," was mainly attributed to Henry Russell's pirated music, and the peculiar manner of the composer's rendering it at his public concerts. There are several of the military bard's ballads which have been highly lauded, though they possess but very common merit. I instance, in defence of the position I have taken, the songs of "Near the lake where droops the willow" and "Meeta." The former was adapted to a negro refrain and beautifully harmonized by Charles E. Horn. The simplicity of the melody tallied with the words, and hence its popularity. The song of "Meeta" was also adapted to an Ethiopian air. It contains the following queer line:

"Her heart and morning *broke* together."

However, Morris was a noble fellow, a generous, open-hearted friend, and an industrious and pushing man. He tried hard to be an honest critic, but allowed his own judgment to be biassed by others who had no reputation to lose.

William T. Porter.

William T. Porter, former editor of the New York *Spirit of the Times*, was also an occasional contributor to the columns of the *Visitor*, and a warm friend of mine. Many a joyous hour have we passed together on piscatorial and gunning excursions. Porter was the Isaac Walton of the age. He was a perfect adept at setting a fly or coaxing a trout; and, on the green sea, no eye more sure or arm more strong at shark or porpoise harpooning. With the fowling-piece he was, likewise, a terror to the feathered tribe. He was tall and handsome, and, consequently, a great pet of the ladies, particularly Miss Clifton, the noted actress, who figured in the great Forrest divorce case. Porter was a *racy* writer, as the nature of his journal required correct reports of the sports of the turf, the ring, the stage, and the gun and angle. He wrote in a style that suited his readers, and the *Times* became so popular all over the country that he made money, took to drink — and died.

William H. Thompson.

While editor of the Baltimore *Clipper* I became acquainted with a young man of fine literary talent, who contributed several well-written articles to that paper. He seemed to be desirous of obtaining a position in some newspaper office as an aide to the editor in-chief. His conception of matters in general was clear and well grounded, and he was well cut out for a journalist of the first water. The well-known John E. Owens at that time had control of the Baltimore Museum, which was rather a popular resort for the friends of the drama, with a little sprinkling of good, moral people who suffered under no compunctions of conscience in witnessing a play when it was performed in a building where *curiosities* were to be seen. Thompson had written a humorous farce, and wished it to be brought before the public. He said the idea of the plot struck him on passing along Gay street early one morning and

witnessing the exertions of an Irishman in his efforts to roll a wooden Indian out of a tobacconist's store and place it in its usual position near the entrance. The farce was entitled the "Live Indian." I referred him to Owens, after having read the manuscript and complimented him on his abilities as a dramatist. The manager accepted the play, and, reserving for himself the most striking part, that of the used-up actor, had it "mounted"—which, in theatrical parlance, means placed upon the stage. It proved a great success, and Owens has made a fortune out of it, though the *real* author's name was but little known to the public.

Colonel Thompson turned his face southward; settled in Savannah, Ga., wrote that everlastingly popular book entitled "Major Jones' Courtship," and is now the controlling editor of the Savannah *News*. He is a man of superior talent, a ripe scholar and a genial companion. His paper is one of the leading journals of the South; its proprietor is H. Estill, Esq., a man of perseverance and enterprise.

James R. Randall.

I fear I am abandoning my first-conceived idea of tracing the "Shadows on the Wall," when I approach so near the present period, in mentioning the name of the author of "Maryland, my Maryland," and "There's life in the old land yet." James R. Randall is the son of our esteemed fellow-citizen, John K. Randall, for many years known as a prominent merchant of this city. In early youth he displayed a great fondness for literature, and was so prone to sweep the strings of his tuneful lyre, that his father, who is a practical business man, had to abandon the cherished idea of training him up to the study of wharf-rats and spider-webs in a dingy counting-room somewhere in the vicinage of our sweet-scented Basin. Young Randall was an enthusiast; he burned to write his name among the stars; so, when the reveille-drum of the South beat to arms, he doffed his beaver to the marble effigy of the immortal "Father of his country," and the other small memorials that

grace Baltimore, and struck a bee-line for Dixie, full of ardor and States-rights.

The delicacy of his constitution prevented his taking an active position in the army; so he used his pen in upholding the "lost cause." He wrote for the journals, brought out songs that rang in the public halls, in the camp and on the battle-field. With Nimrod, Paul H. Hayne, Wm. Gilmore Simms, Albert Pike, Rev. John C. McCabe, Susan Archer Talley, Mary J. Upshur, and others, he kept alive the drooping spirits of the battle-worn soldiers. I have heard his "Maryland" sung with stunning effect by upwards of five thousand men. The Marylanders, in particular, claimed it as their battle-song.

At the conclusion of the war, Mr. Randall took charge of the Augusta (Ga.) *Constitutionalist*, an old journal, into which he instilled new life. He still continues to conduct its literary department. The Southern atmosphere seems to agree with him; for, from the pale-featured and delicately built young man, he has become the portly gentleman, full of life, but considerably tamed down by the issue of the contest.

Leander Streeter.

There are a few of my Baltimore and Richmond readers who may recollect a dapper little dealer in gentlemen's wear, who kept a store on Baltimore street, well furnished with undergarments belonging to the wardrobe of the male persuasion. He was one of the first that commenced the "gentlemen's furnishing" business in the former city, and by his shrewdness and wit—kept customers away. One unlucky night the tongue of the fiery demon licked up his entire stock-in-trade; and what the flames did not lick up the water-fiend sipped up, and so soiled that no gentleman would wear "gents' wear." He had a lawsuit with the Fire Insurance Company he patronized, who refused to settle his claim for damages sustained. The Insurance Company being the moneyed party, of course nonsuited

Streeter; and, as lawyers generally swallow the oyster and give their clients the shell, the poor fellow had to whistle for that which would not come at his call. Streeter packed his carpet-bag, mostly with damaged goods, and took the earliest train for the city of the seven hills, Richmond; where, being afflicted with the *cacoethes scribendi*, he started a daily paper and called it the Richmond *Star*. Being a good business man, and a wag withal, his racy little sheet soon became popular. Desirous of achieving a notoriety, he commenced a sham fight with the *Clipper*, which I conducted at the time. The lightning-flashes of wit darted merrily between the two cities, and for more than a year there was a continuous fusillade kept up, which caused the contending papers to be sought after by the curious, if not the dignified. *Jeux d'esprit*, satires, puns, *bon-mots* and sharp repartees ran mad. The military title of "Corporal" clings to Streeter to this day; while my princely nose will never cease growing or lose its crimson splendor. On one occasion he announced my contemplated trip to Richmond by informing his readers that my body would occupy one railroad car and my nose the one preceding. A military reception was to be given by the "Star Brigade," composed of the corporal commandant, press-gang, and printer's devil, supported by the "chain-gang" and a battery of city garbage-carts!

Streeter's *Star* shone brilliantly for a few years, and then, like the lost of the Pleiades, dropped from the burning cluster forever. He was a rare wag, but rather too caustic for a Southern atmosphere. A severe philippic having appeared in his columns, the offended party sought revenge in a most cowardly manner, by throwing snuff into his eyes and then attempting to use the cowhide. He was, however, rescued by friends, and soon after the event left Richmond and returned to his home in New England.

Colonel Samuel Sands Mills.

The present Sheriff of Baltimore (1876) was born in

this city in 1820. His parents were of the old Maryland stock, and he received his education at the public schools. At the early age of twelve he was apprenticed to Samuel Sands, a printer, who, when a boy, set the type from the original copy of Francis S. Key's "Star-Spangled Banner." In the course of time he became the partner of his uncle, Mr. Sands, and, conjointly with him, commenced the publication of the *Rural Register*, a first-class agricultural journal, which he continued to issue until the sectional war broke out. Previous, however, to establishing the *Register*, he was connected with Mr. Sands in the publication of the *American Farmer*, once famous throughout the United States. About the breaking out of the war, he published, on his own responsibility, *The South*, an evening daily. Its doctrines did not please the Federal Government; it was seized, and the Colonel imprisoned in Fort McHenry. He had to commence the world anew; went to Washington City, and there worked as journeyman printer. He returned, however, to his native city, opened a job printing office, and, with Mr. E. Whitman, established the *Maryland Farmer*, a standard agricultural work still flourishing. In 1848 he was chosen President of the Baltimore Typographical Union. He is a fine orator and reader, and was selected to deliver a eulogy on the death of William S. Brunner. At a grand banquet of the Washington Typographical Society he delivered a speech, and was complimented by such men as Benton, Webster, Greeley, Ritchie, and Holmes. In 1858 he established the "Association for the Relief of Unemployed Mechanics and Working-men." To further this object he got the City Council to appropriate $25,000 to the improvement of Druid Hill Park, and thus many workmen were employed.

Col. Mills identified himself with the military when quite young. While in the ranks of the Independent Blues, he took an active part in the suppression of the John Brown raid on Harper's Ferry. Under Colonel Augustus P. Shutt, he assisted in quelling the riot on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. He was

Professor of Military Tactics at the Baltimore High School. He, at present, commands Company D, Fifth Regiment, M. N. G. He was also an active fireman, and for some years represented the old Friendship Fire Company in the United Fire Department. He has been for many years an active member of the Maryland Institute. He is a prominent member of the Order of Free and Accepted Masons, the Odd Fellows, the Independent Order of Mechanics, the Knights of the Golden Eagle, the Knights of Pythias, the Schuetzen Association, and the Germania Männerchor. He was one of the original founders of the Baltimore Lyceum, from which some of the most prominent citizens graduated, among whom were Charles Webb, Hugh Sisson, John Carson, John H. Ing, Henry Stockbridge, John W. Davis, W. G. Geckler, W. H. B. Fusselbaugh, John R. Cox, and others. Col. Mills originated the Mechanics and Apprentiees Library, and was also a member of the old Murray Institute. In 1867 he took an active part in the reorganization of the Maryland State Agricultural Association. Its present officers are Wm. H. Perot, President; Wm. B. Sands, Recording Secretary; John Feast, Corresponding Secretary, and R. W. L. Rasin, Treasurer.

Col. Mills was a member of the City Council from the Seventh Ward for four consecutive years. During the Mexican war, years 1846-7-8, he was sent to Monterey to exhume and bring home the remains of Col. William H. Watson, a mission which he performed handsomely. He also brought the bodies of Capt. Ridgely, Herman Thomas, of Harford county, and George Pierson, of Baltimore.

In person, Col. Mills may be considered a handsome man, strongly built, active and ready for business. He is genial in disposition, urbane in manners, with sufficient dignity to make him respected by all, whether friend or stranger. After two efforts (the first opposing Augustus Albert) he was recently elected Sheriff by a flattering majority, running far beyond his ticket.

Colonel Frederick Raine.

I have known Frederick Raine almost from the days of his boyhood, and never found him wanting in those qualities of manners, disposition and bearing which make up the gentleman. In his early days he displayed a remarkable fondness for music and the fine arts generally. He possessed excellent business qualifications, was a neat lecturer both in German and English, and a critic in the true sense of the word. In 1840 he founded the *German Correspondent*, and has for a period of thirty-six years been its proprietor and editor-in-chief. At the beginning of the *Correspondent's* career, it was issued weekly with but eighty subscribers; but this skeleton of a list did not discourage the young adventurer. He with prudence and energy pushed the work on; and in 1848 it became a daily, and exercised vast control over the German population. The splendid marble building on the south-west corner of Baltimore street and Post-office avenue was raised by Col. Raine at a cost of $200,000; and, after its completion, the *Correspondent* was issued regularly every morning from that magnificent edifice. It is a great advertising medium, and almost every German in the city and State looks to it as the exponent of his sentiments and wants. In manners Col. Raine is polite and affable; in person rather corpulent, but handsome. He is a man of exquisite taste, a fair writer, and a politician who is apt to be on the wrong side sometimes.

The Gazette.

In February, 1858, a spirited daily journal bearing the title of the *Daily Exchange* was begun in Baltimore. It took a bold stand against political abuses; and, of course, attracted attention. In 1861 this journal was suppressed by the Government, being too much tainted with the rebel doctrines. It, however, promptly appeared again under the name of the *Maryland News Sheet*, under which title it was published until hostili-

ties ended in 1865; when it came out in a new dress, and under the title of the *Baltimore Gazette.* Mr. Charles J. Baker, a gentleman of wealth and enterprise, united himself with Messrs. Welsh & Carpenter, and the paper took a position as the organ of the Democratic party. At one time it took the quarto form, and was noted for its bold and outspoken language. Mr. Baker is now sole proprietor; the paper is reduced in size, but not in power; and the energy and tact of the owner will not fail to establish it on a firm footing.

A. S. Abell.

Mr. A. S. Abell, the original founder and proprietor of the *Daily Sun,* is a man of pleasant manners and social proclivities. He came to Baltimore in 1837, ostensibly for the purpose of obtaining a purchaser for a steam-press, the property of the Philadelphia *Ledger.* In order to bring about a quick sale, he, in conjunction with Mr. Simmons (since dead), established a small penny paper on Light street, entitled the *Sun;* this little affair was to be sold with the press, for which $2500 were asked. The paper met with a ready circulation; the local news was spicy; the magistrates' courts were visited by industrious reporters; as an important item of home intelligence, the names of the "watch-house birds" were given. The notorious and everlasting John Smith's drunken frolics became known to the public; the indomitable Jesse Read rooted around in every nook and corner for an item to add to the morning's hodge-podge. So the *Sun* obtained a firm foothold. Its quarters were changed to the south-east corner of Baltimore and Gay streets. It went on succeeding, notwithstanding the paper round and double-headed shot discharged at it by the trim *Clipper* anchored over the way. The burnishers-up of the rising luminary were right. They did not notice its rival; it would not do to *advertise* the junior concern; a reply would give it notoriety; that would never do!

The *Sun* was *not* the first cheap paper started in

Baltimore, as I have shown in the beginning. It certainly has claim to being the first *successful* one. It received such general patronage that its enterprising proprietor had to move it into more spacious quarters. It now spreads its light from the magnificent iron structure on the corner of Baltimore and South streets, its rival, the *American*, out-towering it at the opposite angle. A waggish worker-up of epigrams thus announces the rivalry of the two journals in rhyme, in one of the weekly journals :

THE NEW AMERICAN BUILDING.

Our go-ahead *American* no obstacle will shun,
But boldly runs its *columns* up above the daily *Sun;*
And now the mighty question is, though both spread wholesome leaven,
Which of the two aspiring sheets will make its way to heaven?

Edward Y. Reese, afterwards a preacher of the Methodist Protestant Church, was an easy, but not forcible writer. His essays were rather metaphysical, and foreshadowed a serious bent of mind. In person he was rather prepossessing; affable in manners, and slightly inclined to good humor, though his religious sentiments frequently gave a check to momentary levity. His poetry was only mediocre. He became editor of the *Methodist Protestant*, and continued in that position to the day of his death, which was brought about by his own hands, on the breaking out of the revolution in 1861. His eloquence in the pulpit was a subject of eulogium.

Charles C. Fulton.

Among the most enterprising and successful journalists of Baltimore is the gentleman whose name heads this article. He is now in the "sere and yellow leaf" of life, but may be pronounced a hale and hearty man, full of energy and activity. The splendid iron building erected by him on the south-west corner of Baltimore and South streets stands a lasting monument of his

enterprise. He purchased the *American* shortly after the demise of Mr. Dobbin, the only remaining partner of the firm of Murphy, Dobbin & Bose. This journal (the oldest in Baltimore) was established in 1773 by a Mr. William Goddard, under the title of the *Maryland Journal and Baltimore Advertiser.* In 1798 the title head was changed to the *American and Daily Advertiser;* and in the year 1820 it was again changed to the *Baltimore American and Commercial Advertiser.* Mr. Fulton took charge of it in 1835; and, being an experienced journalist and a very ready writer, he wisely catered to the wants of the great lever of a rising city, the commercial interests. Its summary of news has always been noted for the able manner in which it was each morning spread before the public; its market reports and prices-current have always been the oracles of the merchant and trader, and it is, and always has been, *the* commercial paper of this city. Its financial concerns since the year 1869 have been handsomely managed, and show plainly that the venerable journal, in keeping pace with the rise and progress of the city, has rejuvenated itself.

The Saturday Morning Visitor and its Contributors.

The Saturday morning *Visitor* was started in the year 1831. Mr. Charles F. Cloud, then publishing the Elkton *Press*, Cecil county, Md., made up his mind to establish a literary journal and newspaper in Baltimore, notwithstanding the ill-success of the ephemeral works that had preceded it. He secured a lease for three years on the building at the south-east corner of Gay and Baltimore streets, where, February 4th, 1832, the first number of his paper was issued, being a large and excellently printed sheet. He associated with him in the enterprise Lambert A. Wilmer. The *Visitor* was favorably received, and its list of subscribers increased gradually up to a large circulation. At the end of 1832, Wilmer withdrew from the concern. Mr. Cloud then entered into a co-partnership with Mr. William P.

Pouder, a man of good business qualifications, but afflicted with a weak constitution and continued ill health. Charles F. Cloud is living at the present writing, hale and hearty. He was, and still is, a very popular man with the masses, and was elected by a very handsome majority to the office of Sheriff. I believe he has occupied other public positions since; one of them School Commissioner.

There are many literary characters now living, who achieved a reputation in the world of letters through the columns of this journal. Their budding genius first developed itself through its kind fostering. It was established shortly after the demise of the *Minerva*. I was engaged to take charge of the literary department immediately on the discharge of Wilmer, who, I believe, obtained a position in the office of the Philadelphia Sunday *Mercury*, to measure poetry as he would tape, and judge of its quality as a gauger would the proof of whiskey. It was issued weekly, and intended for a family journal, as announced in the prospectus. Another effort to induce Baltimoreans to encourage a literary periodical of their own; and one, too, that met with no more success than its predecessors. I brought with me a number of aspirants for literary honors; these contributors I shall endeavor to sketch.

Edgar Allan Poe,

Who began to flourish about this time, was a thin, spare young man; pale featured, rather handsome, a fine eye, and high, intellectual forehead. He was a son of a Mr. Poe, at one time a lawyer practising at the Baltimore bar; but who, having married an actress, became himself a treader of the boards. His parents dying in poverty, Edgar was taken charge of by one Mr. Allan, of Richmond, Va., a gentleman of wealth, who had him educated both in this country and Europe. The boy displayed extraordinary talent, which began to develop itself at an early period; but the generous indulgence of his foster-father spoiled him, and his

vicious habits were pandered to and nourished with a lavish hand.

I feel it my duty here to draw a veil over Poe's career; and though I have been frequently called upon by book-wrights to state what I know of him, yet I have always been guarded in my language, and placed no reliance in common report. The poet and scholar having incurred the displeasure of his benefactor, was cast out upon the world to seek a living as best he could. His literary acquirements were of little profit to him, for he had not then produced the "Raven," and was comparatively unknown; as he was almost up to the day of his death. He was of too excitable a nature to become a teacher, and, in fact, too proud to assume the position of an autocrat of the birchen rod.

He visited Baltimore, where he had some highly respectable relatives, and, as a kind of *feeler*, published a small volume of poems, bearing the title of "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems," wherein his wild and wayward imagery was given full bridle to. This volume was severely criticized by the *Minerva*, the editor not knowing the author; and to the day of his death, Poe exhibited the utmost dislike for me; at one time carrying his vindictiveness so far as to assail me on a public thoroughfare, though nothing serious resulted from the encounter.

There was something quite original about "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems." The book was a literary curiosity, full of burning thoughts, which so charmed the reader that he forgot he was travelling over a pile of brick-bats—so uneven and irregular was the rhythm.

It is said that poetry is the gift of nature; if so, she hesitated in imparting to the author of "Al Aaraaf" that portion of inspiration essential to the formation of a poet of mediocre talents. Poe was not the poet he was said to be; he added but little to the literary reputation of our country. His "Raven," to be sure, gained him vast renown (particularly after he had rested in the grave for nearly 26 years!); but the idea

was not original—it was taken from the old English poets. The "Manuscript Found in a Bottle," a composition which won several prizes, was only a new version of the "Rhyme of an Ancient Mariner."

"Al Aaraaf," the leading poem of Poe's first volume, seems to have no particular object in view. With all my brain-cudgelling, I could not *compel* myself to understand line by line, or the sum total. Perhaps it alludes to the text, which says:—"A star was discovered by Tycho Brahe, which burst forth in a moment, with splendor surpassing that of Jupiter; then gradually faded away, and became invisible to the naked eye." In one sense an apt quotation, indicative of the transitory glory of the poems that follow.

To show the *originality* of Poe's conceptions, I will quote a few passages. In one of the poems we have the color of *smell* in the following line:

"And thy most lovely *purple* perfume, Zante."

Again, we learn that *sound* has form and body, from the fact of its throwing out a shadow:

"Flap shadowy sounds from visionary wings."

Concerning the various hues of the atmosphere, we have lived to learn that the decomposition of *blue* will produce almost all the colors of the rainbow:

"And *red* winds were *withering* in the sky."
"With all thy train athwart the *moony* sky."
"Up rose the maiden in the *yellow* night."
"Of molten stars their pavement, such as fell
Through the *ebon* air."
"A window of one circular diamond, there
Looked out upon the *purple* air."
"Witness the *murmur* of the *gray* twilight."

Poe deserved a premium for the invention of rhymes. Witness the following:

"'Till *thy* glance through the *shade*, and
Come down from *your* brow,
Like the eyes of the *maiden*
Who calls on *thee* now."

The following stanza contains quite a curious thought:

> "Now that the grass—O, may it thrive!
> On my grave is growing and grown,
> But that, while I am *dead yet alive*,
> I can not be, lady, alone."

The dead-alive is certainly a novel idea. If "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems" possess sufficient merit to justify the erection of a monument to the memory of Edgar Allan Poe, I know many a poet of sensation periodicals who can put in a much stronger claim to an epitaph not "writ on sand."

But he is dead—let his faults perish with him. Our last meeting was in Washington City; he was then poor and almost friendless, and I extended to him the hand of friendship, partially relieved his wants, and parted with him on amicable terms. He was for a short period the editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, a monthly publication published in Richmond, and came very near ruining the reputation of that work by the bitterness of his articles and the vindictiveness with which he assailed the reputations of all who chanced to fall under his displeasure.*

Professor Nathanial H Thayer.

Among the numerous writers for the *Visitor*, during its palmy days, was Nathanial H. Thayer, the present Principal of the Eastern Female High School of Baltimore. I have known him since the early days of boyhood; even as far back as the days of schooldom, for we trembled under the rod of the same schoolmaster, and snivelled over our primer in the same class. We are both in the winter of life now; but the memories of the past are still fresh and green.

Mr. Thayer was born in Boston in the year 1807, and is consequently now (1876) in his 69th year. Of the eight children of old Captain Thayer, a merchant and most worthy man, the only two now living are Nathanial

*See Appendix.

and Thatcher; the latter was educated at Yale, and has had charge of the Second Congregationalist Church in Newport, R. I., for many years. The subject of this article attended the Public Latin School in Boston at the same time with Nat Willis, who wrote as good poetry then as he did in his more mature age. Thayer's father intended him for a mercantile life, and he was placed in a store, where he remained two or three years. He, however, altered his purpose, and took quarters in Phillips' Academy, Andover, from whence he went to Amherst College, and at the end of his studies was complimented with the degree of A. M. He came to the South in 1829, and took the position of private tutor in the family of Gov. Samuel Stevens, then residing on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. From thence he went to Kent county, and then became a teacher in the Reisterstown Academy, at that time under the charge of Mr. Nathan C. Brooks. From Reisterstown he settled in Westminster, Carroll county, and there married a sister of the Hon. Judge Hayden. After taking charge of the Manchester Academy, he succeeded Mr. Brooks as Principal of Reisterstown School, which became quite a popular institution. While at this school he had the gratification of enlightening the quick intellect of one of his most meritorious pupils, Dr. W. C. Van Bibber, of Baltimore. For seven years he had the control of the chartered Academy at Abingdon, Harford county. Among the best pupils of this school was Prof. James Webster, who for several years has held, with much credit to himself, a Professorship in the Baltimore City College. On the conclusion of his duties at Abingdon, he came to Baltimore and entered the Eastern Female High School as an assistant. Here he has remained ever since, through good and evil report.

On the retirement of his predecessor, he was elected Principal. This occurred in February, 1850. His course during these twenty-six years has been steady and straightforward. He has given universal satisfaction, and has always been loved and respected by his pupils. Fully aware of the responsibility of his position, he has

looked to the moral as well as intellectual culture of the young ladies under his charge. Never petulant and stern, but always positive, he has succeeded in sending out from his school, to fight the battle of life, many of our best and most accomplished females.

Mr. Thayer is far from being a *forward* man; the *brass* that lifts pretenders up to exalted positions is not an element of his composition. He has been but little connected with politics or public institutions out of his line. While residing in Manchester he was solicited to become a candidate for the Legislature, but declined. During the late war he was likewise requested to run for the City Council, and refused. Such positions were incompatible with the loved profession to which alone he devoted his energies. The only institution, because of its kindred character, he has ever been publicly associated with, is the Maryland Institute. Of this he has been Corresponding Secretary many years. In polite literature, Mr. Thayer holds a fair standing; he might have become eminent, had he attended to it more.

Fanny Wright.

Among the occasional contributors to the columns of the *Minerva* was the celebrated Miss Frances Wright. She was quite in the ascendancy at the time. She lectured in Baltimore, and I became acquainted with her through an intimate friend. She was not a handsome woman; but her features were highly intellectual, her eyes beamed with intelligence, and her voice was sweet and musical. She was tall, for a woman, and rather masculine. When she spoke, it was with emphasis and marked energy. As a female reformer, she was the Mary Wolstencroft of the age, and recruited disciples successfully in the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and, in fact, throughout the Union. Her lectures rallied hundreds of intelligent females around her standard, not mentioning the tens of thousands among the enlightened and, apparently, Christian part of the sex, who filled the theatres and

public halls when they knew that her sentiments were not only opposed to Divine revelations, but almost, if not utterly, subversive of simple theism.

Who will deny that Christianity is the foundation of that superior happiness which the nations of Christendom enjoy above all other nations? Who can observe the beautiful superstructure which the intelligence of man has erected on such a basis, or can look abroad on the world, and lift his eyes to heaven from the elevation already attained in that magnificent building of God's own architecture, without feeling a deep sense of gratitude for an institution that has grown up, not only to insure our temporal well-being, but to hold out high hopes of everlasting enjoyment?

We are a flourishing and mighty people. What made us so but Christianity? Without this, the Pilgrims would not have crossed the waters, and we, who enjoy so many privileges, would not have been able to offer an asylum to the oppressed of the world. Miss Wright was what might have been called a clever woman; one above the mass of her sex in the variety of her reading, and opportunities which travelling might have afforded her of attaining a thorough knowledge of the world. Her belief was that the history of ages past and revelation are not worthy of belief, because nothing can be *known* which has not been exposed to our senses. She rejected Christianity; and not only declared her disbelief in it, but asked: "What have I to do with a *first cause?* I know nothing of it."

She was known to be a follower of Robert Owen, whose monstrous doctrines on the laws of marriage, now called "free-love," were alone enough to brand him with ignominy and disgrace. But Miss Wright was said to be a learned, sensible, and eloquent lady; and for that reason husbands encouraged their wives to listen to sentiments which, if adopted, must have insured their dishonor, while children were made liable to the influence of their example. If Christianity be worth anything, it should be too sacred for pollution; and, if people profess Christianity, they ought not to

see it tainted with a shadow, much less suffer themselves to run the risk of contamination by exposing themselves to evil influences.

Miss Wright's lectures were delivered in a plausible style; one well calculated to ensnare those who were not accustomed to follow a speaker with proper caution. Her language was good, but her discourses were entirely destitute of logic. Her premisses, in the first place, were bad and unsatisfactory; and, even admitting them to be true, her conclusions were absolutely false. So inconsistent were the points of any one of her lectures, that they were not susceptible of analysis; and, when she startled the ignorant, it was by making those inquiries which could not be *proved*, but such as were *felt* by the common sense of the world.

Brantz Mayer was a young lawyer of rare talent and superior education, a neat poet and forcible writer. He was, and still is, a gentleman, and that title comprehends the greatest praise I could bestow on him. He was handsome in person, rather aristocratic, and a great admirer of women, wine, polite literature, and the fine arts; saying nothing of his refined taste for music. He wrote considerably for the *Minerva*, and his contributions were eagerly sought after. In aftertimes he received from the Government the appointment of Secretary to the Charge des Affaires to Mexico; and, shortly after his return home, published a book of notes on that distracted country, which was well received by the press and public. Subsequently, during the "little unpleasantness" between North and South, he was appointed to a high office in the Paymaster's Department. He didn't abuse the trust.

Nathan C. Brooks, at the present time of writing, President of a flourishing Female College in Baltimore, was also a contributor to the columns of the *Visitor*. He was an excellent poet, rather of the melancholy order, but exceedingly popular withal. In person he was tall, slender, pale, and sharp-featured; but his countenance expressed benevolence and good nature;

two qualities which, I think, never belonged to his nature. He published several works, and tried hard to elevate the literary reputation of the "Monumental City." His "Scriptural Anthology," and many of his minor poems, won him quite a name. A *souvenir*, called the *Amethyst*, edited by himself, however, was a dead failure, and he lost money by it. It caused a spirited controversy between his anonymous friends and myself in the public prints, and for years there was a coolness between us. But time wore off the rancor of that inky conflict, and we are friends again. I will do justice to Mr. Brooks, and say that he is an accomplished scholar, a Christian, and a gentleman; but entirely too sensitive for a public man and a *littérateur*, who places himself at the mercy of the critic.

Timothy S. Arthur was originally a tailor. He very rarely entered the arena of song, his writings being mostly in prose, and of a moral character. His forte lies in the description of domestic scenes, the kindlier feelings of our nature, and the life of a Christian; hence his great popularity in aftertimes as a story writer for temperance and religious journals. He was a young man of urbane manners, pleasant as a companion, but rather pedantic. He conducted two literary papers in Baltimore; one was called the *Athenæum*, the other the *Young Men's Paper*, both of which lived but a short time. In Philadelphia, where he now resides, he also edited besides publishing his domestic stories, which are numerous. The failing of sight is a sad affliction to this industrious and truly good man. In the publication of the *Home Magazine*, a most excellent monthly, he is aided by his sons and daughters, and a corps of experienced correspondents.

John N. McJilton, recently an Episcopal clergyman, and in some way connected with the public schools, of which institution he was always a warm advocate, was one of my most industrious correspondents. He was originally a cabinet-maker; but veneering and varnish did not suit a mind like his, and he took to the pen in downright earnest. His favorite signature was "Giles

McQuiggin"; his style was racy, but crude. He has published a volume of poems; some of them are truly meritorious, and entitle him to rank among the first of our bards; while others want nerve, and might be placed in competition with the mental efforts of a romantic schoolgirl. He, in conjunction with Mr. Arthur, established a weekly called the *Monument*, which did not tower as high or bid fair to live as long as the shaft in Mount Vernon Place. In his associations, Mr. McJilton was an amiable man, good-humored and modest. He was extremely popular with the pupils of the public schools, and took much delight in improving them mentally, physically, and morally. He died, much lamented, in the city of New York, in the latter part of 1875; having removed to that city to take charge of a congregation.

Miss Buchanan (afterwards Mrs. Doctor Annan) wrote but a few poetical articles for the *Visitor*, but those few established her as a lady-writer of no ordinary merit. The "Glen of the Butterflies" was full of delicate imagery, and won her much fame. She had the true stamp of poesy—full of love and the soft gushings of a woman's heart. In person, she was as lovely as she was brilliant in intellect. I believe she abandoned the muse after she undertook the sterner duties of wife and mother.

Miss Modina (subsequently Mrs. Hamblin) was a wild and wayward writer, somewhat in the George Sand school. She crowded the columns of the *Visitor* with her mad reveries; sliced the character of lordly man into small bits, and exalted woman to the rank of angels. One "Atrox Mars,"* a prosy and metaphysical essayist, undertook to defend the honor of his sex, but was almost exterminated by the galled pen of the literary giantess.

The first interview I had with this singular, yet highly gifted woman, is worthy of recital. I had published several of her essays, when I received a note from her, requesting an interview at her suburban residence, about

* These papers of "Atrox Mars" were known to emanate from the pen of the Rev. S. A. Roszell, a ripe scholar, and an eminent Methodist preacher.

half a mile from the city, on the old Belvedere road. It was a pleasant summer afternoon when I walked toward the house. As I ascended the steep hill on which the mansion stood, I observed a female form perched upon the uppermost rail of the fence which marked the road. She was dressed in a loose garment of white muslin; her shoulders were uncovered, and her long dark hair was given freely to the breeze. She was truly a picture for the study of an artist; no bad imitation of Juliet in the balcony scene. Her hand supported her head and her knee her arm. As I approached, I lifted my hat, and inquired if Miss Modina resided in the house.

"I have the honor of being that genius," replied she, laughing; "and you are the editor of the *Visitor*. Take a seat, sir."

I was at a loss to know whether she meant a seat on the grass or the rail; but, determined to be as sociable as possible, I jumped up beside the sylph.

"There is a song called 'Sitting on a Rail'," continued she. "I think you and I might sing it now with considerable truth and effect." And then she moved closer to me, and shook her hair from her forehead, while she distributed it most freely over her shoulders.

After a very animated conversation, during which she handled the "Baltimore scribblers" without gloves, she entered on the subject which conduced to the interview.

"Your avocation, sir," said she, "places you in a position to do a poor little thing like me a good deal of harm or a good deal of good. My girlish writings have brought me before the public; you have flattered me by highly complimentary notices, and—I have gained *one* point. Now, I want you to help me to gain another. I desire to make my *debut* on the stage."

"Are you serious? And are you aware of the difficulties you will have to encounter?" asked I, taken all aback by the strange resolution of the girl.

"Oh, I have weighed them all well in my mind. I am resolute, determined; and, when I get to New York, I intend to put myself under the tuition of Mr. Hamblin.

He is my *beau ideal* of an actor, and I long to make his acquaintance."

I promised to introduce her to Mr. Walton, then the manager of the Holliday Street Theatre, and, if he concluded to bring her out, I pledged my pen to her service in preliminary puffs.

The introduction was brought about, but the parties never came to terms; she having selected Juliet for her *debut*, a part which, Walton contended, was beyond her reach, though her readings were beautiful. She, consequently, went to New York, where she entered into a theatrical engagement with Thomas Hamblin, which ended in a matrimonial one. While at the Bowery Theatre she wrote two dramas, which had an immense run and filled the treasury. They were "The Last Days of Pompeii" and "Rienzi"; both adapted from Bulwer's works of the same titles. She was found dead in bed by the side of her husband.

Doctor Lofflin, the "Milford Bard," was a poet of *quantity* more than *quality*. Nature had been bountiful in her gifts of the ideal, and appeared to have constituted him a kind of machine for grinding out thoughts in rhythmical parcels. He may have felt what he wrote, but his ideas were commonplace, and the loose life he led belied his song. The harp-strings that are soaked in alcohol seldom give out refined tones. He published a volume of his rhymes, which met with a tolerable sale, for the reason that his name had been so long and often before the public that the collection was looked for by all who had read his "fugitive" pieces. Among his best efforts was his poem in imitation of the journey of the renowned John Gilpin. He frequently, like McDonald Clark, the "mad poet" of New York, used to demean himself by going into low groggeries, and writing off a few stanzas on any subject the barkeeper might suggest, for a taste of the liquid fire.

But I would speak well of the dead, and bury their faults with them. The subject of this sketch had his virtues. He was aware of the power the subtle enemy had over him, and in several instances became the vol-

untary inmate of the jail, in order that the mental and physical poison might be withheld from his lips. He was generous, though his extreme poverty gave him no opportunity of exhibiting his liberality. He loved his mother almost to idolatry, and his most touching lines were addressed to her. He looked upon a virtuous woman as an earthly angel, and always evinced the greatest respect for the sex in general; for, through their bounty, he was often supplied with a good meal or a clean suit of clothes. Lofflin died very poor; for, like most poets, he did not know the value of money. No marble slab tells the spot where he sleeps; and, like most of our native poets, his songs have perished with him.

Miss Elizabeth Bogart, of New York, contributed many exquisite poems to the columns of the *Minerva*. She was a writer of ability, possessing strong womanly feelings, and gained an enviable reputation in the Northern journals over the signature of "Estelle."

Miss Phoebe M. Clarke also sent in several truly beautiful effusions from her prolific pen. She was a young actress of fair reputation, and died in Boston, having left the stage to fulfil a matrimonial engagement with a wealthy gentleman of that city.

James Hungerford, well known as the author of an excellent domestic narrative, descriptive of Southern country life, entitled the "Old Plantation," commenced his early efforts as a modest contributor to the *Visitor*. His favorite *nom de plume* was "Fitz-James," and some of his pieces possessed considerable merit. Mr. Hungerford's talents are various. He studied law, taught school, plays prettily on the guitar, writes poetry and sensational stories, and, withal, is a fine elocutionist.

Ibo T. Hayen, recently deceased, was a German scholar of more than ordinary capacity, and a most amiable man. His close translations of Schiller, Klopstock, Goethe, and other German poets, first brought him into notice. His original poems were marked by great power of thought and rhythmic accuracy; one poem I remember in particular as strikingly beautiful.

It was entitled the "Suicide," and was worthy of a more extended notice than it received from able judges of the sublime and beautiful. Mr. Hayen was for a long time foreign clerk in the Baltimore Post-office; for several years before his death he was an attaché in the office of the German *Correspondent*, being a brother-in-law of Colonel Frederick Raine, its editor and proprietor.

The Fate of Baltimore Periodicals.

After having established the Baltimore daily *Clipper*, in partnership with Messrs. Bull & Tuttle, and edited it, with Mr. John Wills as associate, for the space of three years, I found myself not only in debt, but with very faint prospects of again obtaining a foothold in the musical circle. People had lost sight of me as a teacher, and others had taken my place. I therefore sold out my interest in the concern to my partners. The proceeds of the sale barely covered my liabilities; and, with a sad heart, I left Baltimore and took up my residence in the city of Washington.

The *Clipper* was started in opposition to the *Sun;* but the latter had obtained too firm a footing, not only from the real business tact with which it was conducted—as it is at this day—but from its going with the crowd, and furnishing news at a rate which could be reached by the poorest. It was said to be the first "penny paper" established in Baltimore; this was a mistake, as I have shown before. The *Evening Transcript*, published by Skinner & Tenny years before, was the first cheap daily journal.

The *Clipper* was popular in its early days. I conducted it unbiassed by any party feeling or religious creed, and made it light and of a domestic nature. Its spiciness won it much favor with the people, and it was sought after, though it never paid, at least while I was connected with it. Mr. Wills was a very industrious writer, though not a forcible one—he being young then, and a mere tiro in journalism. Since then he has gained experience, having been editor of the Balti-

more *Patriot*, a spirited commercial and political journal, jointly with Mr. McJilton, and being at present the writer of the leaders for the *Sunday Telegram*. Augustus Richardson wrote a great deal for the *Clipper*. He was an exceedingly bitter dramatic critic, and frequently brought the concern into trouble by the rancor of his criticisms. He would sometimes slip them in without my knowledge; not as communications, but as editorials. At one time I had to stop the press when the edition was nearly half printed, and have one, or perhaps two, of his caustic editorials taken out. He was, however, a ready writer, and sometimes quite witty.

Samuel Barnes took my chair in the sanctum, and conducted the paper in his usual old-fashioned and methodical style. After a while it assumed the name of *Republican*, and became the organ of the Know-nothing, or, as it was styled, the "American" party. In this capacity it flourished through the terrible excitement of those days, an excitement which may be remembered with pain by many who may glance over these papers.

The era was one of riot and bloodshed (1857). The daily journals were burdened with records of assaults with intent to kill, riots, and street fights, and *palatable* programmes of rowdyism. Murder, theft, incendiarism, and vandalism stalked freely abroad in open daylight, without a murmur from the quiet citizens, who mourned over the fallen dignity of Baltimore. The arm of the law seemed paralyzed and powerless; while order-loving citizens could devise no means of securing public safety. The result of the election was a wholesale violation of the chartered rights of citizenship. The ballot-box, the safeguard of freemen, was violated, the polls disgraced, and the right of suffrage violently trampled under foot. Several Democratic and independent candidates for the City Council retired from the contest in disgust. They had the moral character of the city at heart, and abandoned their rights in order that the name of Baltimore might not again be

tarnished. During the election day respectable citizens were driven from the polls, deadly weapons were placed at their heads, and they had to forego the privilege of citizenship in order to save their lives. In some of the wards loaded swivels were stationed at the places of voting, in order to intimidate such Democrats as had the temerity to attempt the exercise of their rights. During the day, young men, in a state of beastly intoxication, were seen driving through the business thoroughfares, firing and deliberately loading their muskets and revolvers, insulting females with their peculiar slang, and defying all creation to battle. This outrageous conduct did not speak well for the reputation of a city that had, by strict order and quiet, wiped out former reproaches; a Christian city, and a city, too, governed by a party who claimed to be native born patriots, whose motto was "Americans must govern America."

On the second morning after the election, the *Sun*, which, I believe, was neutral, made the following remarks:

"*The Affair of Wednesday.*—As we remarked yesterday, the nominal election on Wednesday last was nothing better than a mockery, riotous and bloody, of the elective franchise. The scenes of that day, though not so frightfully distorted with massacre and wounds as were those of the election days last year, exhibit the political condition of our city at the very lowest depths of demoralization. No report, however varnished, can relieve the fact that vast masses of the people are overawed, and that the city itself is politically subjugated by an irrepressible and unmitigated intolerance of the principle of universal suffrage. . . . The polls are notoriously places of danger to life and limb, and there the rowdy and bully exult in the possession and exercise of supreme power. We say these things, perfectly willing that they should be hooted at and denied."

In strong contrast with the foregoing, the following announcement appeared in the *Clipper:*

"The issue of yesterday is glorious to dwell upon; not, indeed, from the paramount importance of the simple end achieved, so much as the withering condemnation of our revilers at home and abroad, which the mighty result thunders forth to their consternation, and in tones not to be misunderstood. . . . The motley host has been 'routed—horse, foot and dragoon,' and so sadly discomfited, that to rally again is impossible. Poor conglomerated Democracy is badly, ay, unmercifully whipped, and it will be a long time before we shall be seriously troubled with its impertinent hangers-on in our seats of public authority."

Know-nothingism, like an *ignis fatuus*, shone bright for a while; misled the people by its false light, and then expired. The war broke out, and the *Clipper* (for which I always felt a parental affection) turned recreant to the cause of the South. It became a violent anti-rebel paper; obtained the patronage of the Government, and made money at the sacrifice of the private sentiments of its proprietors. It dropped the name of *Republican*, and again assumed that which I had given it. After a sickly existence of a year or so, it was sold out to a party, and became the *Evening Commercial*. That, too, has gone to "the tomb of the Capulets."

I shall now return to my literary contemporaries. I have hinted at the opinion I have always cherished, that no strictly literary journal published in the city of Baltimore will pay; and, if it does not pay, it cannot continue to exist. The following extract from the *Clipper*, while under my charge, will show that I have cause for expressing that opinion. The remarks were published under the editorial head of the issue of October 20th, 1840. It may be interesting to young readers as well as old ones; I therefore copy it entire:

"SOUTHERN LITERATURE.—Our friends of the *Saturday Morning Visitor* plume themselves not a little in having secured the aid of Professor Ingraham, 'a distinguished writer of the South.' That Prof. Ingraham is a distinguished writer, so far as the production of a novel or two and a number of stories for periodicals will entitle

him to the term, we will agree; but we cannot perceive how he can be classed among *Southern* writers. In the list of the contributors to the columns of the *Visitor*, we perceive the names of several who are not Southerners; their contributions, of course, whether good, bad or indifferent, should not be thrown into the scale of Southern literature. As much affection as we have for the *Visitor* —an affection which springs from early associations—we cannot agree that the *original* writings which appear in its columns should be made the standard of excellence of the literature of the South. It is true, as the editor remarks, that his paper is 'the only periodical in Baltimore devoted exclusively to polite literature'; and, as far as Baltimore is concerned, it certainly displays a goodly list of contributors. It stands, as it were, a lone rock in the midst of the ocean, and the shipwrecked mariners are clinging to its sides, and, with desperate grasp, lingering out a brief literary existence. We will name these shipwrecked editors, in the order given them by the *Visitor*, not presuming to rank them according to their deserts:

"J. N. McJilton, Esq., late editor of the *Monument*. This should have read, editor of the *late* Monument, for that literary work, reared on so stupendous an intellectual foundation, did not prove its durability equal to that of the towering memento which overlooks our city. It was a beautifully *printed* work; and, in saying that, we give it all the praise it deserves. After a brief struggle, it died. Verdict, too much pedantry.

"The next in order is N. C. Brooks, A. M., late editor of the *North American Quarterly Magazine*, or rather, editor of the *late*, &c. The great humbug phenomenon of Mr. Sumner L. Fairfield was this said Quarterly, who, after endeavoring to cram it down the throats of the public, sold it to Mr. Brooks, under whose parental charge it 'went the way of all flesh,' leaving scarcely a memory of its excellence behind.

"Then follows J. E. Snodgrass, Esq., late editor of the *American Museum*. Again the reader will please apply the word late to the *Museum*, which was established

under the auspices of Mr. Brooks, and killed by a Polyglot Club. No reproach can be attached to the citizens of Baltimore; the demise of the work was anticipated from the hour of its birth; it being an exceedingly delicate and interesting child, too weak to suck at its mother's breast.

"Then we have T. S. Arthur, Esq., late editor of the *Athenæum*. Please read the *late* Athenæum. Mr. Arthur is really a pretty writer, and a poet of feeling; but so prosy, and sour, and over-ethical, that the *Athenæum* got the *fan-tods*, and pined, and pined in green and yellow melancholy, until it died for want of breath. Verdict, too much encouragement of *native genius*.

"Here we have E. Y. Reese, Esq., editor of the *Methodist Protestant*, a young man who has written much, and has yet more to write.

"Our own name brings up the rear of the corps editorial, and the only boast we have is having warmed into existence *all* of the foregoing writers but one; and also having established more papers, and witnessed more *goings down* of the same, than all of them put together. This we consider a feather in our cap; and we can only compare ourself to a literary maniac, standing amid 'the wreck of *matter* and the crash of *words*.'

"We heartily rejoice in the success of the *Visitor*, and hope it will continue to breast the storm. If the editor is bent on bringing to light *Southern* talent, let him look around him. There are many excellent writers in this city, yet unknown to fame, who only need a friendly notice from those who have charge of the public presses, to become ornaments to our literary stock."

This article created no little sensation among the *littérateurs* of Baltimore; its truth could not be denied. Every literary work failed, no matter what talent and ability were engaged to sustain it. The *Visitor* itself, with all its boasting, had to succumb; it came within the influence of the Upas-tree, while under the management of Doctor J. E. Snodgrass, who was an ultra Abolitionist. It soon became merged in the *National Era*, and there was an end of it.

The first Sunday journal issued in Baltimore was the *Enterprise*. It was started by the then well-known periodical dealer, William Taylor. It was under my editorial charge, and had not reached its fourth number, ere the conscientious scruples of Mr. Taylor induced him to change the day of publication to Saturday, and it fell through. My excellent friend, William Prescott Smith, was a contributor to this paper. He was originally a tailor, but his genius did not work easy in that direction. In his hours of leisure he studied hard; and, at length, became a writer for some of the literary periodicals. His urbane manners, moral bearing, and strict integrity won him the esteem of every man; while his manly deportment, and really handsome person, made him a favorite with the ladies. He married the daughter of the Hon. Joshua Vansant, so well known in the political circles of Maryland. Mr. Smith received a humble position in the Transportation Department of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, from which he gradually rose until he became Master of Transportation of that great corporation. The company placed the greatest reliance in him, and the public held him in high estimation. He retained his important position many years, until deafness compelled him to retire from an office which he was so admirably calculated to fill, and accepted a less arduous and responsible place in the management of the Maryland Central Railroad.

There was not a man in Baltimore more popular than William Prescott Smith, and there was not an office within the gift of the people that he could not have had for the asking. He was well known to the travelling public, and respected by all, not only for his genial manners, but his sterling integrity. He was also a great friend of the liberal arts; encouraged genius, and aided much in giving tone to the society of the Monumental City. He was a self-made man; died much lamented a few years since, and well may Maryland mourn the loss of one of her most public-spirited sons.

I always attributed the failure of our literary journals

to the encouragement extended to foreign and Northern books and periodicals. Both the Taylors, William and Henry, made money by the sale of Northern printed matter. Other periodical stores were opened, and every Saturday night they were crowded with people hungry for literature that originated elsewhere than in their midst. Our own papers were pushed aside for the weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies, that were even inimical to Southern institutions. Does the reader wonder that so many of our home periodicals have been shipwrecked?

After the demise of the *Visitor*, another attempt was made to establish a family weekly. This new child of literature entered on a forlorn hope, and expired after a very brief existence. It was entitled the *Dispatch*, and was the first of that used-up name. The second weekly, bearing the same name, was published by Messrs. Gobright & Norris, and made a very fair show, being edited with much tact and ability. However, it went the way of all its predecessors, much to the regret of those who felt a desire to encourage enterprising Baltimoreans.

Among my literary acquaintances were Anna Cora Ritchie (Mrs. Mowett), and her amiable husband, William Ritchie, then senior partner in the *Richmond Enquirer*. Mrs. Ritchie was an amiable and lady-like woman—rather a *bas bleu;* but, notwithstanding, very modest in her estimation of her own merits. Though admired and respected by all, yet, having sinned so far as appearing on the stage may be considered sinning, she was not received into the society of the F. F. V.'s of Richmond; or, at least, had but little influence in that quarter. Her merits as an actress were well known to the friends of the drama on both sides of the Atlantic, and her efforts as a writer received the endorsement of the press pretty generally; I therefore need not give my opinion. All who wish to know who Anna Cora Ritchie was, had better purchase her autobiography and peruse it. She was a peculiar woman, and an enthusiast; loved reading, and the study of

human character. She had the full range of Mr. Ritchie's splendid library, and never seemed so happy as when she was turning over the musty pages of some ancient tome, and garnering in her own prolific brain the treasures of occult lore. She was one of those natural religionists who "look through nature up to nature's God." She adhered to the beautiful, yet visionary, doctrine of Swedenborg, and zealously exerted herself to establish a church in the capital of Virginia. I believe the congregation never mustered more than twenty or thirty personages, of all sexes, conditions and colors. Her readings were simply beautiful; particularly in poetry, of which she was a great admirer, though she seldom or never ventured to give the ideal through the medium of numbers. In drawing and painting she displayed exquisite taste, and was, withal, an excellent judge of the fine arts.

Her husband, Mr. Ritchie, though not a man of extraordinary talent, was a good business man, useful citizen, an amiable gentleman, and a warm admirer of music and the drama. At the breaking out of the "little unpleasantness" between the North and South, he parted with his wife; who, when Virginia decided to buckle her destiny to the South, made her way through the lines and went to Europe in the capacity of a Paris correspondent, where she remained until death put an end to her career. I believe her husband never saw her after she left Richmond.

John C. McCabe was a writer of some ability and a poet of refined taste. When the flower of life was in its full bloom, and I presumptuously considered myself the herald of budding genius, I occasionally received from an anonymous writer, unpretending poetical productions, accompanied by notes, modestly asking that they might find a place in the columns of the *Visitor*. Some were rejected, others were published. The young aspirant began to grow in favor, and finally achieved a reputation, at least so far as Southern literature was concerned. This correspondent was John C. McCabe. He was originally a dentist, and established himself in

Norfolk, Va., where he became very popular, in spite of his *teeth*. Subsequently he studied divinity, and took orders in the Episcopal Church. During the war he became chaplain in the Confederate army, and wrote some of the best Southern war-songs I have read. He was a warm supporter of the "Lost Cause," and was pretty well known as "the fighting parson." In the pulpit he was flowery and pleasing, but not solid. I have set some of his ballads to music. His brother, Rev. James McCabe, was also an eloquent Episcopal minister and a poet; one of his sons became a bright star in the literary firmament.

Jesse D. Reed, a well-known "local editor," or, to use a plainer term, reporter, was a man of very ordinary talent; and, in his younger days, a compositor in the office of the Hagerstown *Torchlight*. He was attached to the *Sun* from the day of its first issue up to the time of his death; generally in the capacity of reporter, attending mostly to court cases. He was sixty-one years of age when he died, and did not "die in harness," as some papers stated; but, more properly, broke down in harness. In his later days he became almost useless to the *Sun* establishment, the duties of his department requiring younger and more active men. Mr. Abell, the proprietor, assigned to him no particular station, but allowed him to be at the office and come and go when he pleased, leaving orders that he should receive his pay regularly. Reed was sincerely attached to the journal that carried him along, and bitter against its rival establishment, the *Clipper*. He fought many a hard battle for Swain, Abell and Simmons, the original owners of the *Sun*, and, to the end, gloried in their triumph.

With the exception of the *American* and the *Sun*, none of the Baltimore journals have proved a success. It was reported some time ago that Mr. George W. Childs, the proprietor of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, had made an offer of $6,000,000 for the New York *Herald* and all its appurtenances, and the offer was rejected; Mr. Bennett considering the concern a kind of family heirloom, and

nursing the belief that it would forever be a source of rich revenue through generations to come. Empires have fallen, and so may the *Herald*. The elder Bennett started it in an obscure cellar, with scarcely a cent in his pocket, and a great unpopularity pressing upon him. Being a man of energy, he bravely stemmed the current, and finally succeeded. The New York *Sun*, when owned by Moses Y. Beach, at one time far outstripped the *Herald*, or any other daily published in this country. It was the first "penny paper," and shed its rays in every quarter of the great metropolis, from the palatial residence of the millionaire down to the humblest dwelling. Its reign was of short duration, though a brilliant one. When it began to decline, it was sold out to a party, and is now a political paper. The Philadelphia *Ledger* was established by Swain, Abell & Simmons, on the cheap plan of the New York *Sun*, and still holds its own in the hands of the energetic Mr. Childs. The success the *Ledger* met with induced the establishers to found the Baltimore *Sun*.

If what was said of Mr. Childs' offer to purchase the *Herald* for so vast a sum be true, that gentleman made a bold stake; but he is a lucky as well as a daring man, and, knowing this, he did not hesitate to venture. He is a self-made man, and has risen to rank with distinguished men of the nation. Shrewd, industrious, and calculating, he has acquired an immense wealth from a capital of—nothing but talent and energy. I remember Mr. Childs when he was a boy. Even then, though but half-way through his teens, he had the reputation of being a shrewd and "pushing" lad; never daunted by a bugbear, or turned from his objective point by the dread of failure. Mr. Joseph J. Stewart, who was the associate of his boyhood, says of him:—"He was then what he is now. His heart was always larger than his means. There is but one thing he always despised, and that is meanness; there is but one character he hates, and that is a liar. When he left Baltimore, a little boy, the affectionate regrets of all his companions followed him to Philadelphia; and the attachment they felt for

him was more like romance than reality in this every-day world. . . . I remember that he wrote to me years ago, when we were both boys, that he meant to prove that *a man could be liberal and successful at the same time.*"

Many of our wealthiest men, when they are prostrated on their deathbeds, begin to balance up the ledger of life; and many are the errors and omissions they discover. It is then they begin to think of the little good they have done their fellow-creatures. The wealth they have accumulated through "shrewd operations," they cannot carry with them into the other world. They then begin to think of polishing their tarnished reputations by bountiful bequests to struggling charitable institutions, or building up new ones; richly endowing the cities or towns that helped them to the means to be benevolent. Not so with those noble philanthropists, George W. Childs and George Peabody; *they* lay the foundations of their monuments before they die; they do not wait to view the blessings they have conferred from a stand-point in the spirit-land. They bring happiness to themselves by making other people happy; reaping their reward in the present as well as in the future.

The business career of Mr. Childs is too well known to the people of Philadelphia and Baltimore for me to do more than allude to it. From a poor and almost friendless boy, he has, in a quarter of a century, risen to a position that enables him to entertain Presidents, Emperors, Kings and Princes. Col. John W. Forney says: "No charity appeals to Childs in vain; no object of patriotism, no great enterprise, no sufferer from misfortune, whether the ex-Confederate or the stricken foreigner. He enjoys the confidence of President Grant, and yet was among the first to send a splendid subscription to the monument of Greeley. He, more than any other, pushed the subscription of over $100,000 for the family of the dead hero, George G. Meade, and yet Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, has no firmer friend. His list of unpublished and unknown benevolences would

give the lie to the poor story that he craves notoriety. . . . He made his money himself, not by speculation or office, and got none by inheritance. He coins fortune like a magician, and spends it like a man of heart. He likes society and lives like a gentleman. He is as temperate as ever Horace Greeley was, and yet he never denies his friends a generous glass of wine. His habits are as simple as Abraham Lincoln's, and yet his residence is a gem bright with exquisite decoration and rich in every variety of art. He gives a Christmas dinner to newsboys and bootblacks, and dines travelling Dukes and Earls with equal ease and familiarity. He never seems to be at work, goes everywhere, sees everybody, helps everybody, and yet his great machine moves like a clock under his constant supervision."

Mr. Childs is especially the friend of those who help him to build up his noble fortune. A man in his position can, if he will, render the lives of many of those who serve him bitter or shameful; he can corrupt them by bad example; he can mortify their feelings; he can, if it suits him, make them bad members of society. On the contrary, he chooses to be the friend and benefactor of those who labor with him; and, as his experience has taught him that the struggle of life often needs support, he knows where and how to render it. I honor and respect him for his judgment and kindness of heart.

Music and Musicians.

Music has always been, and still is, my frailty. Since my earliest youth I have sought its gentle influence; and though in early days I prepared myself for another and quite a different pursuit, yet the fondness of it clung to me, and it finally became my profession, though my parents were solicitous that I should adopt any other honorable calling but that. I studied it as an art and as a science; but only for the sake of the accomplishment, never thinking that I should use it as the means of support. I was educated at the Military Academy at West Point, and prepared for the army, but never

went into active service, for I resigned at the end of my fourth year, and commenced the study of law in South Carolina, thinking the law a less dangerous way of achieving honors than the sword. Whenever I failed in any enterprise I fell back on music; it was my sheet-anchor.

But I would avoid the charge of egotism. My ballads are (or rather *were*) well known throughout the country; for I have not published for many years. Why? the reader may ask. For the simple reason that it does not pay the author; the publisher pockets all, and gets rich on the brains of the poor fool who is chasing that *ignis fatuus*, reputation.

While editing or writing for various journals, I did not neglect my profession, during the practice of which I became acquainted with nearly all of my compeers. Among those who flourished during the existence of the *Minerva*, I may name Charles Meineke, Arthur Clifton (Corri), J. Ninninger, the brothers Gilles, R. Shaw, J. Gosden, Henry Dielman, R. Bunyie, &c.

Charles Meineke was a fine pianist as well as organist. A German by birth, he possessed the German faculty of amassing money, leading a bachelor's life and economising to a miserly extent. He was a quiet, unobtrusive man, easy in his manners, and when he died he left a large property to his relatives in Europe. He composed many secular songs as well as sacred, and his piano music, generally variations, was quite popular. He died in 1850.

Clifton's real name was Arthur Corri. He was an Englishman by birth, and the son of the celebrated Corri of London, an Italian. The reason for his changing his name when he came to this country was of a domestic nature, and I therefore avoid giving it. He was a musician of talent; composed many songs, duetts and glees; also the opera of the "Enterprise," which brought out the vocal talent of Mrs. Burke (afterwards Mrs. Jefferson) on the boards of the old Holliday Street Theatre. Many of his songs were very popular; they were all in the English style. He was a handsome man,

but a man of care, always brooding over the miseries of life; looking on the dark side, never the bright. Nevertheless, when in company he was full of wit and anecdote, and one of the staunchest pillars of the Anacreontic Society. He was found dead in his bed, some averring that he died of a broken heart, his domestic misfortunes having been given to the public.

There were two brothers *Ninninger*, both violinists, and men of decided talent, always ready to render their services on charitable occasions or public festivals.

The brothers *Gilles* were Italians. The elder one was the greatest hautboy player of the times, and the younger figured as a violoncello performer of extra ability. They came to the United States with Tibeaux, Atinelli and Ostinelli, on a concertizing expedition, which they commenced in New York. The Gilleses taught according to the Italian system of vocal music, then much in vogue, and were very popular with the upper classes of society.

Rial Shaw is, at this present writing, still living in Baltimore. He taught vocal music exclusively in classes, generally sacred. He published some small works on vocalization, and followed the Petzilozian system of instruction. He was for many years a teacher in the Public Schools.

Mr. Gosden died some years since. He was an Englishman by birth, and one of the finest flute players in the country. He composed a number of ballads, but very few of them became popular.

Robert Bunyie was a braw Scotchman, tall and muscular. He was a *maestro* of the contra-basso, and used to figure in the orchestras of the theatres and at concerts. He also was quite a proficient on the union pipes, and frequently set all the dogs in the neighborhood of Gay street to howling when he executed a Highland fling or a Scotch strathspey with his favorite chaunters. He was very popular with the musical fraternity, and died possessing some property.

Henry Dielman was then in his prime, and took the lead as the first violinist in Baltimore. He was also an

excellent pianist, organist and flutist. His talents were versatile, his person prepossessing, his manners gentlemanly, and his disposition amiable. Of course, with all these enviable qualities, he was very popular, particularly with the ladies, whose hearts he won by his touching delivery of tender melodies on his favorite instrument. He was also a composer of considerable merit, so far as instrumental music was concerned. His ballads never took with the public. I have passed many a happy hour with Dielman, socially and musically, and always found him companionable. I could relate many anecdotes of my friend, but withhold them from personal motives. He was the first in this country to receive the degree of Mus. Doc., or Doctor of Music. It was bestowed on him by the faculty of Georgetown University, and presented to him by General Taylor, then President of the United States. Dielman is at the present time residing in Emmittsburg, Md., and has been for many years attached to the college in that place as professor of music.

Frederick Lucchesi also held a prominent position as teacher of music. He was a fine flute player, and a good teacher of vocal music and thorough bass. He was rather an irritable man; ultra in his notions, but always a true friend. I remember him when he played the piccolo in the band at West Point, then under the leadership of the well-known Richard Willis. He was a small boy then, probably about fourteen years of age, and excited the admiration of all by his skill in handling his tiny instrument. He has been dead several years.

Julius Muller, an excellent man and a very popular teacher and composer, is still with us. His pianoforte compositions are numerous and meet with a ready sale.

Augustus Metz, his brother-in-law, began his career in the days of which I now write. He is a violinist of musical repute, and has frequently led orchestras, not only at theatres, but on very important occasions. Mr. Metz, I believe, has composed but little, having devoted himself industriously to teaching. He is a very amiable man and an excellent musician.

Albert Holland is a native of Baltimore, and for many years was known as the leader of the Independent Blues Band. He is a very popular teacher, and a good arranger and composer of military music. His lady is an excellent vocalist and an amiable woman. They both enjoy a great degree of popularity.

James M. Deems was, I believe, originally a pupil of Roundtree, the originator of several military bands. He displayed great musical talent when quite young, and when Roundtree died, took charge of the Blues Band, which he conducted for some time. He was an excellent performer on the cornet-a-piston, and quite an adept on other instruments. Such was the talent he displayed that he was sent to Europe to complete his musical education, studying under the celebrated *maestro* Doutzour. On the occasion of his leaving this country he was entrusted with Government dispatches. On his return to his native city he commenced his profession in downright earnest, and has prospered. When the unfortunate "unpleasantness" between North and South took place, he volunteered in the Union army, and received the commission of Lieutenant-colonel of Cavalry. His experience on the field of glory he knows best himself, and can recount his "hair-breadth 'scapes" with considerable good humor to his numerous friends. On his retiring from the army the Government rewarded him with a complimentary commission of Brigadier-general. Deems is an excellent musician and a faithful teacher. He is a theorist of the highest order, and has composed many heavy works; some of his lighter productions have been given to the public.

William Harman, also a native of Baltimore, went to Europe to study music, and came back, I presume, a proficient, for the atmosphere of the old world seems better calculated than our own for the advancement of knowledge. Mr. Harman has been for many years a popular and very attentive instructor, and is withal an amiable and accomplished gentleman.

F. Nicholls Crouch. Everybody knows, or has heard of the song entitled "Kathleen Mavourneen," though

very few who have shed tears over the tender appeal of the poor Irish lover, know the composer F. N. Crouch; an enthusiastic musician, a free-hearted companion, a good lecturer, a scholar and a fearless soldier. He has composed over 2000 songs, all possessing more or less merit, and yet, strange to say, but two of them have become really popular, "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "Dermot Astore." The words of the former (by Mrs. Crawford) flow beautifully with the melody, with the exception of one line, which the authoress evidently wrote with the intention of bothering Cockney vocalists, who sing it in this manner:

The 'orn of the 'unter his 'eard hon the 'ill.

Crouch is, with all his eccentricities, a pleasant companion; full of anecdote, and a great admirer of the fine arts. I have passed many a pleasant evening in his company. During the late domestic war he figured as a trumpeter to a Confederate battery of mounted artillery. He took copious notes of camp-life, and kept a diary of events with the intention of publishing a history of the war, but an unfortunate order from headquarters deprived the reading world of the pleasure of a perusal of the work. The troops were on a forced march, and Stonewall Jackson issued orders that all superfluous baggage of the officers and men should be burnt. Crouch's MSS. were committed to the flames! He wore the Confederate uniform long after the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox.

Mr. Crouch is, at this present writing, a resident of Baltimore, and gives general satisfaction as a teacher of vocal and instrumental music. He was formerly a member of the "Royal Academy of Music," the "London Philharmonic Society" and Her Majesty's Opera. Besides numerous ballads, he has managed to compose two operas, "Sir Roger de Coverley" and "The Fifth of November, 1670"; also complete works entitled "Select Drawing-room Ballads" and "Pleasant Memories."

Let me again leave the present period, and go back to the celebrities of former days.

John Cole. I feel disposed to dwell at length on my recollections of John Cole. He was a teacher of music, and subsequently a publisher of music of Baltimore. Mr. Cole was an Englishman, and migrated to this country at an early age. He was originally a clarionet player of some merit, and taught vocal music in classes. He was an excellent man, pleasant as a companion and useful as a citizen. The musical public are indebted to him for many beautiful anthems and set pieces; also glees, in the true English style. For many years he was leader of various church choirs and vocal societies. He used to describe with great gusto a military band he once had under his charge, at the beginning of his professional career. His clarionet was the leading instrument; the subordinates were a violin, Kent bugle, serpent and bassoon, accompanied by a bass drum. The selection of tunes was very limited. On great occasions they would perform Washington's March, or Bonaparte Crossing the Alps; Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle for patriotic purposes. Their quick marches were usually "The Girl I left behind me," "Marlbrook," "Road to Boston" and "Monymusk." With these they made the militia boys tramp briskly through the streets, and never failed to gather a motley escort of ragged urchins and grinning negroes.

Roundtree succeeded him in the arena of military music, and soon organized a band which was creditable to himself and the city. Mr. Cole did not, however, long practise music as a profession. He purchased Mr. Carr's stock of music and entered into the publishing and music-selling business, which he adhered to almost to the day of his death.

George Willig, the well-known music publisher, died recently at the ripe old age of eighty-one. He was the son of George Willig of Philadelphia, one of the oldest publishers in the United States. His store was the resort of many of the musical celebrities of times past, and the issues of his press were generally of a classic

order, though he secured the copyright of many a popular pianoforte composition and ballads that lived beyond the usual span. He was a man of noble traits of character; hospitable, generous and amiable; social in his habits, and a staunch friend when once he took a liking. From his establishment sprang those of F. D. Benteen and Henry McCaffrey, who were both clerks of his. Benteen, with Mr. Willig's aid, purchased the stock of John Cole & Son, and through his industry and perseverance, made a comfortable fortune, though his ill-health did not permit him to enjoy it. He died in 1862, and his establishment fell into the hands of Miller & Beecham, both his clerks. Since Mr. Willig's early days, many improvements have been made in the art of stamping and printing sheet music. If any one would note the difference, let him compare the publications of the beginning of this century with those of the present day. George Willig kept pace with the times, and the publications of his house, at the present day, will compare favorably with any like establishment in the country. For some time Mr. Willig was President of the Board of Trade, and was highly esteemed by the members of that body, not only for his honesty and probity, but for his suavity of manners and genial disposition. In Baltimore his friends were numerous, and mourned his departure from among them, for he was public-spirited, and ever had an extended hand for the poor and needy. His store, with its old and well established custom, is now in the hands of his two industrious and enterprising sons.

C. Eisenbrandt, the celebrated musical instrument maker, was a man of gentle and unobtrusive manners, and a fine flute, clarionet and bassoon player. He was a remarkably industrious man; and his wind instruments won the medals in all the industrial fairs in this country, and many in Europe. They were remarkable for their richness of tone and beauty of workmanship, and received the praises of the best masters. He always finished his instruments himself, and employed but one assistant—a man to saw and split the blocks of

ebony and cocoawood. He died, leaving a good name and a comfortable property to his family. His son carries on the establishment.

I. T. Stoddard, a vocalist and pianist of much merit, whose "Evergreen Waltz" outstripped everything in the way of editions, was a partner of mine in a music academy; and together we introduced into Baltimore the system of vocal class teaching at present used in the public schools. He has retired from the profession; having, many years since, taken charge of the sales department of Knabe & Co.'s extensive piano factory. He was always an active business man and an accomplished teacher.

Dr. C. T. Percival came to this city many years ago, in some way connected with an English opera troupe. He was a good vocalist and expert pianist, and at one time directed the Durand opera company in such operas as "La Sonnambula," "Fra Diavolo," "The Daughter of the Regiment," &c. He obtained his degree of M. D. while at the South, and practised physic as well as taught music. He is an amiable and industrious man, and at present one of the vocal teachers in the public schools.

I will wind up the musical part of my recollections with an *allegro finale*. Among my compeers in times past who are still residing in Baltimore, and profitably carrying out their destiny, I may make honorable mention of Ernest Szemelanyi, an expatriated Hungarian, accomplished gentleman, and excellent pianist and composer; Charles Gola; James and Dominick May, industrious and capable teachers; Henry Schwing, a scholar and thorough musician, and Joseph Gegan, the accomplished conductor of the Cathedral choir.

There are several flourishing pianoforte factories in Baltimore, the oldest of which is Wm. Knabe & Co., having been established over thirty-five years ago by the firm of Knabe & Gaehle, both of whom have passed away. William Knabe, the father of the present principals of the firm, was a man of energy and enterprise and a kind-hearted gentleman. He was popular with

the profession, hence the secret of his success; still the real merits of the instruments manufactured by the firm warranted the teachers in recommending them. The present firm has a branch establishment in New York; Ernest Knabe being a pushing man, and not afraid to "beard the lion in his den." The peculiarities of the Knabe pianos are, their strength of construction, the sweetness, power and purity of their tone, and durability; besides, the touch is pleasant and elastic. At the various State Fairs throughout the country the Knabe pianos have invariably received gold medals or high premiums.

The factory of Charles M. Stieff is the next in age to Knabe & Co. It was established by the elder Charles Stieff some twenty-five years ago. He was a professor of music, but wisely abandoned so thankless and profitless a calling for one that foreshadowed something like gain. Mr. Stieff was a man of energy, and, notwithstanding the opposition he had to contend with, he pushed ahead, and finally succeeded in placing his factory on a permanent basis. On his death, his sons took charge with even more vim than the father, and added new fame to the establishment. The Stieff instruments are popular, particularly in the South, and over twelve hundred have been distributed throughout the Southern States. Since the close of the war five hundred pianos have been purchased by Virginians, about two hundred and fifty by North Carolinians, and the balance throughout South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Florida. The Stieff piano is noted for its richness and volume of tone, ease of touch, and richness of cabinet workmanship. The factories in 84 and 86 Camden street and 46 and 47 Perry street are extensive and in full operation.

The musical taste of Baltimore people forty years ago was elevated, the Italian being the fashionable school. It is now happily blended with the solid German; the light beauty of the one mingling nicely with the classic grandeur of the other. At that period negro minstrelsy was unknown, except through the grotesque posturing

and husky warbling of Tom Rice, the original "Jim Crow." Our native ballads were pure; no mongrel offspring of Scotch jigs and plantation refrains. Some fine oratorios had been produced in Baltimore. As early as 1821 the oratorio of the "Creation," Haydn's masterpiece, was performed at the Cathedral by nearly 200 vocalists; the orchestra being strong and efficient. The English opera also thrived with Messrs. Phillips and Sinclair; Mrs. Austin and Miss George as the leading attractions. In fact, Baltimore has always extended encouragement to music. Her concerts have been well patronized and her teachers well sustained.

Musical Anecdotes.

There were wild and frolicsome young men in former times, as well as there are at the present period, and I feel disposed to record some of their mischievous sports. The exposure can do no harm, but may excite a smile on the features of their descendants.

The police organization in my younger days was not as perfect as it is now. There were a few drowsy Irish and German watchmen, who moped through the streets one part of the night and slept the other; though, in order that the people might know that they were doing their duty on their beats, or more likely to let the thieves know that they were about, were compelled to cry the hour, which they did with a spasmodic exertion, roaring on the first word and squeaking on the last. "It's past one o'clock, and a cloudy morning!" certainly awoke the sleepers and put the robbers on their guard. Besides these merits, the cry generally awoke all the dogs, cats, geese and pea-fowls in the city, and the chorus became general.

These guardians of the night were called by the young bloods "Charlies," and could be bribed at any time to say nothing about the matter, if a funny fellow was caught in the act of upsetting him and his watch-box while he was "stealing forty winks."

Several of us undertook a grand serenade on New

Year's eve. We wished to usher in the young year with becoming solemnity, not exactly in the form of a "watch meeting," but with the harmony of musical instruments. We were all considered good musicians, and therefore not responsible for the bad-conditioned instruments we used; they being an organ with about a dozen asthmatic pipes, two cracked clarionets, several fish-horns, a broken drum, half a dozen penny trumpets, and a sheet-iron gong! This band of gentle musicians started on their serenading tour. The Mayor of the city was the first victim. His Honor got a dose that made his ears tingle.

A *Charley* stood on the opposite side of the street, listening to the *soft strains*, and drinking in the exquisite harmony of the *spears*. When we had concluded our first essay, the soulless individual took it into his head to protest. He crossed over and said:

"Gintlemin, be me faith that isn't music at all, at all. You must be afther stopping it."

"Pshaw! my good fellow," I replied, "you're no judge of music. That's the overture to Lodoiska."

"Well, it may be an overturn of a load o' whiskey, for you ought to know; but, by me sowl, it don't sound quite natural like."

And so he subsided for awhile, and the band struck up again with a perfect chaos of sounds.

"Stop, stop!" exclaimed Charley. "I know enough to tell what is music and what isn't. By St. Patrick, that isn't music at all."

"That's the overture to Fra Diavolo," said I.

"Fried devils, is it! I'll show you the beautiful music."

And he sprang his rattle violently, while we made a general stampede, all except the unfortunate Jacob Bradenbaugh, who had the heavy hand-organ strapped over his shoulders. He could not run, so the watchman laid his strong paw upon him, and he and the organ became captives.

"Ah, ha! I've got you, my lark!" exclaimed the Irishman, exultingly. "You'll be making your music and disturbing the public pace, will yer!"

The poor fellow had to trudge off, but soon a lucky thought struck him and he stopped.

"I can't carry this heavy organ all the way to the watch-house," said he to the Charley; "and I can't leave it behind, because it's too valuable."

"It's all right," replied the watchman; "I'll bear the burden uv it meself, I will."

So he transferred the strap of the heavy instrument from Bradenbaugh's shoulders to his own. No sooner was this done than the prisoner gave leg-bail, and left the helpless Charley turning his rattle violently to no purpose, for the pigeon had flown. The captured organ was returned to Mr. Cole's music-store the next morning.

Ambrose, formerly leader of the Holliday Street Theatre orchestra, was a highly excitable man, a musical enthusiast, and extremely methodical in his directorship. When the celebrated Fanny Ellsler visited Baltimore, of course there was great excitement, particularly among the Germans. Ambrose had a good orchestra under his control, but the trombone player was a very nervous man, and timid withal.

At a rehearsal of the "Tarantella," or mad dance, for which Fanny was so celebrated, there was much trouble with this nervous trombonist. At a certain point of the dance there was a wild twirl of the danseuse, and then she threw herself suddenly on her great toe. At this point the trombone had a crashing solo of one staccato note, given just as the nymph poises herself. Fanny went through the movement several times for the accommodation of the trombonist, and at last the effect was produced; the toe and the explosive note came together.

"Dat ish vere goot!" remarked Ambrose blandly, to encourage the nervous man. "Now mind, you do him to-night jes same so; if you do not, I will blows your nose wis my fist."

At night the house was crowded, and Chevalier Wikoff, who had brought the sylph over to this country on a speculation, surveyed the sea of heads with much

complacency. The fascinating Fanny bounded on the stage like a thing of air, the orchestra aided her in her frantic evolutions during the quick movements of the weird dance. The whirl was made around the stage, she threw herself gracefully upon the great toe of her right foot. At that critical moment Ambrose brought down his baton for the trombone solo; but the confused musician was just then placing his lips to the mouth-piece of the instrument, and the dancer's foot fell about two seconds before the brazen blast was heard. The effect, of course, caused merriment instead of admiration.

Ambrose, forgetting himself in the excitement, put down his violin and exclaimed:

"Vill anybody pull my hair?" while his usually good natured face expressed the utmost agony.

It is hardly necessary to state that the dance was a failure that night at least, and the trombonist lost his place, and reputation too, for being tardy in *taking up his note.*

Fritz Reiglin. Fritz was as generous and noble-hearted a German as ever sought an asylum in this "land of the free and home of the brave." There are many now living who may remember him, for he died but recently.

He had an uncommonly fine tenor voice, and sang in the Tyrolean style with considerable effect. He frequently sang at concerts for the benefit of friends, or same charitable purpose, for he was not a professional vocalist.

Desirous of making a little money—at any rate sufficient to support his family—he built a "fish-house" on the borders of "Spring Garden," opposite the present terminus of Eutaw street. Here he welcomed his piscatorial and musical friends with his perpetual smile, and served them with fish suppers and good cheer. His clear voice would ring through the rocky glens and on the bosom of the calm waters of a moonlight night, to the great delight of the visitors, while his amiable *frau*

and pretty daughter prepared the repast for the tired anglers.

His daughter was a second Helen Douglas, as she was accustomed to "paddle her light canoe" morning and evening along the shore, and sometimes even over the Patapsco river, much to the admiration of the disciples of old Isaac Walton, as they sat bobbing for eels. Her form was sylph-like, and her auburn hair, loosened from confining bands, waved freely on the breeze as she skimmed lightly over the surface of the waters, singing her merry song. Colonel Fitzgerald, the editor of the Philadelphia *City Item*, while on a visit to Baltimore, made quite a flattering notice of the beautiful naiad in his journal when he returned to his home.

It was at Fritz's rural dwelling that many of the musical characters of the day would gather and while away the sultry summer evening. The "Baltimore Glee Club," of which he was a member, frequently met there, and made the night eloquent with their vocal harmony.

The origin of the glee entitled "Bee's Wing and Fish" is not generally known; I will, therefore, give it to the unenlightened.

One day, when the club had partaken of Fritz's excellent fare, it was proposed to celebrate the occasion by an original composition. Henry Dielman and myself were selected by the company to carry out the proposition. In a few moments I furnished the words and gave them to Dielman, who stretched himself upon the grass, and with a lead-pencil composed the music on a loose sheet of music paper, and arranged the harmony for two tenors, baritone, and bass. In less than a half-hour a quartette party was singing it with pretty effect. They were Munroe, Owings, Thomas, and Burneston; and so pleased were the company present, including several ladies, that it was called for several times. It was subsequently published by Benteen, and I believe is sung to this day. Henry Russell, the vocalist, was one of the party.

The subject of this paper was generally known as

"honest Fritz." He died about a year ago at the "Aged Men's Home," at the ripe age of seventy-seven, of chronic rheumatism, a complaint which clung to him during many of the last years of his life. Besides being one of the most active members of the "Glee Club," he attached himself to various musical societies, and was for many years a member of the choir of St. Martin's Church.

Sandy Jemison. Everybody knows Sandy Jemison, the popular leader of the Holliday Street Theatre orchestra, and various other bands. He is not in the midst of us now, being in the far West, scraping his Cremona for a living; but the vision of his ruddy face and snow-white beard still haunts us. Sandy is a *rara avis*, as full of fun as an alderman's paunch is of the good things at a Mayor's dinner. He is of Scotch descent, and has at this time probably passed the limits of life allowed to man by the Holy Book. When last I heard from him he was the *nominal* leader of an orchestra at Elsler's Theatre, Cleveland, Ohio. He once, while leading at the "Howard Athenæum" of Baltimore, slept through the entire overture to "Tancredi," and was only awakened by the ringing of the bell for the rising of the curtain. On the nights of his benefits he invariably personated the fighting Jakey, and garnished the play with an exhibition of the "manly art" in a scientific set-to with some experienced boxer. On one occasion he hired a number of tattered and shoeless boys to give effect to a terrible fireman's row. The boys took the affair in earnest, and had a little by-exhibition of muscle on their own account while the great mill was going on. Sandy's temper got the upper-hand of him, and he pitched in with a vim, making his mark in bloody noses and black eyes. The curtain descended in the midst of great confusion, in order that the stage might be cleared of the maimed and bleeding heroes, and the audience were allowed time to "go out and see a man" and settle the bets.

Henry Russell. The descriptive songs and ballads of this composer and vocalist are still much in vogue. He

spent much of his time in Baltimore, though New York was his headquarters. In person he was rather stout, but not tall. His face was quite prepossessing, of the Hebrew cast, dark and heavy whiskers and curly hair. He was an expert at wheedling audiences out of applause, and adding to the effect of his songs by a brilliant pianoforte accompaniment. With much self-laudation he used often to describe the wonderful influence of his descriptive songs over audiences. On one occasion he related an incident connected with "Woodman, Spare that Tree." He had finished the last verse of the beautiful words, written by his highly esteemed friend, Gen. George P. Morris. The audience were spell-bound for a moment, and then poured out a volume of applause that shook the building to its foundation. In the midst of this tremendous evidence of their boundless gratification, a snowy-headed gentleman, with great anxiety depicted in his venerable features, arose and demanded silence. He asked, with a tremulous voice: "Mr. Russell, in the name of Heaven, tell me, was the tree spared?" "It was, sir," replied the vocalist. "Thank God! thank God! I breathe again!" and then he sat down, perfectly overcome by his emotions. This miserable bombast did not always prove a clap-trap; in many instances it drew forth hisses.

Russell's voice was a baritone of limited register; the few good notes he possessed he turned to advantage. His "Old Arm-chair," for instance, has but five notes in its melodic construction. This was one of his most popular songs; its circulation was outstripped only by "Life on the Ocean Wave" and "I'm Afloat," two fine sea-songs. The history of the former is thus related:

Some thirty years ago, Russell asked Mr. Epes Sargent to write a song for him, leaving the subject to the author's selection. In a walk on the Battery, New York, the sight of the vessels in the harbor dashing through the sparkling waters in the morning sunshine, suggested the "Life on the Ocean Wave," and the poet had finished it in his mind before the walk was completed. Upon showing it to a friend, himself a

song-writer, his criticism was that it was "a very fair lyric, but was not a song." Sargent, somewhat disheartened, put the verses into his pocket, concluding that they might do to publish, but not to set to music. A few days afterward he met Mr. Russell in the music store of J. L. Hewitt & Co., and showed him the lines, informing him at the same time that they would not do, but that he would try again. "Let us go into the piano-room, and try it on the instrument," said Russell. They went. Russell sat down before the piano, placed the words before him, studied them attentively for a few minutes, humming a measure as he read, then threw his fingers over the keys; tried once, twice, thrice, and finally exultingly struck out the present melody to which "Life on the Ocean Wave" is set. He certainly was not more than ten minutes about it, though he gave a day afterwards to scoring and writing out the music. The song became immensely popular *on land*, and many thousands were sold before the year was out. In England three different music-publishers have issued it in various styles. The parodies that have been made on it are almost innumerable.

Russell once called on me and asked me to write him a song on an "Old Family Clock," (he was remarkably fond of the prefix of *old;* a wag of a poet once sent him some words addressed to an "Old Fine-tooth Comb.") I wrote the words. He then changed his mind, and employed me, promising good pay, to write a descriptive song on the "Drunkard," to stir up the temperance people. I pleased him much by beginning the song in this way: "The *old* lamp burned on the *old* oaken stool." He made a taking affair of it; and he made money on it too, but I never even got his promise to pay. He slipped off to England, and as nothing has been heard of him for many years, I suppose he is "down among the dead men."

Father Heinrich. The eccentric Anthony Philip Heinrich, generally known as "Father Heinrich," visited Washington while I resided in that city, with a grand musical work of his, illustrative of the greatness

and glory of this republic, the splendor of its institutions and the indomitable bravery of its army and navy. This work Heinrich wished to publish by subscription. He had many names on his list; but, as he wished to dedicate it to the President of the United States, and also to obtain the signatures of the Cabinet and other high officials, he thought it best to call personally and solicit their patronage.

He brought with him a number of letters of introduction, among them one to myself from my brother, a music-publisher in New York. I received the old gentleman with all the courtesy due to his brilliant musical talents; and, as I was the first he had called upon, I tendered him the hospitalities of my house — "pot-luck" and a comfortable bed; promising to go the rounds with him on the following morning and introduce him to President Tyler, (whose daughter, Alice, was a pupil of mine,) and such other influential men as I was acquainted with.

Poor Heinrich! I shall never forget him. He imagined that he was going to set the world on fire with his "Dawning of Music in America"; but alas! it met with the same fate as his "Castle in the Moon" and "Yankee Doodliad."

Two or three hours of patient hearing did I give to the most complicated harmony I ever heard, even in my musical dreams. Wild and unearthly passages, the pianoforte absolutely groaning under them, and "the old man eloquent," with much self-satisfaction, arose from the tired instrument, and with a look of triumph, asked me if I had ever heard music like that before? I certainly had not.

At a proper hour we visited the President's mansion, and after some ceremony and much grumbling on the part of the *polite* usher, were shown into the presence of Mr. Tyler, who received us with his usual urbanity. I introduced Mr. Heinrich as a professor of exalted talent and a man of extraordinary genius. The President after learning the object of our visit, which he was glad to learn was not to solicit an office, readily

consented to the dedication, and commended the undertaking. Heinrich was elated to the skies, and immediately proposed to play the grand conception, in order that the Chief Magistrate of this great nation might have an idea of its merits.

"Certainly, sir," said Mr. Tyler; "I will be greatly pleased to hear it. We will go into the parlor, where there is a piano, and I will have Alice and the ladies present, so that we may have the benefit of their opinion; for, to confess the truth, gentlemen, I am but a poor judge of music."

He then rang the bell for the waiter, and we were shown into the parlor, and invited to take some refreshments at the sideboard. The ladies soon joined us, and in a short space of time we were all seated, ready to hear Father Heinrich's composition; I, for the second time, to be *gratified*. The composer labored hard to give full effect to his weird production; his bald pate bobbed from side to side, and shone like a bubble on the surface of a calm lake. At times his shoulders would be raised to the line of his ears, and his knees went up to the key-board, while the perspiration rolled in large drops down his wrinkled cheeks.

The ladies stared at the maniac musician, as they, doubtless, thought him, and the President scratched his head, as if wondering whether wicked spirits were not rioting in the cavern of mysterious sounds and rebelling against the laws of acoustics. The composer labored on, occasionally explaining some incomprehensible passage, representing, as he said, the breaking up of the frozen river Niagara, the *thaw* of the ice, and the dash of the mass over the mighty falls. *Peace* and *plenty* were represented by soft strains of pastoral music, while the thunder of our naval war-dogs and the rattle of our army musketry told of our prowess on sea and land.

The inspired composer had got about half-way through his wonderful production, when Mr. Tyler restlessly arose from his chair, and placing his hand gently on Heinrich's shoulder, said:

"That may all be very fine, sir, but can't you play us a good old Virginia reel?"

Had a thunderbolt fallen at the feet of the musician, he could not have been more astounded. He arose from the piano, rolled up his manuscript, and, taking his hat and cane, bolted toward the door, exclaiming:

"No, sir; I never plays dance music!"

I joined him in the vestibule, having left Mr. Tyler and family enjoying a hearty laugh at the "maniac musician's" expense.

As we proceeded along Pennsylvania avenue, Heinrich grasped my arm convulsively, and exclaimed:

"Mein Got in himmel! de peeples vot made Yohn Tyler Bresident ought to be hung! He knows no more apout music than an oyshter!"

He returned to New York by the next train, and I never heard any more of the "Dawning of Music in America."

Mr. Heinrich died quite poor in New York. He was, in his earlier days, a very wealthy and influential banker in the city of Hamburg. His fondness for music, however, drew him away from the less refined but more profitable operations in the money market.

A Presentation.

Good humor, and, consequently, good feeling, prevailed among the musical professionals in former times. A joke was given in perfect good-will, and received in the same spirit.

Some years back a musical convention was held on the shores of the Chesapeake, during which a grand presentation took place. Among the delegates to this momentous convention were Tom Damer, a noble-hearted Irishman and fine vocalist; James M. Deems, H. D. Hewitt, Frank Walters, J. R. Johnston, the artist; the veteran George Willig, and Messrs. W. and H. Gaehle, the piano manufacturers. I, of, course, was one of the company. With material like this, it is not at all strange that the treat should have been a rich

one, as they had with them one of Gaehle's best pianos, fine vocal and instrumental talent, and plenty to eat, without mentioning the "ice-water." Never before did the region of Curtis Creek awaken to the echoes of such delightful music. The country people from far and near were drawn together by the sweet strains that floated upon the breeze; and so agreeably passed the time, that night closed in before the company were aware that Sol had crossed the meridian. Damer gave to the ears of the sylvan goddesses many a touching Irish ballad; Deems made the wild woods echo with the silvery notes of his cornopean, and Johnston, then in his prime, charmed the water-nymphs with his sweet warblings.

Before leaving the enchanted spot, an incident transpired which will, doubtless, live in the recollection of all who were present, and be a source of pleasurable reminiscence whenever the subject is referred to.

This great event was the presentation of a trumpet to our talented and worthy friend, Professor Deems, who had just returned from Europe, and a pandean pipe to Professor Walters, who had never been to Europe. I made the presentation in an elaborate speech, complimenting the recipients in the highest terms. The victims hardly heard my *eloquent* peroration, for their minds were busy in laying the groundwork for a response. But no reply was given to the listening elves of the forest, for the oratory of the two gentlemen was completely dumbfounded when I produced the *costly* articles, a penny trumpet, and a wooden whistle valued at the same sum. Deems was taken all aback; but Walters joined the others in a good hearty laugh, and pocketed the *insult* as well as the instrument. Neither of the recipients of the honors of the occasion had the least inkling of the joke, but they submitted with good grace.

Night's sable curtain slowly gathered around us; the joyous party bade a lingering farewell to their country friends, and returned to the city, storing in their memory the pleasant incidents of a day so fraught with enjoyment.

Fluting.

Alexander Cole was as mischievous a wag as Baltimore ever produced; as the common saying was (and still is), he was up to all kinds of tricks.

One day a tall, raw-boned countryman entered the music-store of his father, while Alec was behind the counter ready to wait on the customers.

"I want ter buy a flute instruction-book," said the man.

Alec handed him one.

"How much may this be?" asked the Clod.

"Fifty cents, and it's cheap at that. It's full of popular tunes."

"Wall, I'll give yer fifty cents for the book, if yer'll play me the tunes."

"I can't play," replied Alec; "but, right over the way there, you'll see a card in the window, which says, 'all kinds of fluting done here.'"

"All right," said the countryman, putting down the money and taking up the book. "I'll go over thar and see 'em. I s'pose they won't charge me nothing."

"No, they never *charge* strangers," was the reply.

The man entered the millinery establishment where the card was displayed, and, opening the book before the young lady who stood behind a pile of needle-work, fashionable bonnets, and baby garments, pointed to a tune and asked her if she would be so kind as to play it for him.

The girl, believing the fellow to be drunk, called to the principal of the establishment, and she in turn called in her husband, who was about ejecting the musical aspirant through the door, when he exclaimed:

"Dod rot yer! hain't yer got a sign up thar which says: All kinds o' fluting done har?"

There was a general laugh, and the countryman was allowed to depart.

Noted Characters.

David Crockett. The renowned David Crockett, with

whom I first became acquainted in Washington, and who some people of the present day believe to be a fabulous character, a mere myth, was a great humorist. He was remarkably fond of music, but his idea of the classic hardly went beyond the "Arkansaw Traveller," or "Coony in a hollow." Lively airs or humorous Ethiopian melodies pleased him; but he could not abide what he called the "scientific touches." He compared the Italian school of singing to the howling of a wild-cat. I remember him well; we once made a trip to Baltimore together, while he was a member of Congress. A number of his admirers invited him to a dinner party. At the dinner he was introduced to Colonel H——, a man by no means favored with personal beauty; and who, in order to hide the effect, or rather the defect of a blind eye, wore a pair of green spectacles.

After the dinner we took a stroll through the streets of the city; during which Crockett's attention was attracted by the gambols of a monkey, which, in obedience to his master, an itinerant organ-grinder, performed a number of tricks.

"Jocko," said Crockett, addressing the monkey, "you only want a pair of green spectacles to make you a perfect likeness of Col. H——."

The Colonel happened at that moment to be at the speaker's elbow; and the latter, seeing that he was called upon to make an apology, made the matter worse by saying:

"Why, Colonel, how d'ye do? I didn't see you; and I am at a loss to know whether to make an apology to *you* or the *monkey*."

Henry W. Bool was a very celebrated auctioneer at the time of which I now write. He was a Northern man, and settled in Baltimore in the capacity of vendor of second-hand books. His *magasin* was a cellar, and his assortment of mutilated *tomes* elicited much attention on the part of the antiquarian book-worm. In the course of time he commenced the book-auction business, and finally took out a license as a general auctioneer;

and, by his great business tact, accumulated a very considerable property.

He was a man of very quick calculation, knew how to humor the public, advertised largely, and made a great sputter in his advertisements. At one time he advertised the "Sale of a worthy widow lady in Old Town"; and at another he informed the world that he would put under the hammer "the identical piano practised on by Martha Custis before she was married to George Washington." Many humorous scenes took place in his salesroom on Baltimore street, which was the lounging place of all the wags in the city, particularly when a pawnbroker's sale was advertised, at which numerous curious articles were exposed to a knock-down, such as second-hand female garments, family portraits, jewelry, medals of honor, and rare relics of antiquity. He once obtained a very high bid for a rusty old sword, which he averred was the very one Gen. Cornwallis surrendered to Gen. Washington at the battle of Yorktown. On one occasion he was trying to induce the company to bid freely on a volume of my poems, the last of a large edition, of which he had about fifty copies to close accounts with Hickman, the publisher. I stood outside the door, unseen by the knight of the hammer, and listened to his oration.

"Gentlemen," said he, flourishing his hammer aloft as if he intended to split the rock of Gibraltar in twain, "these poems are the mental offspring of a bard of Baltimore, a poor devil of a poet. In charity to his starving family, give me a bid. Did I hear a *fip?* Thank you, sir. A fip for the Baltimore bard. Going; once—twice—have you all done? Three-e-e—"

At this moment I entered the salesroom, and Bool, seeing me, suddenly changed his tune:

"Gentlemen, there is the author of this beautiful casket of gems. It is with pride that I introduce him to you, the Byron of America, the adopted poet-laureate of the Monumental City! Would you insult him by allowing this volume to go for a fip? Shame on you! Think of his *feelinks.*"

This appeal was so powerful that the bids ran up to fifty cents a copy, with the privilege. It is almost needless to say that I was the bidder and took the entire lot. I managed to get rid of them all, by distributing them, "with the author's compliments," among my numerous *patrons!*

Poor Bool! his eccentricities made him a noted character. He had his enemies as well as friends. During the great panic, when the banks refused specie payments, and the country became flooded with irresponsible paper issues, whether from despondency or a diseased mind, it is not known, he put an end to his life. One morning he went into the loft over his office and committed suicide with a loaded pistol, leaving a wife and an adopted daughter, who subsequently became a great traveller and a noted writer.

George Washington Parke Custis.

The death of this gentleman, in the month of October, 1857, brought to my mind many pleasant reminiscences of past days. While residing in the city of Washington, during the administration of John Tyler, I, on several occasions, enjoyed the pleasure of Mr. Custis's company at his beautiful residence, "Arlington House," on the southern bank of the majestic Potomac, and overlooking the city of Jackson, the rival, in a dream, of the national metropolis. I always found Mr. Custis ready to entertain company with a hearty, old-fashioned Virginia hospitality. There was nothing particularly striking in the outward man. He was plain in his attire, rather awkward in his movements, blunt in the expression of his opinions, and rough, though genial, in his manners. In person he was not above the ordinary height, stooped slightly, of florid complexion, and gray-haired, for he was far advanced in life. He was remarkably fond of painting, dancing and music; and, even in his old age, considered himself an expert at "cutting the pigeon-wing." An old-style Virginia reel seemed to act with elastic power upon his nerves, and he used often to tell,

with self-gratulation, how he shamed the boys in the old-time "break-down" or "cut-out." His performances on the violin were not exactly on a par with those of Paganini, Ole Bull, or Artot. His favorite tunes were "Washington's Trenton March" and "Bonaparte Crossing the Rhine"; sometimes he ventured on "Hamburg Ladies."

On one occasion I was with a party of ladies and gentlemen from Washington, a kind of *fete champetre*, who had chosen Arlington Spring for the purpose of pleasant recreation during a sultry July day. Among other luxuries, the committee of arrangements had provided an *orchestra*, for the purpose of stirring up the drooping spirits to a merry dance on the greensward. This orchestra was composed of a stalwart negro, who concentrated in himself the entire band—leader, ballet-master, and chief caller-out-of-the-figures. He believed that but few in this broad land could excel him as a violinist, or rather a fiddlist. A great man was he in the crude judgment of colored society.

The sound of music and merriment at the Spring was sure to bring Mr. Custis from his portrait-gallery, where he generally passed the day. He made his appearance before the joyous company as the dance was going on, and watched with a hawk's eye the bow of the sable musician, as it flew rapidly back and forth over the cat-gut. His intelligent face was wreathed in smiles, and a slight twitching of the muscles of his legs might be observed when the violin was in "full cry," as the fox-hunters say. At the conclusion of the quadrille he mingled with the company, recommended the clear, cold water of the spring, warned every one not to molest its guardian (a huge bull-frog, who sat like a judge trying a case of murder in the first degree), and wound up by extending to all the freedom of the grounds. The indignation of the sable musician was quite apparent to all but the old gentleman when the latter undertook to show him how to handle the bow. He took the instrument, and, after tuning it to suit his own ear, yielded to the request of the ladies by striking up "Washington's

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the gentlemen, among whom were John C. Calhoun, George McDuffie, Warren R. Davis, and other politicians of the South, full of that genial hilarity and warmth of heart so peculiar to Southerners. The dinner was sumptuous, the wit brilliant, and the conversation edifying. All I had to do was to listen, for no one ever dreamed that I had an opinion to express, and therefore did not ask it.

Mr. Calhoun was an intellectual giant. I could not help admiring the flash of his large eyes when lighted up by the excitement of the moment; they seemed like living coals glowing under the shadows of his heavy arched eyebrows. He was not a handsome man; his high cheek-bones and hollow cheeks gave him rather a haggard expression of features, but his winning smile threw a charm over his iron countenance, and his majestic bearing marked the gentleman. He had a peculiar manner of accommodating his conversation to the compass or ability of the one addressed. He conversed with me familiarly on the science of music, its social influence, its power to smooth down the rough edge of our nature, and its divine origin. Still he confessed he had no ear for music, that he could distinguish but one tune, and that was "Yankee Doodle"; even that he had often tried to whistle, but as often failed in the effort.*

The host, perceiving that Mr. Calhoun was conversing with me, stepped up and gave me a formal introduction.

"Mr. Calhoun, this gentleman is one of your *children*," said he.

The great statesman looked a little mystified at first, but his features soon brightened up, and he exclaimed:

"Oh — ah, I understand you; the young gentleman

*Mr. Talmage, in his work in defence of Spiritualism, mentions that a medium held communication with the spirit of John C. Calhoun, and that said spirit, when requested, played the tune of "Lilly Dale" on a guitar in the room! Now, if Mr. Calhoun, when living, could not whistle the tune of "Yankee Doodle," how is it possible that his ghost could have become such a proficient in the ethereal world as to perform on the guitar a melody that was composed several years after the great Nullifier died? We can only account for it in this way: Music being of heavenly origin, it comes *naturally* in the spirit-land, and is a common gift. The great popularity of Foster's plaintive melody in this world caused it to be taken into the other by some spirit that had recently left its fleshly tenement, who taught it to other spirits. If the song was published in the land of spirits, it was evidently in violation of the copyright law.

is from the West Point Military Academy, which institution has been styled my 'nursery,' and the cadets my children. A noble school, sir — a noble school."

This exposure caused me to dismount from my musical hobby, and I passed a truly agreeable half-hour with the Secretary of War (which office he held at the time), who wormed out of me all the particulars of the "revolt," the *regime* and police of the Academy, and a detail of the grievances the students were subjected to. He appeared to me much interested in the fate of his "nursery."

The viands of the table discussed, the dishes were removed and a variety of wines placed in their stead. The best part of the feast was of course in anticipation, and the ladies, having no predilections for wine and cigars, adjourned to the parlor. Now, thought I, for an intellectual *olla podrida*, a highly seasoned *pot-pourri*, a well-savored *medley*. Vain hope!

I had barely lighted my cigar and drawn myself up *vis-a-vis* with a bottle of sparkling sherry, when a servant informed me that the ladies desired my company in the parlor; they wanted some music. Politeness dictated that I should not say nay to an order from that quarter, but the mortifying thought came over me that the hospitality of the host was not genuine. I had been invited merely for my musical abilities.

I arose from my seat with a very bad grace, and rather sulkily responded to the message of the lady of the house, who led me to the piano with many smiles, at the same time whispering in my ear that I must "do my best," as there were two heiresses in the room, both passionately fond of music, and both marriageable, though she forgot to introduce me to them.

I played and sang for an hour, while they conversed on trifling topics — the fashions of the day, the wedding of a mutual friend, the style of the dresses there exhibited, with an effort to solve the problem as to whether the bride and groom were destined to be happy together. No one thought of listening to me.

I was compelled to labor on, for I had been *honored* with an invitation to the fete only to amuse the company. My mortification did not end with a solo or two or a ballad, for one of the heiresses proposed a quadrille, which was heartily agreed to by all but myself. I played, of course, for I was determined to do my best to prove myself a gentleman, if *they* lacked the requisites of the lady. I soon, however, had my revenge on the heiress.

There is something truly annoying to an American, I mean a democratic American, to sit for an hour or two listening to the caterwauling of a band of jabbering foreigners, who have clothed themselves with the title of prima donna, prima donna assolnta, tenore prima, prima basso profondo, et cetera, while attempting to give expression to our unpretending, yet, with us, pleasing ballads. I would ask if there are not words in the Anglo-Saxon language that can be associated so as to express what is, in the supreme affectation of fashionable parlance, termed "soiree musicale"? It means, if I am not very much mistaken, "an evening musical party," or social concert, either of which terms may be used with far more propriety than the imported one.

After the fourth quadrille, Miss C——, the heiress, presuming on her rosy and *yellow* beauty, proposed a "soiree musicale," in which all the company were to participate. She could sing in Italian, French, and German, and there were some gentlemen in the dining-room who would, no doubt, gladly lend their aid.

Three foreigners, a German, a Frenchman, and an Italian, were invited into the parlor, and the "soiree musicale" commenced. I was particularly edified by the abortive efforts of the German to render some of our popular songs in the German style, and equally ludicrous were the essays of some of the ladies at an Italian bravura. Not one of these latter understood a word of that which they sung. All the distortion of features, affected twisting of the body, and agonizing distension of the lungs, requisite to the accomplishment of difficult operatic music, were exhibited in the most

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"Oh, no," replied the belle; "I don't care so much about the words; the melody is everything. It is so rich, so original, so characteristic."

"Ha! characteristic, vere. Suppose I translate zem for you, you blush vere mush."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the lady, coloring to the eyes. "You don't mean to say, sir—"

"Pardonne, signorina; I am not mush goot Englise scholere, but I know my own language. Ze song you haf sung should never pass ze lips of a beautiful and virtuous young ladee. It is ze song of ze Lazzaroni!"

This declaration threw the whole company into a state of confusion, and the mortified "prima donna" soon retired, to hide herself from the half-prying glances of the gentlemen and the cruel jeers of the ladies.

Henry Clay and the Billygoat.

I once saw Henry Clay in an extremely bad predicament, and so fixed as to be compelled to seize both horns of the dilemma.

In the year 1848 almost everybody in the city of Washington knew an old he-goat which inhabited Naylor's livery stables on Pennsylvania avenue. This animal was, in all probability, the most independent citizen of the metropolis. He belonged to no party, though he frequently gave passengers *striking* proofs of his adhesion to the *levelling* system; for, whenever a person stopped anywhere in his vicinity, Billy was sure to make for him, horns and all. The boys took great delight in irritating this long-bearded gentleman, and frequently so annoyed him that he would make war on a lamp-post or tree, much to their amusement.

One day the luminary of the West was passing along the avenue, and seeing the boys intent on worrying Billy into a fever, stopped, and with his characteristic humanity, expostulated with them on their cruelty. The urchins listened with silent awe to the eloquent appeal of the great statesman; but it was all Cherokee to Billy, who, the ungrateful scamp! arose majestically

on his hinder legs and made a desperate plunge at his friend and advocate. Mr. Clay, although he had not "slain a Mexican," proved himself too much for his horned assailant. He seized hold of both horns, and then "was the tug of war," for Greek had met Greek. The struggle was long and doubtful.

"Ha!" exclaimed the statesman, "I have got you fast, you rascal! I'll teach you better manners. But, boys," continued he, addressing the laughing gamins, "what am I to do now?"

"Trip up his heels, Mr. Clay," shouted they.

Mr. Clay did as he was told, and, after many severe efforts, brought Billy down on his side. Having accomplished this herculean feat, he looked at the boys imploringly, seeming to say, "I never was in such a fix before. Help me out."

The combatants were nearly exhausted; goaty had the advantage, for he was gaining breath all the while the statesman was losing it.

"Boys," exclaimed he, puffing and blowing, "this is rather an awkward business. What shall I do now?"

"Why, don't you know?" asked a little fellow, making preparations to run as he spoke. "All you've got to do is to let go and run like blazes!"

Mr. Clay followed the advice, and travelled at high speed up the avenue, with Billy after him.

When Mr. Clay was in the zenith of his glory he visited Baltimore, and was, of course, made the cynosure for the curious as well as the political admirers of so brilliant a star. I was among the last mentioned; so great was my admiration that on this occasion I was a constant attendant on him. I was not a sycophantic seeker after office, for I always had an utter contempt for one of that class. A sincere man never contracts a spinal disorder from too much bowing. Politeness is of a variety of characters; some are polite because they wish to obtain favors, some by force of habit, and some because they are told to be so. Now, the latter class are the mere asses of society; politeness becomes them about as much as fashionable garments do a baboon. I

have frequently laughed to see some of the *pinks* attempt to ape the agreeable, smiling and bowing to men in power.

Mr. Clay was at Barnum's hotel. Several gentlemen of easy and graceful bearing stood around the city's guest, when a nondescript, dressed in the height of fashion, stepped up and was introduced.

"How d'yer dew, swa?" asked he, twisting himself into the shape of the letter S, at the same time driving one hand into his pantaloons-pocket, while he awkwardly presented the other. "It does me proud to see you, swa. Huv you been well, swa?"

Here the statesman replied as close to the point as circumstances would permit, adding something about the state of the weather.

"Them's my wopinions," continued the ape. "I've seed persons who've experienced sewere colds from the deleterious effects of sich a kwoind of atmosphere, swa."

"You seem to have a cold yourself, sir," replied Mr. Clay.

"Why, you see, swa, a sloit cold, prowduced from werry foolishly looking out of the window at a female woman washing some werry damp linen. Changing the subject, swa; I was particularly desirous of obtaining your influence, swa, in Washington, for I am an applicant for a office in one of the departments. I could not stoop to be a low understrappwa. The Government must have gentlemen, swa, gentlemen in offices of trust. *You* should have the first in the gwift o' the people, swa; and I the second. Them's my sentiments."

"I am happy to have your name on the list of my friends," remarked Mr. Clay, politely. "Government offices are scarce now; and, if any are to be filled, the party at present in power will soon supply the vacancy."

"No doubt, swa; but it's my wopinion that you will have the broom in your grip some o' these days; and a statesman loik you knows how to use it. Sweep all your enemies out, swa; and, of course, sweep all your friends in. Them's my sentiments, swa."

Here the company were invited to partake of some

wine, which was handed around by a sable waiter. When this waiter came to the office-seeking exquisite of the rough order, he was astounded by a polite, but rather awkward bow, a flourish of his gloved hand, and the following burst of eloquence:

"I say, fellar, what d'yer call this, eh? Wulgar sherry? Gwive me a gin cocktail, and be d——d to yer! I know what manners and gentility is. We nevwa dwink woine afore dinnwa. Get along, colored indiwidual, and fetch me a *bee's wing*.—I say, Mr. Clay, it's confounded strange them fellers can't be teached etticwet. Nothink shocks my nerves worse than the widea of dwinking wine afore dinnwa. Ain't it so, swa?"

The dignity of the great Western statesman gave way at this appeal, and he had to turn his head aside to hide the smile the apish politeness of the polished cobblestone had excited.

As I have brought the name of Henry Clay into these papers, I might as well here relate an anecdote, tending to show the quick forethought of the eloquent statesman.

During my residence in Washington I became personally acquainted with many of the celebrated politicians of the period; among them Henry Clay and Daniel Webster.

Mr. Clay was a man to be loved by all who were thrown into his company. He was polished in his manners, free from ostentation, ready at a repartee, and full of anecdote. He was, in all probability, the finest whist-player in the country. Like the popular statesman of the South, John C. Calhoun, he could always accommodate himself to circumstances, and mould his conversation to suit the person with whom he was conversing, be the subject either the arts, sciences, agriculture, commerce, or politics. He was at home on every theme.

I had composed a song in praise of him during the Presidential campaign, when political glee-clubs were all the rage. It was entitled "The Kentucky Gentle-

man," and published in New York, with a lithographic likeness of him and an autograph letter. Being desirous that he should hear it well sung, I took Duffield (then a popular vocalist), with a printed copy of the song, and we both visited Clay's residence. He received us cordially, and introduced us into the parlor, which was filled with foreign dignitaries, Senators, Representatives, and office-seekers. After a while I presented my song to Mr. Clay, and told him that I had brought with me a celebrated vocalist, in order that he might become acquainted with its merits. As I was lifting the lid of the pianoforte to put my design in execution, he took me by the arm and remarked:

"Would it not be better, think you, to select some other opportunity? I could hardly bear to hear my praises sung in the presence of foreign diplomats and members of the Democratic party."

I at once saw the justness of his objections, and postponed the performance.

I once heard an argument (not reported in the Congressional proceedings) between Mr. Clay and Daniel Webster, "the god-like Daniel" as he was called. The "great expounder," though proud, stern and invincible in the Senate, was sociable in the convivial circle. Some of his stories were excellent, and told with an ease and grace that were sure to create admiration, if not merriment.

He entered into an argument with Mr. Clay on the merits of two preachers of different persuasions. Clay contended that the Rev. Mr. Bascom, of the Methodist Church, was the finest off-hand orator of the day, eloquent and persuasive; and wound up his eulogium by saying that he could preach a sinner into heaven as soon as any other living man of God.

Mr. Webster, in opposition, brought up Mr. Flanders, of the Universalist Church, and remarked that, if Mr. Bascom could preach sinners into heaven, Flanders had an astounding knack of preaching them out of hell.

John Tyler,

the *chance* President of the United States, whom the death of General Harrison placed in the chair, was a perfect Virginia gentleman; urbane in bearing, sociable, and highly polished in manners. Though remarkably fond of poetry and music, he was a good judge of neither. I have set some of his effusions to music; one, a serenade which was sung under the window of Miss Gardener previous to their marriage. It was a beautiful moonlight night; every one knows that moonlight adds greatly to the effect of a serenade. Mr. Tyler stood a short distance off in the company with F. W. Thomas, the White House poet-laureate, while the serenaders *executed* the President's appeal to the sleeping beauty, who was wide awake all the while. When the song of feeling, with an appropriate refrain, was finished, Mr. Tyler stood looking steadfastly up to the window of the fair lady, when, to his great satisfaction, down came a bouquet, which he quickly seized and pressed to his lips, but as quickly dashed to the ground. Thomas took it up and hid it under his cloak. The next morning he showed it to me, and we had a hearty laugh at the President's expense. The bouquet was composed of turnip-tops, a magnificent sunflower, several radishes and cabbage-leaves, tied around a turkey-gizzard. Years after, when I visited Mr. Tyler at his beautiful estate "Sherwood," on the James river, he spoke of this little episode and laughed heartily over it, adding that he still retained a copy of the serenade with the music, and treasured it very highly.

Judge Bibb.

If any man understood the philosophy of angling, it was Judge Bibb. He was in all probability the most inveterate angler in the country. His fishing apparatus was perfect in all its parts, and of the most costly kind.

I remember when the Judge was in the Cabinet of President Tyler, having occasion to cross the Long

Bridge from the city of Washington to the opposite shore of the Potomac (the site of the city of Jackson—in perspective), I saw him seated on one of the piers, with his splendid rod properly balanced, patiently awaiting a bite. This was about nine o'clock in the morning, and the bright rays of a July sun gave promise of a warm day.

"Well, Judge," I inquired, "what luck to-day?"

"Tolerable," replied he, scarcely turning his eyes from the float; "I had a nibble about an hour ago. There are fish about, sir, and I expect to hook one shortly."

"How long have you been fishing?"

"Since six o'clock," answered he.

"Good morning, Judge. I hope you will have that nibbler by the gills before sundown."

I proceeded on my journey towards Alexandria, and in about three hours returned to the bridge. The Judge was seated in the same spot, and nearly in the same attitude.

"Well, what luck now, Judge?" asked I.

"Pretty much the same, sir. That fish bit again, but I could not hook him. I have just put on two new hooks, and am almost tempted to try the *sockdoliger*."

"This is but sorry sport," I remarked. "I wonder you do not give it up."

"By no means, sir," he replied, smiling. "I have enjoyed myself exceedingly. I have been watching that spider weaving his web from my rod to my line. Spiders are industrious creatures, sir. With a slight motion of my hand I might destroy his dainty work, but I won't do it. He teaches me a lesson. I am idling my time away, while he is working. He weaves his snare to catch the unwary fly. He works for his daily bread, sir; and he works hard, too. But what a fool he is to stretch his flimsy net between my line and rod! In a moment I could destroy him and all his hopes; but I won't do it, for I am doing just what he is. I have set my trap, and am waiting to ensnare the poor little fish that plays around the hook, driven by

hunger. We all prey upon one another, sir, from the strongest down to the weakest. May be you'll think I am cheating the Government, by wasting time which belongs to the duties of my office. No such thing, sir. I have done more business this morning for the country than I could possibly have accomplished had I remained at the Department. I have settled claims; I have formed treaties; I have given answers to knotty questions, and concocted my report on the state of the Navy Department. That spider and myself have worked together — he physically, I mentally — and I have a fellow-feeling for him. No one has disturbed my meditations but yourself. Had I been at my office, I might have been importuned by hundreds. It is not the angling that attracts me to this spot; it is the quiet of the beautiful river, the freedom of thought, and a few hours of alienation from the cares and turmoil of the world. This I call the philosophy of angling."

I left the worthy functionary enjoying himself in his own solitary way, and had proceeded but a few rods on the bridge when I heard a shout of exultation, and looking back, saw him spinning out his reel and playing with a fish in true sportsmanlike style. I turned my horse's head and witnessed the scene of the angler's triumph. A fine bass had struck his hook, and it was refreshing to witness the skill and adroitness with which the old gentleman *played out and coaxed in*. At one moment the noble fish was at the surface of the water, and then summoning all his strength, he plunged to the bed of the stream, the rapid buzz of the reel giving evidence of his power. I watched the Judge's features during the exciting scene. They were calm, yet his lips curled with triumphant pride, and he spoke not a word until the victim of his skill and patience was brought safely in and secured. Then drawing himself up to his full height, and looking as if the world had been conquered, he said:

"There, sir, what do you think of that? Did I sit here all the morning for nothing? I'll go to the Department now, for that is glory enough for one day."

"But what has become of the spider?" I asked.

"Oh, blast the spider! You know the great will prey upon the small. The little weaver was annihilated when the noble fish assailed my hook. It's so all the world over, sir."

The Drama.

Baltimore never enjoyed the reputation of being a good place for theatrical managers. As far back as my memory goes, managers avoided establishing themselves here. Strolling companies would only venture to rent the theatre for a short season, the length of which depended altogether on the success they met with. Wood and Warren had their companies. Their headquarters were in Philadelphia, and at given periods they would produce fine old English comedies and tragedies, with humorous farces, in Baltimore, and sometimes in Annapolis and Washington. The Holliday Street Theatre, then the only respectable dramatic temple in the city, was usually closed two-thirds of the year. There were but three performances a week; admission to the boxes one dollar. This building belonged to a joint stock company, and did not pay a heavy dividend. Many desperate efforts were made to establish a regular dramatic company, one that could be called our own; but every manager who undertook it failed and became bankrupt. De Camp, Thomas Ward, Robotham, Maywood, Walton and Lamb, with others, tried the experiment, but met with no encouragement.

I remember John Lamb's excuse for continuing the season "to a beggarly account of empty boxes."

A friend remarked to him one day:

"How is it, Mr. Lamb, that you manage to run the theatre night after night when your receipts cannot reach over twenty dollars?"

"My dear sir," replied Lamb, "I must support my family. How could I go to market in the morning, if I didn't keep the theatre open?"

Thomas Ward used to pay off his creditors with his

I. O. U., a kind of obligation that no banking institution would discount.

De Camp had his wardrobe seized by the Sheriff a half-dozen times, and Tom Walton was always up before a magistrate on suspicion of being in debt.*

Walton and Ward managed the Adelphi Theatre, (in former times called the "Mud Theatre") when it was almost entirely destroyed by a mob. This dingy little concern, located in a low part of the city, was built and owned by John Findlay, a rather eccentric chairmaker, but a well-meaning man. Some of the best actors of the day trod its boards, and at one time the elder Booth had it under control.

Walton made an engagement with Mr. Anderson, a blustering English actor, who had made himself very unpopular with the American people by speaking his sentiments too freely while on board a steamboat. This Anderson was announced with flaming letters on the posters; and, though Walton was warned, yet he thought himself too popular with the crowd to anticipate a riot. However, the result proved that he overestimated his popularity.

The night of Anderson's first appearance arrived; the building was lighted and the doors thrown open. Some few curious people purchased tickets and took their seats, but by far the largest audience was on the outside, and the mass was composed of elements that only needed a wink or a snap of the finger and thumb to send them to their work of mischief.

The orchestra had struck the first notes of the overture, when a stone came through one of the windows with a crash, and struck the contra-basso of our friend, Robert Bunvie. The Scotchman looked daggers; but, on cool reflection, he shouldered his huge fiddle and

*An old *American*, dated March 14th, 1810, has the following announcement:

CIRCUS.
The Pantomime called,
THE TWO RIVALS,
Or the Death of Captain Mustapha, by Indians.

In act 1st a shipwreck will appear in view of the Indians.
Between the 1st and 2d acts, a young lady will make her first appearance on this stage, and dance a hornpipe, composed of more than twenty different steps.
☞ The whole to conclude with handsome fireworks, composed of three pieces by Mr. Codet.

made a very dignified retreat. The rest of the orchestra followed his example, and the audience began to look uneasy. After the first shot the bombardment commenced in downright earnest, and there was a jingling of panes in every direction.

The curtain arose and Walton made his appearance just as the outside pressure became too much for the doorkeeper, and the roughs entered pell-mell. Fear or excitement made him forget even the usual set speech for which he was so celebrated. He stammered out something about the chivalric city of Baltimore, his great desire to please his numerous friends, and finally wound up by stating that Anderson was not in the house, and hoped they would not destroy the property of a worthy and hard-working man. But, did any one ever know a mob to listen to reason or an appeal to their better feelings? They only laughed, mounted to the stage and began their vandalism by cutting the scenery with their knives, ransacking the trunks and dressing-cases of the ladies of the company for jewelry, and beating solos on the thunder-drum.

The manager became highly agitated; he saw, or thought he saw, some unwelcome *dead-heads* applying an ignited match to the scenery; so he said, good-naturedly:

"Fellow-citizens, I assure you, on my honor, that the fellow Anderson is not in the house. The ladies of the company have all gone to their homes, the orchestra has ignobly fled, and I am left alone. Take your seats and I will sing you 'A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea,' and dance 'Fisher's Hornpipe,' if any one will be so kind as to whistle for me."

The stage was cleared, and the manager commenced his song, which was encored vociferously. A stout fellow then took his stand on the stage and commenced his lillibeloo, while Walton went through a sailor's hornpipe with more than his usual energy. The stratagem succeeded, the roughs got into a good humor, gave three cheers for Tom Walton, and vacated the building.

At the commencement of the gathering around the theatre, Walton, supposing that I was vastly popular with the masses, persuaded me to go to the vestibule and harangue the multitude. I foolishly yielded to his urgent solicitation, and presented myself before the excited people. Taking my hat off, I commenced in the most approved style:

"Fellow-citizens and friends,"—here my eloquence was brought to a stand, for a voice from the crowd arose on the night air, saying, "Shut up, you blasted fool!" while a tolerably large brickbat came in close proximity with my head. I attempted to reason with "the man that threw that last brick," but the hailstorm thickened, and at length came with such force that I had to beat an inglorious retreat, and seek shelter in the lobby, quite discomfitted, but much consoled by the expression of Walton himself, who congratulated me on my pluck, at the same time remarking that I ought to be thankful that the result was not worse.*

Experience as a Manager.

I need scarcely apologize to my readers for the allusions to *self* which may prevail in the chapters that follow. These reminiscences constitute a kind of autobiography; and, in order to sketch my characters faithfully, I am compelled to bring myself in as the second person; thus opening myself to the charge of egotism, which I have endeavored, as much as possible, to avoid. If my friends will have a little patience, I will soon bring them back to Baltimore in olden times.

While on theatrical affairs, I feel disposed to emulate

* The "Mud Theatre" (so called from its being located in a low, muddy section of the city called the "Meadows") was destroyed by fire on the 23d of June, 1870. John Findlay, who was somewhat of a visionary man, thought he saw millions in his enterprise; so, with his brothers, Hugh and William, he put up the building, which seated about 800 people. Among the celebrities who at various times occupied the stage, were the elder Booth, Hackett, Macready, Farmer, J. R. Scott, A. A. Adams, James E. Murdoch, Kean and Edmund Kean. Madame Celeste also figured on its stage, and Hervio Nino, the great man monkey, proved a great card. Findlay subsequently turned the building into a bath-house and reading room, called the *Columnade*. It then became a bazaar; and, finally, was metamorphosed into a livery stable and horse-mart. This was the last of it. At one time Lennox and Singer, both actors, became lessees. The latter made a fortune in the sewing-machine business. George Jordan, William Jordan, S. K. Chester, and John Albaugh, prepared for the dramatic profession on the boards of the "Adelphi."

Horace Greeley, and give the reader an idea of what I know about managing.

In the early days of my career I entered into a theatrical speculation at the South, with gorgeously bright visions of a splendid harvest. It is true I had but little turn that way, except as a dramatist anxious to become a second Shakspeare.

The *corps dramatique* assembled at Augusta, Ga. It was composed mostly of tiros—the Hamlets, Richards, Ollapods, Juliets, &c., &c., of amateur actors of Philadelphia and New York.

There is no actor more jealous of his reputation than a young beginner. His foot is on the lowest round of the ladder of preferment, and his eyes on the upper. Tell him of his faults and he will say that you are endeavoring to crush the germ of genius within him, that you are throwing barriers in his way; and, in short, that you are hypercritical and his enemy.

Two aspirants to the upper walks of tragedy unfortunately were brought into the same arena, and neither of them would play second to the other, or even to the most accomplished tragedian of the day. In the absence of greater lustres, these promising youths would quarrel with each other as to who should enact the leading heroes. If the stage-manager happened to cast Richard for one, the other would see the management to Tophet ere he would touch Richmond, snapping his finger and thumb at fines and penalties, and making the *partiality* a reasonable excuse for getting on a protracted jollification.

On one occasion Mr. Snodkins, as I shall call him, thought to throw Booth into the shade by casting himself for the part of Sir Edward Mortimer in the "Iron Chest," on the occasion of his benefit. The character, according to the bills, was rendered at the "particular request of numerous friends," and had been personated by him with universal approbation, before crowded audiences of the elite and fashion of the Northern cities, including the Tivoli Gardens of Philadelphia.

The house was well filled with the hard-fisted friends

and backers of the aspiring youth, and the applause was boisterous whenever he appeared on the stage. Every flourish of his arm, classic attitude, or explosive peroration, "drew down the house," with expressions of "Hi! go it, old hoss!" These proofs of admiration on the part of the *enlightened* public spurred the young actor on. He put the steam on to the highest notch, without looking to the safety-valve.

Sniggles, his rival, had declined performing that night, as he would play second fiddle to no one, not even Cooper, and had taken a seat among the audience, for the purpose of enlightening the benighted of the "dress circle" by exposing the numerous imperfections of the personation. His "Bah! fudge! nonsense," &c., fell grating frequently on the ear of the sweating actor, and annoyed him exceedingly, causing him to cast many looks of indignation at the merciless criticisms of his enemy. This display of anger only impelled Sniggles to open and loud remarks; and, near the conclusion of the play, he bellowed out:

"Look here, Snodkins, you know you have dropped an entire speech in that scene."

Snodkins walked with tragic dignity down to the foot-lights. The audience maintained a breathless silence, and the leader of the orchestra, who was putting a new string on his violin, suddenly disappeared through the little door that opened under the stage, anticipating an "unpleasantness."

"Gentlemen," exclaimed Snodkins, seeing that there were no females in the house, "I throw myself upon your proverbial generosity. I have been annoyed during the entire evening by the braying of an ass, who has been eating shavings all his life, believing them to be grass, because he has viewed them through green spectacles."

"That's a fact! Pitch into him!" came from the audience.

"Gentlemen, I have performed the part of Sir Edward Mortimer often and often before highly discriminating audiences, and never yet was interrupted ——"

"Because they never thought you worthy of notice." This voice sounded like Sniggles's.

"I can whip that fellow; and I'll do it too," shouted the actor.

"That's right! give him goss!" from the pit.

"If Mr. Sniggles can render the part with more effect, let him try it," continued Snodkins. "I am willing to leave the decision to the judgment of a committee of gentlemen selected by yourselves."

"There's no such person here"—from Sniggles.

"Are there any police officers in the building?" asked the beneficiary, looking around. "If there are, I order them to take that ruffian out."

Here the cry became pretty general, "Turn him out!" But Sniggles had his friends around him, and they seemed ready to meet the emergency. He arose from his seat, and was about uttering a rejoinder to the hostile remarks of Snodkins, when John Utt, the stage manager, made his appearance, and stated to the audience that, as the two tragic aspirants had, ever since the opening of the theatre, kept up a continual warfare, much to the injury of the company's reputation and the respectability of the establishment, the management had thought it advisable to discharge them both; and as there was a spacious green in front of the building, he hoped the rivals would proceed thither and settle the difficulties by a passage at arms, and backed by their respective friends. He pledged himself, for he was a powerful man and an expert bruiser, to thrash the victor when the combat was over.

In a few moments the seats were empty, and Snodkins and Sniggles ended the evening's entertainment with a display of pugilism that did them more credit than their acting on the boards; both being carried off the field with *honorable* scars. A few nights after, the theatre was a heap of charred ruins.

Juvenile Theatricals.

Be it known that Baltimore, in former times, amply

encouraged the drama as conceived by the younger portion of the community. I remember having witnessed the performances of this kind once, which struck me as being quite unique and worthy of being recorded in these retrospective glances.

Passing through an obscure street in Old Town, during the early part of the night, my attention was drawn to a crowd of boys collected around the door of a decayed and dilapidated hovel, through whose walls a bright glare of light shone, indicating that something out of the common order of things was on the *tapis*. My curiosity was not so overpowering but that I might have passed on, had not the following announcement been made by a lad who stood at the door like a single-headed Cerberus, seeming to be taking in tickets of admission:

"Haint yer gwoin to come in, Jim? Nick Robbins performs to-night."

This was enough for me. Nick was a star; so I followed at the heels of Jim, and have never since thought my half-dime a loss.

The introduction to this entertainment was rather tiresome—"Sports of the ring"—for they had a *ring*, not a political one like those of modern times, and the renowned Nick Robbins personated the clown, and repeated the jokes of Buckley as often as Buckley had repeated them himself. After tumbling heels over head, and breaking each other's noses, to the no small amusement of the audience, which was largely juvenile, the cow-bell was rung, a dirty blanket pulled aside, and a rampart of packing-boxes and casks presented to view, doubtless intended to represent the fortress of Montgatz, as the play announced was "Tekeli," a drama then highly popular.

The useful and highly talented Nick Robbins again made his appearance, and was received with deafening applause. He bowed his acknowledgment with all the stiffness of the lever of a steam-engine, and after wiping his nose on the sleeve of his coat, he ordered the castle to be stormed, and brandishing his tin hanger, led the attacking party. A tremendous hubbub then ensued.

The actors, as if fired by the enthusiasm of their indomitable leader, dealt death and destruction around them. Bloody noses and black eyes were the meeds of the valiant; and Tekeli himself swore that "If Bob Lumkins didn't clear off the stage, he'd knock him into the middle of next week!"

"Bob, you fool!" exclaimed he; "why don't you die? I'm to kill you, you know."

"You don't come it over me in that way," replied Bob, swelling with indignation. "I'm not goin' to be killed by you or none like you, though you be so great."

Nick, determined to keep to the author's text, swore that Bob Lumkins *should* die, and with that determination floored him as neatly as Tom Hyer could have done it; but Bob, resolving *not* to be exterminated, got up, pocketed the indignity, and, blubbering, announced that after that night he would have nothing more to do with the theatre. The coolness, self-possession and dignity of Tekeli elicited much applause, and the piece concluded with a general explosion. Packing-boxes, crates and casks were hurled into the air with tremendous effect. After a highly sensational finale, one of the company stepped forward and addressed the audience as follows:

"Gentlemen—no, *lady* and gentlemen, (seeing a little girl among the spectators,) those what got through the back window without paying is mean scamps, and had better not try it again, if they don't want a licking. Nick Robbins is going to act for the last time to-morrow night, as his mother says he shan't do it no more than onct more. The great play of Faustus will be performed. Nick Robbins will play the *devil*."

Here followed a general stampede, and the company, I presume, divided the proceeds of the night among themselves. I bent my way towards my home, meditating on the budding talents of Nick Robbins, who was to "play the devil" the next night. How many, like Nick, play the devil in the grand drama of life! The stump orator, as he "breathes words of fire" into

the ears of the multitude, thinks he is playing the devil. The proud belle, as she skips from store to store on a shopping expedition, and sets the knights of the yard-stick crazy with her "foreign airs and native graces," thinks she is playing the devil. The poet, as he brings forth his pet bantling, and praises the graceful turn of his fair one's nose, thinks he is playing the devil. The editor, who plods and worries himself night and day to put together such matter as he thinks will please a few thankless subscribers, who turns his hat jauntily on the side of his head and struts when his journal is out, thinks he is playing the devil. It is so all the world over.

Some years after I saw the aspiring Nick Robbins on the stage of the Holliday Street Theatre. He took the character of the halberdier in Richard III., who says to the crook'd-back, "Stand by, my lord, and let the coffin pass."

An Old and Celebrated Theatrical Resort.

The celebrated underground oyster and general eating establishment, long known as "Boyd's Cellar," was the resort in former days of the wags and *bon vivants* of Baltimore. It is now no more, having to give way to the march of modern improvement. In 1876 the massive building of the Baltimore Safe Company, South street, was raised on the spot so long occupied by the well-known rendezvous of noted characters.

John Boyd, a braw Scotchman, was the original proprietor of this underground temple of Bacchus and Momus, and made quite a fortune through his industry and tact. Subsequently it fell into the hands of Joseph Reilly, a good caterer, who kept pace with the times in the way of improvements and conveniences; but when the change took place, even the ghosts of the departed did not haunt the dingy vaults; the shadows of the jovial and free-hearted were not cast upon its walls, and the loud laugh and merry songs of other days were heard no more. In past times it was the retreat of all

the theatrical, musical and military wags of the city. The elder Jefferson, Warren, Wood, Forrest, Booth, Walton, Decamp, and a host of others of the board and buskin, used to gather there. Artists and scholars of celebrity there rested themselves after the toils of the day were over, and conversed on the leading topics of the day. A club entitled the "Quid Nuncs" was originated there. They elected a president and secretary, the latter for the purpose of making note of all the jokes that were played, all the bad puns perpetrated, and all the stories related. There were *silent* members of this club, individuals who would tilt their chairs back against the wall, imbibe their malt beverage in small doses, look demure, and listen to every word uttered, not venturing one of their own. When the town clock struck the hour of ten, they would sip the last drop of their ale, take their hat and cane and walk off, probably venturing to laugh when they had turned the corner of the next street.

These silent members, though not very profitable to the establishment, were always regular in their attendance. The old ten-plate stove that used to occupy the centre of the floor, and on which rested the mugs of flip or hot toddies, was an object of particular interest to them. For years they had watched its corroded sides, and on many a winter night had they warmed their feet against it. So familiar had the old stove become to these silent members that, even during warm summer nights, they would gather round it. At length Boyd came to the conclusion that a ten-plate stove was too old-fashioned for a popular establishment like his; so one day he had it removed, and a more highly ornamented cylindrical stove put in its place. It was an unfortunate innovation; for, no sooner did the taciturn "Quid Nuncs" notice the change than they ceased visiting the cellar; nor could they be persuaded to return to their old places until the rectangular ten-plate was restored to its former position.

Boyd was a close business man, but, withal, conversational, and, when he took a notion, generous. His wit

was not of the most brilliant order, yet he was ever ready at an anecdote, and always had in store many to relate of the celebrities who visited his restaurant. It was pleasant to hear him talk, particularly when in argument with Adam Duncan. They were both Scotchmen, and the flowing of the dialect was like sweet music to the ear.

I have said that even the ghosts of the departed celebrities did not deign to haunt the vaults of this resort. I was wrong. There were hanging on the walls of the "old curiosity shop" the portrait of many a departed worthy. The living are associating with the dead; the spirits of the past, to this day, may be seen by a visit to the more modern establishment of Mr. Joseph Reilly.

There still stands the old "Shakspearean Table," around which gathered the well-known actors of former days, politicians, litterateurs and merchants. In the "curiosity shop" the visitor can hold communion with the elder Jefferson, the father of a race of stars; the elder Booth, as Brutus; Mr. Warren, as Sir Peter Teazle; Forrest, as Rolla; Hilson, as Tyke; Mr. Francis, as Sir George Thunder; Mr. Macready; James W. Wallack; Neafie; J. Proctor, the "Nick of the Woods"; J. Collins, the Protean actor, and a host of others. Besides these theatrical ghosts, there is a copy of the Baltimore *Evening Post*, dated January 28th, 1808, published by Niles & Frailey, at No. 39, corner of South and Water streets. This dingy phantom of the press contains a criticism on the "new city charter"; also an account of a "destructive fire," which occurred in Portland, Me., involving a loss of the enormous sum of $25,000! In those times a million dollar fire would, in all probability, have caused general bankruptcy of the insurance companies.

F. R. S. James W——, in former days a well-known wag, once played a capital joke on Boyd. They visited New York together. On their arrival at that city they took rooms at the Astor House, and in due form entered their names in the register-book. After Boyd had

written his name and retired, W—— placed the letters F. R. S. after the signature, and then ascended to his own apartment, trusting to luck for the results.

In the morning, as usual, the register was examined by "drummers," reporters, &c., and it was soon whispered around that a learned Fellow of the Royal Society had taken lodgings at the Astor. Before noon Boyd was beset by inquisitive visitors, and cards of invitation to various schools of learning. Erudite doctors called upon him, expressed their unbounded delight at his visit to the city, and politely invited him to dine with them; in fact, they would consider it an honor if he would make their houses his home while he remained in New York. The good-natured Scotchman was quite dumbfounded by all this parade and polite treatment, of which he complained to his travelling companion, whom he urged to expedite his business, in order that they might return to Baltimore as soon as possible.

W—— told him that he must respond to the various invitations, and even hinted that he ought to give a dinner at the Astor, and make a speech in response to any toast that might be given in compliment to him; all this attention was flattering to the city of Baltimore, and he, as a prominent citizen of that city, should do credit to her. Boyd became alarmed, and determined to return home alone; but, happening to cast his eye on the register, for the first time he beheld the mysterious letters tacked to his name.

"F. R. S. The de'il gang awa wi' me!" exclaimed he, "if some canny poltroon hasn't been takin' o'er mickle liberty wi' my name. That's you, Jim; none but you wad dare do't. Now, tell me, mon, what wad ye dub me F. R. S. for?"

"Psha!" replied W——, "you know you have a diploma. Gentlemen," continued he, addressing the bystanders, "this is honest John Boyd, of Baltimore, the keeper of an unrivalled oyster establishment; not a Fellow of the Royal Society, but A number one on *Fried*, *Roasted* and *Stewed!*"

Boyd laughed as heartily at the joke as the rest; for

if he had a weak point, it was his susceptibility to flattery when his calling was alluded to.

Mr. Boyd died several years ago, at an advanced age. His funeral was attended by many of the leading men of Baltimore. Gray-headed men, who had known him many years, as did the writer of this book, followed him to the grave, and, while they shook hands with each other around his coffin, they seemed to ask the question, "Whose turn will be next?" Among these lingering few I greeted, after many years of separation, several whose friendship I valued highly. They were:

Joshua Vansant, a man of the people, whose political career has been marked with continued success, even to the present period. The voters of Baltimore, whether democrat, whig, or conservative, always believed in his honesty and integrity; and he, somehow or other, managed to secure friends even among those who were opposed to him in sentiments. During his life-time he has held high offices under the General, State and City governments; filling them all to the satisfaction of his constituents. He has but recently retired from the Mayoralty, to which office he was elected two consecutive terms by the Democratic party. He will, probably, be sent to Congress a second time.

Col. Elijah Stansbury, formerly Mayor of the city, and a man of sterling merit, was among the friends of the departed. His memoirs have already appeared in book form.

Col. Nicholas Brewer, now one of the oldest, and at the same time most active among the "young old men" of Baltimore. He is now in his eighty-seventh year, and holds the office of Secretary of the "Old Defenders' Association." I could, and ought to make a more extended notice of this Nestor of the period; but the number of pages I have yet to fill up cautions me to be brief. There are many of the "Old Defenders" whom I might sketch, but, for obvious reasons, I am compelled to withhold their names.

James Lucas, since gone to join his associates in "another and a better world." He was, at the time,

the oldest printer in Baltimore, and, perhaps, the United States, and a man of probity and genial manners.

Col. Geo. P. Kane. Another popular gentleman, and the recipient of honors which he well merited. His stern resistance to tyrannical authority, during the recent contest between North and South, brought down upon him the vengeance of the Federal Government. He was sent into the land of Dixie, and there won the esteem and respect of the choice spirits of the "rebellion," by his noble and fearless bearing and his firm adhesion to the cause.

Everybody in those days knew, or ought to have known, James W——. Being a hardware merchant, it was not at all surprising that he was a good judge of another kind of *hardware* of a liquid nature, and dealt in *cutlery*. He was a notorious wag, and always had a victim. His wit was of the first order, and the festive board was made doubly attractive by the richness of his stories and anecdotes. He never made a joke of his own, but invariably compelled his victim to father his funny children. For instance, his most intimate friend was Lemuel L——, another dealer in cutlery, and a good, quiet and easy man, who was never accused of perpetrating an original joke, though he was keen in trade and always eschewed friendship in a business transaction. When W—— invented a good thing he would say:—"Lemuel L—— said so and so, or did so and so," though L—— never dreamed such a thing.

One day at Boyd's, L—— complained of a slight headache. His friend, bent on mischief, and knowing that he (L——) always "threw physic to the dogs," recommended that he should take Seidlitz powders as an antidote. The victim yielded to the argument of his friend; the powders were brought, and the dose administered according to the direction of the new-fangled M. D., who emptied the contents of the blue and white papers into separate tumblers, each half filled with water.

"Now, sir," said W—— to his patient, "swallow this. Now this."

The victim did as directed; the carbonate of soda and tartaric acid met in his stomach, an internal effervescence took place, and poor L—— came near exploding.

There was no malice in W——'s jokes; he played them for the fun of the thing. A better-hearted man never breathed the free air of heaven. He was a valuable citizen and a friend to the needy.

One day he, in company with a waggish lawyer by the name of Cox, stood at the corner of South and Baltimore streets at about the noon hour. The sky was clear and the sun shone bright. A great throng of pedestrians were passing to and fro, every one intent on business or pleasure. W—— pointed toward the heavens, and remarked aloud to Cox:—"Don't you see it? It's quite plain to me."

The passers-by, both ladies and gentlemen, overhearing the inquiry, began to stop and gaze upwards. All wanted to know what it was that so attracted the attention of the two gentlemen. When the sky-gazers swelled to quite a crowd, the joker remarked:—"A star seen in broad daylight is a rare occurrence." All now began to strain their optics, and some averred that they saw a star quite plainly. At length it was unanimously agreed that Jupiter was visible.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen," said W——, laughing, "if you can discover Jupiter, it's more than I can"; and he took Cox's arm and left.

At one time he came near ruining the reputation of the Museum building, at the corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets, by pointing out a small crack in the wall near the third story, which no one had ever noticed before. The proprietor and manager, Mr. Charles De Selding, had to go to the expense and trouble of calling together and getting the opinion of a committee of well-known carpenters and builders, and publishing the same, before the public would venture to visit his saloon to witness the dramatic performances.

The Military.

The readers of these papers, which are founded ostensibly on the basis of the writer's memory, can scarcely expect him to dive so deeply into the days of antiquity as to confound that highly respectable old gentleman known as the "oldest inhabitant." There is space enough between the beginning of the present century and the fast period in which we now live, to spin out sufficient for old and young to meditate on. The history of our beloved city has been written by abler pens than the one that is now wielded; their works are therefore recommended to those who would look into the past. The commercial prosperity of Baltimore is written in its present grandeur, its shipping, its busy workshops, its thriving institutions and splendid edifices. These evidences of prosperity may possibly be noticed in their proper places. The military department is now under consideration.

History throws but little light on the military organizations of the young days of "Baltimore town." We have a right to believe that the spirit of chivalry was awake in the days of the first settlers, though the material might have been rough and rare. We are told that the hardy pioneers of Maryland kept their fire-arms continually within reach; they were their only safeguards against the red men of the forest. In the year 1729 sixty acres of land were assigned by the Assembly for the purpose of erecting a town on the north side of the Patapsco river in Baltimore county. Commissioners were appointed to carry out the legislative enactment. The land was purchased for forty shillings per acre; and the Commissioners being men of action, unlike those of the present day, the plan of the town was mapped, and, though Jones Falls continued to empty its aromatic waters into the inky and loud smelling basin which is now bounded by Federal Hill, Light and Pratt streets, Baltimore sprang up, and year after year grew, until it became a city of some consequence.

In order to resist the bands of Indians prowling around the settlement, the men of the then sparse communities formed themselves into volunteer organizations, among which the "minute men" were most conspicuous. They were composed of stalwart young men, experts in the use of the rifle and "firelock," and on the first alarm, assembled for the purpose of resisting the cunning and bloodthirsty enemy. There was little or no uniformity in dress. They answered to the call with their trusty rifles, usual working dress, powder-horn, and a buck-tail in their hat. The expedition over, and the redskins used up, they returned to their home-work with the blessing of the old and young upon them.

It is to be presumed that, as the settlement gained strength, the original owners of the soil retired further into the interior, and the colonists reposed in more security. In after years the militia system became a matter of consideration with the law-makers, and a regular organization took place throughout the colony.

The war of 1776 stirred up the patriotism of Baltimore, then a town of about 6000 inhabitants. A historical writer remarks, that from the very commencement of the conflict, and throughout its continuance, Maryland entered into it with spirit and energy. A constant demand was made upon the State for supplies of both troops and provisions, on account of its nearness to the field of action. The demands were promptly met; and the troops themselves, by their gallant conduct in many a hard-fought battle, have made "the old Maryland line" famous in the annals of history. At the battle of Brooklyn Heights, August 27, 1776, when the Maryland troops were for the first time brought into action, a portion of a battalion shook with repeated bayonet-charges an entire brigade of British regulars. The reputation which they then won as being the first American troops to use the bayonet, was well merited.

In 1810, two years previous to the war with Great Britain, and when the population of Baltimore amounted to 46,555, we find the military ardor up to fever

heat. Probably this was owing to the prospect of an outbreak, and a natural desire to be prepared for the event. At that period the volunteer troops were organized into a brigade, under the command of General Stricker, an officer who afterwards signalized himself at the battle of North Point. The command was composed of the following companies:

Infantry — Independent Blues, Captain ——; Mechanical Volunteers, Captain R. K. Heath; Republican Company, Captain D. Conn; Volunteer Guards, Captain John W. Glenn; Independent Company, Captain S. Stump; United Volunteers, Captain James Cheston; Vanguard Volunteers, Captain Wm. H. Winder.

Cavalry — First Baltimore Troop, Captain Henry Thompson; Independent Light Dragoons, Captain ——; First Baltimore Hussars, Captain Charles Starett Ridgely; Republican Light Dragoons, Captain ——; Maryland Chasseurs, Captain Wm. B. Barney; Fell's Point Light Dragoons, Captain ——.

Artillery — Volunteer Artillery, Captain David Harris; Eagle Artillery, Captain ——; Washington Artillerists, Captain Robert Miller.

We cannot find any rifle companies mentioned at this period. There were two infantry regiments, the 5th and the 6th, the former under the command of Lieutenant-colonel J. A. Buchanan. W. G. D. Worthington was adjutant of the 6th; the Colonel's name not given.

On the 22d February these companies paraded in honor of the birthday of George Washington. The Volunteer and Eagle Artillery companies fired the salutes, and enjoyed a dinner at the Columbian Inn, on which occasion many patriotic sentiments were uttered. The Republican Light Dragoons, of Baltimore county, celebrated the day at "Mr. Gashe's dwelling-house on the Harford road, in full uniform, and heard *a suitable sermon.*"

Alluding to the parade, the *American* remarks:—"The brigade commanded by General Stricker assembled at an early hour, each company in its usual place of parade; after which the line of march was formed and

marched out to Pratt street, when the firings usual on this occasion were performed with a precision not unbecoming to troops more accustomed to the rigor of military discipline. The several companies were not so full as we have seen them on similar occasions. Their appearance, however, was martial, and could not fail to inspire a sentiment favorable to that military force, to which the people of America must alone look for the defence of their independence and national character—we mean the militia of the country."

The war of 1812 aroused the sleepers; and the various States having to contribute their quota of fighting men for the general defence, Maryland was not in the least behindhand in doing her duty. The militia force of the State was put on a war-footing, and the roll of the drum brought the youth and chivalry from every section. From the commencement of the war, the Chesapeake Bay was closely blockaded by the "wooden walls" of Britannia. It formed the nearest approach to the national capital, and its waters were of vast value to the enemy. In 1814 the war was brought directly to the doors of our citizens. Hitherto, descents had been made by the enemy's fleets on the comparatively defenceless points along the bay shore. However, in August of this year a force of 5000 men, under the command of Gen. Ross, was landed on the Patuxent river, and took up their line of march towards Washington. These troops were resisted by a force of Americans, which had been hastily gathered at Bladensburg, on the 24th of August. A battle was fought; but, as it was not at all creditable to American prowess, I shall only allude to it, and record the arrival of the "Britishers" at the capital, and the consequent burning of the National Capitol, the President's mansion, Government offices, public records, library, &c.

Flushed with victory, General Ross turned his face toward Baltimore. He succeeded in landing a force of 5000 men at North Point. This party of invaders was met by a far inferior force of Maryland and Pennsylvania militia, and a battle was fought on the 12th of Septem-

ber, 1812, which not only saved the Monumental City from a rapacious enemy, whose cry was "booty and beauty," but deprived the invaders of their General, who fell early in the engagement, killed by a rifle-ball from the unerring tube, it is said, of one of the "Sharpshooters"; two of them, Wells and McComas, having concealed themselves in the undergrowth, and picked off the leader at the head of his troops. Both riflemen were killed by a well directed volley from the muskets of the invaders.

The next movement of the enemy was an attempt to reduce Fort McHenry, which effort took place on the evening of the 13th, but proved unsuccessful. During the night a force of the enemy, which, under cover of the fleet, had passed by the fort in barges, was met by a destructive fire from batteries which had been erected along the shore of the Patapsco, so that one of the barges was struck, and the others retreated to the fleet.

The glory our volunteer troops lost at Bladensburg was regained at North Point. Though composed of raw material, they acted their parts like veterans. Many of the "Old Defenders" are now living, spinning out the slender threads of life, with the hope of a peaceful eternity.

A good story is told of a printer of Baltimore, who commanded a battalion in the battle of North Point. Not liking his exposed position, while the bullets of the enemy were flying thickly around him, he sought shelter behind a tree, and from that standpoint shrieked out his commands. Finding that his men were no more disposed to stand fire than he was, and had become considerably scattered, he bellowed out, "Stand your ground, men; confound you! don't you see you are throwing yourselves into *pi?*"

The war closed with the treaty of Ghent, which was signed on the 14th of December, and ratified by the United States on the 17th of February following. With the quiet of peace came a falling off in military ardor. The companies that had done good service, as well as those that had done nothing at all, were disbanded and

retired on their laurels. Of course, there was a good deal for the veterans to talk about; they loved to "fight their battles o'er again," and cherished an utter detestation for *sunshine soldiery*. Consequently, military ardor was at a low ebb for many years; and, though many organizations were kept up, yet they were strictly volunteer, for the militia law was in such bad odor with the people, that almost every "law parade" was turned into a burlesque. Printed caricatures and travestied battle-songs were circulated all over the country. A print, representing a militia muster, from the pencil of a celebrated caricaturist named Johnson, so lampooned the whole affair, that even the uniformed volunteers were ashamed to be seen on parade, and there was little or no protection for lives and property for at least a decade.

The military spirit began to rise during the year 1830, and kept up for many years after that period. The company organizations were numerous and variegated; every corps consulting its own taste as to the cut and color of its own uniform. A general parade exhibited every variety of hue, and looked like a straightened-out rainbow. It seemed to be a desire of every company to "show its colors." The entire division was under the command of Major-general Geo. H. Stewart, while the brigades were under the charge of Brigadier-generals E. L. Finley and Joshua Medtart. The regiments were well filled, and a great variety of splendid dresses, together with the excellent music of numerous bands, made the display quite enlivening. On one occasion the entire division paid a visit to the city of Washington, and, of course, created quite a sensation in the "city of acute angles." The *Evening Transcript*, alluding to one of these general parades, asks:—"Why, in the name of flints and triggers, were the troops, in all their 'pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war,' marched to 'horse heaven'? After *two hours* standing in Gay street, they certainly might have had a more refreshing retreat. It was well the cavalry were not out on this occasion; many a spirited

Bucephalus would have kicked and snorted in veneration of the manes of the departed of his race." This display of the *elite* of the soldiery did not please the rank and file in the least, for the atmosphere of the field offended high heaven with its stench.

The volunteer division was composed of the following companies:

Infantry.—Independent Blues, Captain G. D. Spurrier; Light Infantry, Captain King; Lafayette Guard, Captain Lalonp; Old Town Volunteers, Captain Hennick; Invincibles, Captain J. M. Anderson; Law Greys, Captain Bowers; Eutaw Infantry, Captain Charles Keyser, and Maryland Cadets, Captain Newman.

Riflemen.—Sharpshooters, Captain Jacob Gross; Morgan Riflemen, Captain James Maguire; Marion Rifle Corps, Captain J. H. Hewitt; Columbia Riflemen, Captain Dutton, and German Yagers, Captain Elterman.

Artillery.—Eagle, Captain Watson; Junior, Captain McKinnel.

Cavalry.—Butchers' Troop, Captain Thompson, and First Light Dragoons, Captain Benzinger.

A veteran officer, one who has taken much interest in military affairs, and who ought to know, furnished me with the organizations of 1835.

Cavalry Regiment, Owen Bouldin, Colonel; Fifth Infantry Regiment, Ben. C. Howard, Colonel; First Rifle Regiment, James Medtart, Colonel. The companies stood as follows:

First Light Dragoons, First Cavalry Regiment, Captain Benzinger; Junior Artillery, Artillery Regiment, Captain Joseph Wiley; First Baltimore Light Infantry, Fifth Regiment, Captain N. Hickman; Marion Rifle Corps, First Rifle Regiment, Captain W. G. Cook; Independent Blues, Captain G. D. Spurrier; Independent Greys, First Rifle Regiment, Captain J. M. Anderson; Baltimore City Guards (Independent), Captain Cheves.

This arrangement differs somewhat from mine; but it is not at all surprising, when the reader learns that the organizations were continually changing, and, in some instances, two or three elections for officers took place in the course of a year.

The following history of that once celebrated company, the Independent Greys, furnished me by an old member, will not prove uninteresting to many of my readers; I therefore give it a place:

The *Independent Greys* were organized August 14th, 1833, on the cellar-door at the corner of Gay and Exeter streets. James M. Anderson was chosen Captain, and their first parade was made March 18th, 1833. James O. Law was elected Captain, March 1837. At that time the company numbered about forty men. Robert Hall, First Lieutenant; Augustus P. Shutt, Second Lieutenant; Charles C. Egerton, Third Lieutenant; George P. Kane, Ensign.

July 4th, 1846, the company visited Philadelphia with 46 muskets, 3 officers, and band of 18 pieces. At that time it was the finest drilled corps in the country.

James O. Law died in June, 1847. Robert Hall succeeded him in the command. Lieutenants: Charles C. Egerton, J. W. J. Saunders, Geo. M. Brown; Thomas Bowers, Ensign.

In the year 1847 the Greys sent a company to Mexico, commanded by George W. Brown. Lieutenants: Washington Hopper, James O'Brian and John H. Grenewell.

In June, 1850, Robert Hall, Captain, commanding the corps, numbering 60 muskets, visited New York and gave several exhibition drills, the like of which had never been seen in that city before. On the 2d September, Ensign Bowers and 22 of the most active members of the corps withdrew and formed the Law Greys. Many thought the star of the old organization had set; but, on the 12th of the said month, they paraded 44 muskets. The excitement between the old and the new companies continued, and each showed an increase every parade, till the 20th of October, 1851. That day the Independent Greys made the largest parade, for a company, that has ever taken place in the city of Baltimore. The muster-roll stood: 5 officers, 119 muskets, and 18 members in the band (regular members of the corps). In April, 1852, Robert Hall

resigned the captaincy, and was succeeded by Charles C. Egerton. Under Captain Egerton, in June, the command was selected as a guard of honor at the Henry Clay funeral. They paraded 91 muskets.

Capt. Egerton, being made Major of the 53d regiment, was succeeded in the captaincy by R. S. Ripley, (afterwards Major-general in the C. S. A.), July 8th, 1853.

In November, 1855, C. W. Brush was made captain. September, 1857, Captain Brush, being commissioned Colonel of the 53d regiment, Lieut. L. B. Simpson commanded the company till March, 1860. Under Lieut. Simpson the company changed its uniform, and also under him it made its smallest parade, 13 muskets at Col. Davis's funeral. In March, 1860, J. Lyle Clark had the satisfaction of parading 61 muskets, and the increase of membership became so that on the 9th of February, 1861, a battalion of three companies was formed, officered as follows:—Company A: J. Lyle Clark, captain; F. M. Kershner, first lieutenant; James R. Herbert, second. Company H: B. L. Simpson, captain; William Gibson, first, and G. F. Reinecker second lieutenant. Company I: Thos. B. Allard, captain; John H. Janney first, and J. N. K. Monmonier second lieutenant.

The ball on the 22d February was the largest and most successful entertainment of the kind ever known in this city. It was opened by a drill of Company A, Capt. Clark. The week following an exhibition drill was given at the Maryland Institute, for the benefit of the working-men of the city out of employment.

On the 19th April the battalion reported promptly to the order of Col. C. W. Brush (commanding the 53d regiment), and remained on duty till the 8th May; on that day they made their last parade.

Many of the members went South and entered the 1st Maryland regiment, and were known as Company D, Independent Greys, Capt. J. R. Herbert. Others joined Capt. J. Lyle Clark's company of Maryland Guards in the 21st Virginia. Many who were Union men entered the Federal army under Col. B. L. Simp-

son, Col. Thos. B. Allard and Col. C. A. Holton. After the war no effort was made to reorganize the command, and the matter remained quiet till 1874, when a call was made, inviting the former officers and members to attend a meeting for the purpose of reorganization. It was promptly responded to, and there was something over 80 names subscribed. The affair, however, failed in its object. A company of Independent Greys did good service at Harper's Ferry at the capture of the U. S. workshops from the John Brown raiders.

It is recorded that the 4th July, 1812, was celebrated by the military of Baltimore with unusual spirit. The thirst for glory was at its height. A war with the mother-country stirred up the chivalry of the youth, while the General Government was arming to resist the assaults of a powerful foe. On the occasion alluded to, the display was made by the United Volunteers, Capt. David Warfield; Independent Company, Capt. S. Stump; Columbia Volunteers, Capt. C. Warfield, and Mechanical Volunteers, Capt. ———; the Artillery Regiment, under Col. Harris, was composed of the Volunteer Artillery, Capt. Buffon; Washington Artillery, Capt. Edward Denison; Independent Artillery, Capt. Christopher Hughes, Jr. The calvary consisted of the First Baltimore Troop, under command of Col. Biays. Salutes were fired at sunrise, noon and sunset. During the day the different corps separated and enjoyed dinners at places of their own selection, where patriotic speeches, sentiments and songs were rendered. How different from the celebration of our natal day at the present period!

Reception of Lafayette.

The reception of Marquis de Lafayette, which occurred in the year 1824, was a showy affair. The full force of the military turned out on that occasion, and their appearance was highly complimented by the aged hero, who was so elated with the warlike show that he freely bestowed his encomiums on his return to France.

A work of two volumes, entitled "Mons. Lafayette in America," published in Paris, gave an elaborate account of the Marquis's reception in the United States, and dwelt particularly on Baltimore. The infantry arm was specially complimented. There is no doubt that the work was arranged by one of the attachés to the staff of the nation's guest, and he himself sanctioned what was written.

A friend relates an anecdote of Lafayette which may very properly be introduced here.

The old gentleman, in the fulness of his gratitude, or, more properly, prompted by the characteristic politeness of Frenchmen, had contracted a habit of rubbing his hands, smiling blandly, and exclaiming, whenever a person was introduced to him, "Oh, I am so happy!" Now, it happened that a serious-looking gentleman, dressed in a full suit of black, with a long piece of crape pending from his hat, was brought before the Marquis by one of the "Committee on Introduction." He was introduced, and the Frenchman shook him warmly by the hand.

"How is your good madam?" asked he, with a smile.

"Alas! sir," replied the gentleman, seriously, "I buried her two weeks ago."

"Ah, I am so happy, so very happy!" exclaimed the Marquis, abstractedly; while the mourner expressed more surprise than anger as he passed on, wondering how people could persistently laud the habitual politeness of the French.

Remarkable Public Display.

One of the most remarkable public displays on record took place in Baltimore in the year 1828, on the anniversary of our national independence. It was on the occasion of the laying of the foundation-stone of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad by the venerable Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, the last signer of the Declaration. It is true the military, with the exception of an escort squadron of cavalry, took no part in it; yet I cannot help refer-

ring to it in this part of my recollections. A full description of this great affair would occupy too much space for a work of this kind; I will, therefore, merely glance at it.

It was a unique display of the mechanic arts, in which almost every trade and profession (save those of dishonesty) was represented, either by appropriate banners or machinery in full operation. Tailors, hatters, shoemakers, printers, shipwrights, carpenters, blacksmiths, machinists, farmers, barbers, in fact every trade and occupation, had its car with operatives in full work. The printers and shipwrights, in particular, gave the world of gazers a full idea of the mysteries of their craft. The printers had a light hand-press on a platform, type-cases and all the paraphernalia of a complete printing-office, from which they issued copies of the Declaration of Independence, which were scattered among the surging masses of people who followed the procession. Hezekiah Niles, then in an advanced stage of life, presided over this establishment, attached to which were winged Mercuries, represented by handsome boys, one of them the son of Gen. Benjamin Edes, a printer, and the grandson of the venerable Peter Edes, who sat upon the platform of the car, with spectacles on his nose, representing the proof-reader of the establishment. Mr. Edes was, at that time, the oldest printer in the United States.

The shipwrights *navigated* through the streets a full-rigged ship, complete in every department, and fully manned with jolly Jack-tars, whose cheerful "Yo! heave ho!" might be heard above the high martial strains of music. Ever and anon a sailor would heave the lead, and announce the soundings with "Mark, quarter seven!" while the boatswain's whistle kept up a shrill note and stirred the crew to action.

A story is told of a couple of countrymen who came all the way from Alleghany County to witness the great display which inaugurated the prosperity of Baltimore. They arrived in the city during the previous night, and applied for lodgings at one of the Howard Street hotels.

Every room was occupied except a small chamber without windows, which was usually used as a convenience for stowing away the surplus sheets, blankets and bedding during the dull season. Besides a bedstead and a couple of chairs, this room contained no furniture but an old-fashioned wardrobe with drawers, and an upper section with glass doors opening to the right and left. The countrymen were shown into their apartment, and, without surveying the surroundings, blew out the light and jumped into bed. Their sleep was long and sound, for they were fatigued. The bright sun arose upon the busy city, but not a ray of its glorious light greeted the eyes of the travellers, who tossed and tumbled about, wondering at the length of the night. At length one of them suggested that the window-shutters might be closed. He felt his way cautiously through the dark and came to the wardrobe, the glass door of which he opened. Thrusting his head *inside*, he gazed into impenetrable darkness, looked toward the heavens, but could see no stars, or gentle moon or golden sun. Pitchy darkness and dead silence prevailed.

"Consarn it!" said he to his companion, as he returned to his pillow, "this is the longest night I ever knowed; no nothing to be seen out o' the winder. I reckon they're not goin' to postpone the show. Well, we'd better sleep a little longer, and then, maybe, the sun'll come up, if it isn't the last day."

So they slept again for an hour or two, and were awakened by strains of music, very faint, but still distinct enough to let them know that something was going on in the outer world. The window was again opened, but the stars refused to shine, and the sky presented the same inky appearance as before.

"That 'ere music's some serenading party, I reckon," said the rustic astronomer, and again he sought his restless companion. They talked and tossed about for a brace of hours longer, when suddenly the door was opened by the colored chambermaid, with broom and bucket in her hand. A cheerful stream of light entered the gloomy apartment, and the countrymen simultaneously exclaimed:

"By jingo! there's daylight!"

They then asked the woman if it was not about time for the procession to begin?

"Lor' a marcy, it's over long ago," was the unpleasant intelligence communicated.

"That's a consarned humbug!" roared one. "I looked out o' the window 'twixt sleeps without seeing a bit o' daylight. What the deuce do you keep your shutters shut for?"

The woman explained to them that they had been looking into the cabinet, and demonstrated that there were no windows to the room. They reluctantly paid their bill, and returned home without seeing the show.

The following lines, by one of our home bards, were scattered among the people on this occasion. I publish them again as a relic of the past:

A RALLY OF THE PATRIOTS.

TUNE—"*Hi! for Bob and Joan.*"

Join in the merry strain, sound the fife and drum, sirs;
Shout aloud again, the glorious day has come, sirs.
Many years ago our country's sages
Wrote down something new on history's golden pages.

Chorus—Join the merry strain, &c.

Johnny Bull on fire at our disobedience,
Came wrapt in his ire to force us to allegiance;
To our arms we flew, glory was our guide, sirs;
Well each soldier knew he'd justice on his side, sirs.

Empires on us gazed, fill'd with admiration;
"Lo!" cried they, amazed, "lo, a new-born nation!
Freedom's altar burns, see her starry banner;
Gallantly she spurns slavery and dishonor!"

Fill your glasses up, men of every station,
Pledge the brimming cup to our happy nation.
Tradesmen, leave your shops, 'tis no time for business;
Farmers, leave your crops for a little dizziness.

Tailors, leave your *boards*, our board entices;
Blacksmiths, leave your *forge*, 'tis no time for *vices;*
Doctors, tarry here, now there are but few sick;
Teachers, come and hear our patriotic music.

Lawyers, look not dull; put your fees in pocket,
Freedom versus Bull 's the greatest case on docket;
Printers, leave your *case*, we're *types* of your profession:
Should Bull again oppress, we'll make a new *impression*.

Join the rushing crowd, raise the cheering sound, sirs;
For an iron road, our Carroll breaks the ground, sirs.
Lo! amid the throng, tradesmen, statesmen, sages,
Push the work along, the pride of coming ages.

The Battle of Vinegar Hill.

The battle of Vinegar Hill may be remembered by some of my readers. It was an event in which several of our volunteer companies figured; and, though they came off victorious, yet there was not a returned soldier who could display a scratch to boast of. It took place on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, either in 1833 or '34, in the neighborhood of the Relay House, on a spot known as Vinegar Hill, which was sprinkled over with shanties and huts occupied by Irish laborers on the road. A very troublesome dispute had arisen among these laborers, whether religious or political I will not pretend to say; but so severely did the contest rage at one time, that several murders were committed; and, when the conservators of the law attempted to serve warrants on the suspected parties, they met with overpowering resistance. Besides, the work on the road was partially abandoned by the rioters, whom all the authority of the officers could not bring under control. A call was therefore made upon the military of the city and county to aid the sheriff in making his arrests. There appeared to be two ringleaders who controlled the actions of the rioters, both of them powerful and daring men, by the names of Reilley and Coyle. They had, through the aid of their companions, avoided the vigilance of the agents of the law, and even defied them.

Not being cognisant of the operations of the other companies, I shall confine myself to the Marion Rifle Corps, who signalized themselves by — capturing Reilley.

It was a dark, drizzly night when I was ordered to push my command into the very heart of the enemy's stronghold, arrest all suspicious characters, and seize all weapons of warfare that could be found, either in the hands of the people or concealed in their shanties. We found everything quiet in the settlement, except the occasional cry of a baby or the bark of a half-starved cur. All questions were answered respectfully; innocence beamed in every countenance, and in all probability there were never before congregated together such a number of pure and spotless saints as these blarneying children of Erin. They knew nothing of riot or murder, lived peaceable and quiet lives, and were, withal, great respecters of the law and admirers of the military, who greatly honored them by the visit they had deigned to pay them. Some muskets and pistols, with a large amount of shillelahs, were collected, however, among these *innocent* and unsophisticated people.

While on our dreary march through mud and mire, we were joined by a tall, square-shouldered Irishman, who begged to be allowed to march under our protection, as he was alone and dreaded his "inimies." He was a pleasant fellow, told many jokes about the Fardown and Corkonian boys, and sung several of the ballads of Green Erin with touching effect. Besides these accomplishments, he cheered us on our march with tunes on a fife, an instrument he handled with consummate skill.

"It's the music of this little pipe that will make your boys move their pins, Captain," said he, with a sweet brogue. "It helped the sojer-boys along at the battle of Waterloo, and the Mounseers scampered like skeered rabbits when they heard it whistle out Paddy O'Rafferty."

At length he proposed to act as guide, and put us in the right way to capture Reilley, who, he said, was a big scamp, and richly deserved hanging for his many sins.

Arrived at a store where they sold whiskey and to-

bacco, and which was dignified with the name of grocery, we encountered a large body of extremely peaceable laborers, who were innocently enjoying themselves over "a little of the crather." Our genial fifer, it was remarked, kept himself from the light, and would not enter the store with the rest.

"I heard your fifer playing some of the tunes of old Ireland, Captain," said an Irishman, stepping up to me with a military salute; "and it's a pleasant thing to hear the airs of one's home while one's in a furrin land."

And then he whispered into my ear:—"Kape both yer eyes open, my mon. That fife sounded like the one we have often heard; there's no feller in these parts that can blow it like Reilley; and he's the boy that can breathe his soul intil an Irish tune."

When this intelligence was communicated to the members of the company, every one was for arresting the fifer at once; but, on reflection, it was thought best not to molest him until he had got himself into a trap, as he might have friends and backers in the crowd who would attempt a rescue, and thereby cause bloodshed. Accordingly, the company took up the line of march towards the Washington turnpike, managing to keep the fifer in the centre, in order, as he was told, to guard him from the Reilley party, who were in search of him.

As we approached the road, we found that the fellow became very restless, and looked around him as if he were in search of some object. After awhile he took out his fife and blew a loud cadence, which was quickly answered by a whoop, and then he made a desperate effort to break through the ranks, but was quickly seized and secured. It was Reilley himself! the principal leader of the rioters. He was brought to the city, and in the morning handed over to the tender mercy of the officers of the law. With the arrest of the second in command, Coyle, the troubles on the line of the railroad ended, and the construction of the work proceeded as usual.

A Burlesque Parade.

In 1837 the "law-parade" of the Thirty-ninth Regiment Maryland Militia brought out a fantastical display, which put everything of the kind, before or since, in the shade. The Major commanding looked ugly enough to frighten a host—"real meat-axe, wolfish about the shoulders, and bead all *bear*." The *army* consisted of a *tattooed* tribe of Indians, and the musicians sported the most splendid noses that could be produced through the agency of pasteboard and paint. They appeared to belong to the artillery arm of defence, for they dragged along an *infernal machine* upon wheels, in the shape of a steamboat smoke-stack. This species of parade was, of course, intended to ridicule the militia system, which then prevailed, and will always continue unpopular as long as we have no need for fighting men. Well organized companies, drilled by experienced masters, and uniformed with taste, are always an ornament to a community, and a safeguard to the lives and property of citizens.

In 1837 a body of young men named the "Baltimore Texan Guards," left this city to participate in the struggle of Texas for her liberty. They were composed of good stuff. When they left the city they were escorted by Captain Stewart's Company of Washington Blues, and Captain Watson's Eagle Artillerists.

The City Guards.—The Baltimore City Guards, as fine a body of volunteer militia as an old soldier would like to gaze upon, was organized in the year 1832. Alexander Cheves, an accomplished lawyer and educated soldier, was chosen captain; and by severe drilling and frequent exercise, he brought his command to a high state of perfection. Cheves served as captain until the year 1836, when he resigned, and William H. Watson took command. Under the control of this noble officer the company continued to attract attention, by the neatness of their grey uniforms and the promptness of their movements. Watson did not retain the command long, as he took charge of a bat-

talion of Baltimore volunteers for the Mexican war, and fell gallantly at the storming of Monterey. The many excellent qualities of this gentleman will be remembered by those who enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance. On the resigning of Captain Watson, James H. Millikin was elected to the office, and continued in command until 1843. While under the command of Captain Millikin, a dispute arose between the Independent Greys, Captain Law, and the City Guards, as to which had claim to the right of the Fifty-third Regiment, then under command of Lieutenant-colonel John Spear Nichols and Major S. O. Hoffman. Finally, after much bitter contention, the post of honor was given the Guards. The Fifty-third was a new and splendid regiment, and was, at the period of which I now write, composed of the City Guards, Captain Millikin; the Invincibles, Captain J. M. Anderson; the Independent Greys, Captain J. O. Law; the Maryland Cadets, Captain Newman; the Lafayette Guards, Captain Laloup, and the National Guards, Captain Pickell. Subsequently the City Guards came under the command of Captain Salmon, and in 1847 changed their uniform. The organization ceased under Captain Warner.

Military spirit active.— At about this period the military spirit took a sudden rise. A fine company called the Eutaw Light Infantry, was formed in the western section of the city. The ranks were well filled, and their parades elicited much encomium. They were commanded by Captain Charles M. Keyser, a noble officer and accomplished tactician. This fine company did not last long.

The Maryland Cadets were also organized about the same time. Captain Newman, a highly esteemed merchant, was chosen to the command. The uniform consisted of a dark blue, long dress-coat, and black belt and feather. They were remarkable for the ease and promptness of their movements, both in marching and the manual. Besides a fine band of music and drum corps, they established among themselves a glee-club,

composed of some of the best singers in the city. Captain Newman being a man of delicate health, was compelled to go abroad for the purpose of strengthening his constitution. During his absence, First Lieutenant Archer Ropes took command. Intelligence was received that their much loved commander would arrive in Boston at a certain period. The company at once resolved to make a trip to the "Hub," receive their captain, and escort him back to his home in Baltimore. The trip was arranged, and proved one continued series of ovations, as they passed through the various cities and towns, until they reached the objective point where they were to meet their commander. They did not meet him; he had died on the return voyage, and was buried beneath the waves of the ocean.

The German Yagers were organized in 1812, and fought at the battle of North Point under Captain Sadtler. At the close of the war in 1814, the company disbanded. On the 22d of February, 1837, some of the old members met, and, with the aid of new recruits, reorganized the company, electing G. W. Lurman captain, who served for about three years, when Captain Frederick was chosen to the command. In 1842 Frederick Elterman was promoted to the command, and the company paraded with well-filled ranks, and a fine military band, under the elder Volandt. Fritz Kummer, the popular and well-known bugler, was a member of this band. One of the popular refrains of the day was:—

> "When you hear the fife and drum,
> Then you know the Yagers come;
> And when you hear Fritz blow his horn,
> Why—then you know the Yagers run!"

A very *attractive* feature in Volandt's band was the presence of two girls, who wore uniforms and tooted on brass instruments in true *manly* style. The boys, however, soon smoked them out. In 1848 Captain Elterman was promoted to the rank of Major of the 53d Regiment, and Lieutenant A. C. Pracht took the command. The next captain was Andrew Rauter, who was

succeeded by Philip Trayser, under whose charge the company ceased to parade. The Yagers participated in the laying of the corner-stone of the North Point monument in 1839, a still-born memorial, for even the stone and the reliques which it covered are *non est*, some delving antiquarian or forest-robber having appropriated both.

The Marion Rifle Corps. The most brilliant, if not the most ancient Company of the First Rifle Regiment, was the Marion Rifle Corps, organized in the year 1823, immediately before the grand military parade in honor of the visit of the Marquis de Lafayette to this city. The senior company of the regiment was the Sharpshooters, who had signalized themselves at the battle of North Point. The Morgan Riflemen, with a black uniform, made their first parade about the same time with the Marions.

The published constitution of the Marions, which is now before me (having been furnished by my excellent friend, Mr. Jacob Bradenbaugh, secretary), bears date of 1831, and is signed by the members of that period. When the company was organized, Benjamin I. Cohen was unanimously elected captain, and accepted the command; but the Adjutant-general refused to issue his commission, on account of constitutional restrictions, Mr. Cohen being an Israelite. This decision of the military department of the State Government created a great sensation at the time, and Mr. Cohen gave way in favor of Joseph Branson, who was chosen to the command by the members. Mr. Cohen and his friends, however, did not allow the affair to rest; they, by their power, in the course of time, brought about the celebrated "Jewish Emancipation Act," which placed Maryland foremost among the States in putting down intolerance, by giving the Israelite equal privilege with the Christian. Mr. Cohen always considered himself the father of the corps, and on many occasions gave public evidence of his friendly feeling. Capt. Branson was known to many persons of the present day as a whole-souled, good-natured member of society. Though

not a strict disciplinarian, he was a prompt and energetic soldier, and quite proud of his command. It is said that while leading the corps on a general parade, and as the column moved majestically along Baltimore street, he went from platoon to platoon and said: "Men, show yourselves off. Don't you see that the ladies are looking at you?"

On the resignation of Capt. Branson, which took place some years after the organization of the corps, Wm. G. Cook was chosen to the command. In 1832 the muster-roll stood as follows:

Wm. G. Cook, Captain; J. B. Wright, first Lieutenant; Henry Starr, Jr., second; Samuel Dallam, third.

Rank and File.—Washington S. Cook, Jesse W. Lee, E. F. Lupton, Wm. Hanna, J. W. Hagger, James Keyser, Goddard Raborg, G. W. McCabe, John F. Reese, Thos. O. Sollers, Geo. W. McDaniel, John Cleland, Asa Holmes, G. L. Ayres, P. W. Toy, Thomas Carroll, Jr., Sam'l H. Gover, Alex. Hanna, Thos. H. Cooper, John N. Millington, John Dobbin, John Bruner, Wm. H. Fowble, S. Foley, J. J. Reinicker, D. Monserat, J. France, Wm. A. Everson, G. W. Nicholson, B. H. Cook, F. S. Walter, J. O'Neill, Geo. G. Presbury, Jr., James M. Anderson, Wm. Perkins, Geo. H. Sanderson, Edward Grieves, William P. Pouder, Wm. H. McLaughlin, Allen Elder, Robt C. Hasson, Jos. S. Pratt, John R. Simpson, Grafton D. Spurrier, Ed. J. Walsh, T. W. Jay, Francis G. McGinnis, A. J. Hanna, F. S. Stouffer, Wm. Ridgaway, Jr., Dorsey B. Baldwin, Hippolite G. Ducatel, James McConky, Ed. P. Starr, James H. Norris, Wm. T. Caldwell, W. H. Robinson, Wm. B. Cram, Daniel F. Griffith, John H. Hewitt, John Hammer, James Carrear, W. G. Hagger, Joseph T. Barron, C. Jenkins, John J. Rowles, G. W. Hynson, W. H. Kairie, J. Bradenbaugh, Geo. W. Goforth, W. M. Oldham, F. A. Faulac, Robert Baker, Henry Cline, Basil Wagner, Wm. H. Ross, George C. Frailey, Reuben C. Stansbury, J. H. Bayford, T. F. Boothby, Jacob F. Grove, I. T. Stoddard, Wm. Boothby, Jr., George W. Webb, G. F. Heuisler, Wm. H. Peters, James Getty, E. J. Huzza, W. H. H. Hay-

ward, James Shedd, Geo. W. May, Geo. Barkman, Wm. F. Colston, J. W. Walmsley, Frederick Parks, Geo. W. Woodward, Joseph Tevis, Samuel Keek, S. C. Hoffman, R. Gerhardt, Owen Roberts, Ed. J. Alcock, Henry Story, Fred. Kriel, W. Heuisler, J. W. Durst, Joshua Harvey, Henry Eldred, Wm. Warren, Wm. Ford, John W. Niles, Sam'l S. Addison, William Addison, William P. Sturgeon, Samuel Lucas.

It will be seen by the foregoing list that the Marion Corps furnished officers for many of the other companies, and also field-officers for various brigades.

The following lines were written under the muster-roll of the Marions by the company's secretary, Jacob Bradenbaugh, in 1866. The rejoinder was written in pencil by the surviving Captain in 1873:—

1866.

We are scattered, we are scattered,
Though a jolly band were we;
Some sleep beneath the grave-sod,
And some are o'er the sea.
And Time has wrought his changes
On the few who yet remain;
The joyous band that once we were,
We cannot be again. B.

1873.

We are scattered, we are scattered,
Yet a corporal's guard is left;
Some with their hair as white as snow,
And some of teeth bereft.
For God, in His great mercy,
Has passed their follies by,
And let them live so many years,
To teach them how to die. H.

In the year 1875 a call was made for a meeting of the survivors of the Marion Rifle Corps. A few responded to the call; they were all men advanced in life, but still active and vigorous. They met at the old "Military Hall," which was formerly their headquarters; it now bears the name of the "Rose House," and is located on

N. Gay Street. Though this meeting was an informal one, yet there was a good deal of talk about the affairs of the past, and it was agreed that another attempt should be made to gather together the broken fragments of bygone days.

The surviving members are, at the present writing: Captain John H. Hewitt; Lieutenants Ed. G. Starr, James M. Anderson, and Goddard Raborg; Sergeants W. H. Robinson, G. D. Spurrier, and G. F. Heuisler; Corporals Geo. W. Webb and W. H. H. Hayward; and privates Thos. O. Sollers, F. G. McGinnis, Jacob Bradenbaugh, Jesse Cline, Jacob F. Grove, I. T. Stoddard, James Getty, Samuel S. Addison, William Addison, and James Taylor.

Edward J. Alcock, whose name appears on the muster-roll, was surgeon of the corps, and was shot by George Stuart. His remains were escorted to the grave by the Marions and Old Town Light Infantry.

Besides being conspicuous in the "battle of Vinegar Hill," the Marions aided in suppressing the riot on the Washington Branch road, near the Savage Factory; also the Carmelite Nunnery riot on Aisquith street, and the great Bank riot; but on the latter occasion they did not appear in uniform, but joined the Ward guards.

A General Turn Out.

On the 12th of September, 1839, there was a general turn out of the military, who, with the exception of the cavalry, were transported to the ground near the newly established pavilion, North Point, built by the well-known Jacob Houck, whose panacea met with a world-wide, but transient, fame. A number of companies from a distance were invited to participate in the great display, commemorative of the event which made the spot classic ground. The arrangements for the accommodation of thousands of visitors were on a gigantic scale. Steamers were decorated, and received their cargoes of human beings at a reasonable freight charge. Vehicles of all kinds bore their legions over-

land, and many footed it all the way. Orators, poets, and vocalists were summoned to aid in the great ovation. The entire Light Brigade brushed up their armor, and, with martial sounds, pressed the sacred soil with their heavy feet. The day was balmy, the sun shone brightly, and the bosom of the river became a mirror, reflecting the waving banners and nodding plumes. The forest elfins, anticipating a repetition of the conflict of 1814, hid themselves in the hollow trees and rocky nooks; for all poets agree that sylvan sprites prefer solitude to noise and confusion. The foundation stone of the monument commemorative of the deeds of those who fought and died in defence of the city, was placed, amid great ceremony. The oration was pronounced, the cheers of the multitude echoed through the forest, the spirit-stirring drum rolled, and salvo after salvo of the artillery made the hills quake; but then there was nothing to eat! and the market price of water was a *fip* a glass! Houck's pavilion ran dry, as well as the canteens of the rank and file. The committee of arrangements had made no provision for the visiting companies, who wandered about with woefully long faces and empty stomachs. The Washington Light Infantry, particularly, "swore like our troops in Flanders," and wondered what kind of stuff Baltimore hospitality was made of. In order to make matters worse, the steamboats, which were waiting to receive their return freight, had forgotten to take soundings, and found that the tide had ebbed and left them sticking fast in the mud. The tide, however, changed toward midnight, and the overloaded boats reached the city with great difficulty. Every person was glad to get home, after having passed a day of unalloyed misery.

The Bank Riot.

Some years after the war of 1812, Baltimore bore the name of "Mob Town"; but the *honors* belonging to that title gradually left her, and fell upon the brow of the "City of Brotherly Love," where riots of a most violent char-

acter disturbed the public peace for full a decade. The great Bank riot was a splendidly gotten-up affair, and cost no small effusion of human blood ere it was suppressed.

The claims against the old Bank of Maryland were dishonored, and much distress was caused among the poorer class of people, who, having great confidence in that institution, had chosen it as a safe place to deposit their hard earnings. The bank closed its doors, and between two days removed all the specie in its vaults. The directors announced that its business would be wound up by two prominent lawyers, Reverdy Johnson and John Glenn. The depositors became enraged, and swore vengeance against all the banks. Masses of excited people of both sexes collected before the closed bank, demanding their money; but they were only repulsed by the police, and compelled to return to their homes and mourn their loss.

The rioters organized themselves systematically. Nocturnal meetings were held, resolutions passed, and so perfect was their detail that even the authority of the Mayor, Jesse Hunt, backed by his police, was held at naught. The Bank of Maryland and other banks were assailed and fired; the dwellings of Messrs. Johnson and Glenn were torn to mere shells, their furniture and valuable libraries given to the flames, and their families compelled to flee to the country for safety. Nor did the fury of the mob exhaust itself on the banks and the mansions of the two obnoxious counsellors; many prominent citizens who had incurred the popular displeasure, were hunted down like wild beasts and compelled to flee for safety.

The Mayor abdicated, and left the city in the charge of Henry S. Sanderson, the Sheriff, who, finding his situation rather uncomfortable, left in favor of Judge Brice, who doubted whether he had a right to take control of affairs. Finally, Gen. Benjamin C. Howard was called upon to take command, thus establishing military rule. The Light Division was ordered out by the General, and patrols established in various parts of the city.

The call for military aid to preserve law and order was sluggishly answered. The companies were mere skeletons, for the *popularity* of the mob held them in awe. *Arming* the citizens with "rolling-pins" had been tried by Mayor Hunt, without effect upon the mobbites; so there was no alternative but the military force.

I happened to be Adjutant of the Rifle Regiment at the time, and, having received orders from Gen. Medtart, I donned my uniform and went abroad, with the intention of notifying the several captains of companies. I had not proceeded far on my mission when I was assailed by showers of bricks and stones, and compelled to made an inglorious retreat towards my home. Captain James M. Anderson* also appeared in full uniform, was assailed in a like manner, but attempted to resist the mob, and was severely handled.

The companies, with but few exceptions, refused to do duty. A council of officers was held at Barnum's Hotel, and the conclusion come to was, that it was the safest policy to organize the citizens by wards, as armed police; a squadron of cavalry, under Captain Joseph Willey, having already volunteered their services to scour the city and disperse all riotous gatherings. The Sixth Ward Guards fell under my command. Some 2000 were supplied with arms from the State Armory, and the headquarters were established in Monument Square.

In the meanwhile, the disaffected portion of the inhabitants gathered strength and confidence, for the city was given up to plunder; and there is always, in large communities, a class of roughs who are ready at any moment to join in an outbreak, particularly when there are spoils in view. This element of the population, of course, sided with the aggressive party, and swelled their ranks to a fearful magnitude. On a Saturday night, and during all the following Sabbath, the city was entirely at the mercy of the mobbites. The scene in front of the residence of Reverdy Johnson, in Monument Square, was truly thrilling. The splendid

*See Appendix.

marble portico was torn down and split into fragments; brick after brick was thrown from the building, and every movement systematically executed at a signal whistle from an individual who was distinguished by the title of "Red Jacket," and whose orders were obeyed with great promptness.

A fire was kindled in the Square, immediately at the base of the Battle Monument, and its flames were fed by the valuable library of the distinguished lawyer and orator. Pianos, carpets, bedding, &c., were heaped on, and the figure on the monument seemed to blush every time a new volume of flames rose up amid the darkness of the night. This disgraceful scene was witnessed by thousands of citizens; a large number of ladies and children swelling the crowd of spectators.

Not less shameful, and still more appalling, was the drama enacted at the house of John Glenn, on North Charles street. A barricade of furniture was made across the street by the mobbites, at the corner of Fayette street, in order to prevent the cavalry from interfering. The building was completely gutted, and brick after brick taken from the front. The mob broke open the wine-cellar of Mr. Glenn, and abstracted therefrom a large amount of choice old liquors, which they made off with, spending the night in carousing to such excess that they were placed *hors de combat* the next morning, and to this *frolic* may be attributed the suppression of the disgraceful outbreak.

While the destruction of Glenn's house was progressing amid the cheers and yells of the excited populace, the cavalry made a desperate charge down Charles street, upon the mass of men, women and children. A wild shriek rent the air as the horsemen plunged toward Fayette street, with their sabres flashing on either side. Captain Willey led them on; but they were brought to a dead halt by the barricade at the corner of Charles and Fayette street, and compelled to wheel and retrace their steps, amid the jeers and hoots of the multitude and a volley of missiles. The brave Willey did not turn back, but driving his rowels into his

horse's flanks, cleared the barrier at one bound, and escaped several pistol-shots fired at him from Baltimore street.

The ill-success of the cavalry in dispersing the mob caused the destruction of property to be expedited; and the good cheer of the wine-vaults made the affair a matter of jollification. The entire destruction of the dwelling was in contemplation, when a company of infantry, under the command of Captain Grafton D. Spurrier, silently marched up Lexington street from Monument Square. They were resolute and determined men, and their leader was a man who never had a particle of fear in him.* They wheeled round the corner by platoons, and then halted. For a moment all was silent, save the crackling of the burning furniture. With a loud voice, Spurrier ordered all good citizens to disperse and go to their homes. He informed them that he would use balled-cartridges, and fire if his order was not obeyed. A loud laugh followed this harangue, and the fatal order was given to the first platoon to fire; which they did, and then wheeling to the right and left, the second platoon advanced and delivered their fire. These volleys startled the mobbites, and their shouts and jeers were turned into wailing and lamentation, for a number of them had been killed and wounded, as the pavements the next morning were slippery with blood. The desired end was attained; for the crowd, seeing that Spurrier was in earnest, soon dispersed in every direction, and what remained of the property was put under guard for the remainder of the night.

During the whole of the Sunday following, drunken characters might have been seen staggering through the streets or sleeping on the cellar-doors. They were generally covered with mortar-dust, and displayed unmistakable signs of having been hard at work during the night previous. They were not arrested, for the military police were not yet strong enough; and the

* Captain Spurrier afterwards entered the Confederate service, and became conspicuous among the "rebels," ranking as Colonel. He is still living, and like all war-worn veterans, loves to talk over the events of his military life.

cry of "rally!" on their side would have brought strong parties to the rescue, and thus made matters worse. The churches were closed, and timid persons kept within doors.

In the meantime the ward military organizations were preparing for the night's duty. Strong patrols were ordered out and placed at different points, with established lines of communication with the main force stationed in Monument Square, under the command of General Sheppherd C. Leakin. A severe skirmish took place at the corner of Calvert and Baltimore streets, and another near the Franklin Bank, corner of North and Baltimore streets, which building for many years showed the bullet-marks. Several were killed and wounded in these engagements.

I had a strong guard at the corner of Fayette and North streets, opposite Backus's Presbyterian Church, (where the United States Court House now stands.) Horace Pratt (heretofore mentioned in these papers) was a corporal of this guard. About midnight a rapid firing was heard in that direction, and with a large force of men I hastened to ascertain the cause. I found Horace all alone, with six empty muskets placed against the wall or lying on the pavement.

"Where are the rest of the guard?" I asked.

"Why, Captain," replied he, scratching his noddle, "I hardly know. Some of them went round to Billy Rose's to see if they couldn't get a drink; some said they were sick, and Dutchy swore his wife would broom-stick him if he stayed out all night. I made them leave their muskets. In the meanwhile the mob came up South street; and, as they showed signs of an attack on headquarters, I thought I'd let 'em have a *volley;* so I emptied the six tubes. You'll find a fellow lying comfortably over by the Franklin Bank, and two others will find it extremely difficult to walk home."

Sure enough, the body of a man was found near the bank with a bullet-hole through his lungs. He was taken to Boyd's cellar, but died before a surgeon could be brought. Horace was relieved and allowed to retire for the night.

The patrol was kept on duty every night for a week. The spirit of mobocracy was rampant until a public meeting was called in the rotunda of the Exchange. Such was the fear of prominent men of being "spotted," that the call was but slightly responded to. The few that were there called the venerable General Smith to the chair. Resolutions were drawn up and submitted, but the chairman said he wanted no resolutions, except the resolution of men determined to uphold the laws. He called for the United States flag, which was brought to him. Seizing the staff, he uncovered his head, exposing his bald poll and his long silvery locks to the breeze, ordering those who loved their country and their city to follow him. Leaving the Exchange building, he walked up Gay to Baltimore street, followed by the cheering crowd and canopied by the stars and stripes. The ranks soon swelled, and an immense body of citizens paraded through the city. From that moment mob rule fell prostrate, and our beautiful city again assumed its quiet and cheerfulness.

It was never known how many were killed in the riot on the part of the rioters; or, if it was, it was kept from the public. Some estimated the casualties at 36, others as high as 50. After the disturbance was quelled, and the laws recovered their supremacy, several schooners and sloops, loaded with strangers, were seen to leave the Patapsco river stealthily. Hence it was conjectured that the active rioters were not entirely residents of the city.

The number of manuscript pages before me gives me warning; and I am compelled, reluctantly, to bring my exhibition of the "Shadows on the Wall" to a conclusion. I had prepared an account of the Convent riot in Aisquith street, the military expedition to Pool's Island, and the bombardment of the excursion steamboats by the indignant people of the ancient city of Annapolis; also many personal sketches. The work has extended beyond the contemplated limit, and I am obliged to abandon the idea of giving the public (every reader is,

more or less, a critic) a chance to comment on my poetic productions. I make no apology for the off-handed manner in which these papers have been scattered to the winds; they are the recollections of a man in the winter of life, and submitted to his old and new friends for the purpose of giving them a chance of ruminating over then and now, the past and the present. We are all travelling the same road, from the cradle to the grave, and "passing away" is marked upon the brow of every man, woman or child now living. During the progress of this work (portions of which appeared some years since in the *Sunday Telegram* and *Baltimorean*), I have studiously avoided writing anything that would give offence to the living, or darken the memory of the dead. There are people, however, who will carp at the utterance of truth.

APPENDIX.

Edgar Allan Poe.

At the recent unveiling of the memorial stone placed over the remains of Mr. Poe, by the teachers and pupils of the public schools of Baltimore, John H. B. Latrobe, Esq., in an address to the large audience assembled in the Western Female High School, made allusion to myself and my connection with the premium affair of the *Visitor* which brought the neglected poet before the world. The proprietors of the journal alluded to offered two premiums; one of $100 for the best story, another of $50 for the best poem. I was editor of the paper at the time. The committee on the awards were Mr. Latrobe (the only survivor), Hon. John P. Kennedy, the well-remembered author of "Swallow Barn" and "Horse-shoe Robinson," and statesman, and Dr. James H. Miller. These gentlemen decided that Poe's weird tale entitled "A Manuscript Found in a Bottle" should receive the first premium. There were two poems selected from the four-score offered, as worthy of the second award. They were "The Coliseum" by Poe, and "The Song of the Wind," by myself. The judges were brought to a stand, but, after some debate, agreed that the latter should receive the second prize, as the author of the former had already received the first. This decision did not please Poe, hence the "little unpleasantness" between us. Poe received his money with many thanks; I preferred a silver goblet, which is now in my family.

I make this note to gratify the curiosity, I may call it inquisitiveness, of many persons of the present day, who are constantly delving for some new fact relating

to the departed poet. I have, over and over, been asked what kind of a man he was; whether he was a drunkard or opium-eater; if he was a *roue;* if his temperament was sanguine, lymphatic, bilious, or morbid. In answer to all these questions, I say: I know but little of the history or character of Edgar A. Poe; for, though I mingled a good deal with the literary, musical, and military characters of former times, yet I never could become in the least familiar with the subject of this paper. He took a dislike for me, from the fact of my having penned a severe criticism on his poems contained in a small book published in 1829 by Hatch & Dunning, booksellers, Baltimore. Poe was then comparatively unknown to the reading community, and his poetry did not suit my ideas of the rhythmic or comprehensive. I admired the richness and smoothness of Thomas Moore and the grandeur of Byron; the former, in my early days, I endeavored to copy, wedding music to my verses; the latter was my idol. Poe was not like either. What kind of a man was he? I answer, handsome. A broad forehead, a large, magnificent eye, dark brown and rather curly hair, well formed, about five feet seven in height. He dressed neatly in his palmy days—wore Byron collars and a black neckerchief, looking the poet all over. The expression of his face was thoughtful, melancholy, and rather stern. In disposition he was somewhat overbearing and spiteful. He often vented his spleen on poor Dr. Lofflin, who styled himself the "Milford Bard," and who outstripped Poe in the *quantity* of his poetry, if not the *quality.*

Did he drink spirituous liquors or eat opium? I saw him drunk once, or perhaps under the influence of a narcotic. There are many stories about his being found drunk in the gutter. They are all hearsay; I cannot endorse them. Was he a libertine? While residing in Richmond, I heard many romantic tales of his amours. I cannot vouch for the truth or falsity of these traditions, for the whole is mere gossip. Let the dead rest; it is better that the faults of Edgar A. Poe should be buried with the bones now kept in the bosom of their mother

earth by the chaste memorial stone placed over them, to brighten his glory, not to perpetuate his shame.

What was his temperament? Undoubtedly sanguine, yet morbid. Remorse brought the "Raven" to the bust of Pallas, and created the weird forms that continually flitted through his fancy. I always thought Poe a misanthrope, cherishing none of the kindlier feelings of our nature. His criticisms were bitter in the extreme. So freely did he dispense his gall that it was hard to induce publishers of periodicals to publish his essays.

I owe my readers an apology for detaining them so long on a subject which has almost become hackneyed. History is at fault as to the life of Poe. He has rested in his unhonored grave more than twenty-six years, and has just been immortalized by a chiselled stone. While living, no one did him honor; no one even cared to relieve his wants; and now he is "living, though dead."

Much curiosity having been expressed to see the poems that contested for the prize, I have been induced to drag them from the charnel-house of the past. The first may be found in every edition of Poe's poems; the second in the *only* edition of my poetic works, published by N. Hickman, of this city, about thirty-five years ago.

THE COLISEUM.

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Type of antique Rome! Rich reliquary
Of lofty contemplation left to Time
By buried centuries of pomp and power!
At length—at length—after so many days
Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst,
(Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee lie,)
I kneel, an altered and an humbled man,
Amid the shadows, and the dank within
My very soul, thy grandeur, gloom and glory!

Vastness! and Age! the memories of Eld!
Silence! and Desolation! and dim Night!
I feel ye now—I feel ye in your strength—
O, spells more sure than e'er Judaean King
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane!

O, charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!
Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat.
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle.
Here, where on golden throne the monarch lolled,
Glides, spectre-like, unto his marble home,
Lit by the wan light of the horned moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones.

But stay! these walls—these ivy-clad arcades—
These mouldering plinths—these sad and blackened shafts—
These vague entablatures—this crumbling frieze—
These shattered cornices—this wreck—this ruin—
These stones—alas! these grey stones—are they all—
All of the famed and the colossal left
By the corrosive Hours of Fate and me?
"Not all," the Echoes answer me,—"not all.
Prophetic sounds and loud, arise forever
From us and from all ruin, unto the wise,
As melody from Memnon to the sun.
We rule the hearts of mightiest men—we rule
With a despotic sway all giant minds.
We are not impotent—we pallid stones;
Not all our power is gone—not all our fame—
Not all the magic of our high renown—
Not all the wonder that encircles us—
Not all the mysteries that in us lie—
Not all the memories that hang upon
And cling around about us as a garment,
Clothing us in a robe of more than glory."

THE SONG OF THE WIND.

By John H. Hewitt.

Whence come ye with your odor-laden wings,
Oh, unseen wanderer of the summer night?
Why, sportive, kiss my lyre's trembling strings,
Fashioning wild music, which the light
Of listening orbs doth seem in joy to drink?
Ye wanton 'round my form and fan my brow,
While I hold converse with the stars that wink
And laugh upon the mirror stream below.

"Oh, I have come fresh from the soft, sunny climes,
With the richest incense of a thousand sweet flowers

I have frolicked in many a forest of limes,
And stolen the dewdrops from jessamine bowers.
I have kissed the white crest of the moon-silvered wave,
And bosom'd the sail of the light-skimming barque;
I have sung my mad dirge o'er the sailor boy's grave,
And fann'd up the blaze of the meteor spark.
I have warbled my song by the sea's pebbly shore,
And wandered around young Andromeda's form;
I have played with the surf when its frolic was o'er,
And bellowed aloud with the shout of the storm.
I have wildly career'd through the shivering shrouds,
And rent the broad sail of the corsair in twain;
I have screamed at the burst of the thunder-charged clouds,
And laughed at the rage of the petulant main.
But erst, and I left on an ocean-girt rock
That towered alone o'er the battering wave,
The wreck of a ship, which the tempest's wild shock
Had borne, with her wealth, to a watery grave.
And lonely and sad o'er her quivering form,
The last of her bold crew, an aged man, stood;
He heard not the voice of the loud-piping storm,
While he sorrowed alone in his wild solitude.
I lifted the locks from his time-stricken brow,
And I kissed the hot tears from his deep furrow'd cheek;
When he cried out:—"My comrades, O, where are they now?"
I breathed in his ear:—"To the billow and seek!"
He spoke of his home, of his own cherished ones,
But the muttering thunder alone made reply;
The lightning played 'round, like a myriad of suns,
And the waves vaulted up to the dark, leaden sky.
O, that sorrowing man! how he smote his broad chest!
How he wept for the world he was going to leave!
He shrunk from the grave where his bold comrades rest,
And wept for life's joys only made to deceive.
Then o'er his wan features a holy light spread,
As he turned toward heaven a sad, pleading eye;
He muttered a prayer for the peace of the dead,
While I whispered him softly:—"*The soul cannot die.*"
A smile threw its light 'round his feverish lips,
As on the hoar rock he laid down his head;
The icy hand fell, 'twas a moment's eclipse,
A struggle, a sigh, and his life-spirit fled!
Where the citron-tree bends with its golden-hued fruit,
And the coffee-plant shakes to my fiery breath,
I have waken'd the song of the Spanish girl's lute,
While I placed on her lip the cold signet of death.
For the death-plague had perched on my shadowless wings,
And the form that I touch'd became lifeless and cold;
To the dirge I awakened the lute's sleeping strings,
And it sung of the maiden whose days were all told.

I hurried me on, and the things of the earth
Fell stricken with death as I wandered along;
I blasted the joys of the board and the hearth,
And I levelled to dust both the feeble and strong.
But, shrink not; I've gathered the sweets of the flowers,
And, laden with perfume, I come to thee now,
To kiss the dew-lips of the rosy-wing'd hours,
And play with the dark locks that shadow thy brow."

Brigadier-general James M. Anderson.

James M. Anderson was born about the year 1812, at the corner of Gay and Chestnut streets, of Irish parents, who migrated to this country during the close of the last century. At a very early age he exhibited great talent for drawing and sketching, and aimed to acquire a knowledge of engraving; to accomplish this desire he placed himself under the late Mr. Sands, and has ever since followed the art. In his younger days he became a member of the Independent Fire Company. For convenience, he afterwards joined the Mechanical Fire Company. Together with Mendez J. Cohen, he for many years represented the Mechanical and Patapsco's stockholding interests in the widely known Firemen's Insurance Company. Being remarkably fond of the military, he attached himself to the Marion Rifle Corps, and became its orderly sergeant, in which capacity he displayed considerable military skill and address, being of handsome and commanding person and "every inch" a soldier. In 1834 he, with others, organized the Independent Greys, and was chosen the first captain of that brilliant company.

When Gen. Howard called out the military to suppress the Bank riot, Capt. Anderson was one of the first to arm himself. Subsequently he became commander of an infantry company raised at Fell's Point, called the Invincibles. Their uniform dress was of a brilliant red, and they were remarkable for their promptness of movement. Subsequently he took command of the new 53d regiment Maryland Volunteers, and finally rose to the rank of Brigadier-general of the First Light Brigade,

Baltimore Volunteers. He is a "hickory democrat" in politics; and never held an office of profit until he was appointed, by Mayor Joshua Vansant, Collector of taxes, the duties of which he discharged with singular fidelity. He is also a prominent Mason. In person Gen. Anderson is of a commanding figure; fresh looking for a man of his years, and, the ladies say, handsome. In manner he is dignified, yet affable. He is so well known to the citizens of Baltimore, and enjoys their confidence and respect to such a degree, that further panegyric on my part would be useless.

The Boys of Old Town.

While I resided on High and North Gay streets, with my own children growing up around me, I could not fail to take interest in those of my neighbors; and I have followed the careers of some of the boys of that period with great interest, and a friendly regard I have reason to think is reciprocated.

My opposite neighbor was the Mayor of the city, Samuel Brady, Esq., a native of Delaware, who came to Baltimore when a youth, and entered as a clerk in Mr. Wallace's store on High street below Gay. He subsequently married Miss Stansbury, a sister of Mr. Wallace, and a cousin of Hon. Elijah Stansbury, afterwards Mayor, who had a large and influential family connection in Baltimore County, where the Stansburys have been distinguished for their patriotism and public spirit from ante-revolutionary days. Mayor Brady was a hospitable gentleman, domestic and unostentatious, and friendly with the associates of his children, of whom he had quite a houseful.

A few doors nearer Gay street, on the same side of High street as my own dwelling, resided the family of the great actor, Junius Brutus Booth; the now famous Edwin being then a handsome lad of about fourteen years of age, and John Wilkes still younger.

Representing the Fifth and Sixth Wards in the Second Branch of the City Council, was Joseph J.

Stewart, Esq., of North Gay street, whose boys, with others from the surrounding neighborhood, found our locality attractive. Mr. Stewart was a native of Delaware, of ante-revolutionary stock, originally sprung from the Stewarts of Tyrone. His father was a volunteer under Lafayette at the battle of Brandywine, and he was in service in New York for a short period in the war of 1812. He still lives, in the 83d year of his age, with a vivid recollection of events that transpired in the beginning of the century, and finds amusement in a ten-mile walk.

Although at ages varying from twelve up to sixteen years only, our boys fell in with the spirit of the time, and got up a debating society, of which Benjamin F. Brady was president, and Joseph J. Stewart, Jr., secretary. They met in Miss Susan Hyde's schoolroom, on High near Gay street. Into the folds of this little society they gathered their intellectually disposed playmates, and counted amongst them Geo. W. Childs, who lived below the bridge on Gay street; Martin F. Conway, then a poor boy in an apothecary store near the Belair market; Andrew J. George, J. Tisdale Talbot, and other lads whose names I cannot now recall.

It is interesting to note how a disposition towards self-culture, so early manifested in a small coterie of boys, subsequently developed in their respective careers. Young Brady, notwithstanding his father's great prosperity, which gave him assurance of success and position at home, was early seized with the California fever, went to the El Dorado in search of fortune, and I believe found it, as he has married and settled in that distant State.

Joseph J. Stewart, Jr., had an early and chronic attack of the *cacoethes scribendi*, and wrote for the press while he was yet quite a boy. He edited a Sunday paper published in Baltimore, named *The Sunday Dispatch*, which was issued from the old *Republican* office on the corner of Gay and Baltimore streets; but for want of capital, or because it was an experiment in a new direction, died in about two years after its birth,

and the city remained without a Sunday paper until *The Sunday Telegram* was started during the civil war.

Just after attaining his majority, Mr. Stewart was elected chief clerk of the House of Delegates, and he was subsequently clerk of the Chancery Court, Collector and Assessor of Internal Revenue by appointment of President Lincoln, Union candidate for Congress in 1866, and nominated Minister to Constantinople by President Johnson in January, 1869. He was chief editorial contributor to the *Baltimore American* in 1864-6, and to the *Washington Chronicle* in 1867-8, covering the period of Col. John W. Forney's absence in Europe, the impeachment trial of President Johnson, and the first election of General Grant to the Presidency.

George W. Childs, whose reputation is world-wide, still seems but a young man to me, who remember him as a ruddy-cheeked boy of twelve summers. He is, in fact, only in his forty-seventh year; and when I look back upon his humble beginning, and subsequent remarkable success, I confess that it dazzles the imagination like a story from the Arabian Nights, whose gorgeous entertainments of kings and princes his own surpasses in splendor. He and Stewart were inseparable friends in boyhood, and, with a rare fidelity, they still keep the lamp of their early affection trimmed and burning. It is a trait of Mr. Childs' character never to forget his early friends. He could hardly have been over fourteen years of age when he left Baltimore for Philadelphia, where he entered the book-store of Peter Thompson, on the corner of Sixth and Arch streets, to learn the business. As proprietor of the *Public Ledger*, the history of his career has become so well and widely known that its repetition here would be a work of supererogation. He is, however, more than the publisher of a newspaper; he is a Philadelphia institution, who has carried the spirit of Baltimore enterprise, and the warmth of Baltimore sympathy, and the munificence of Baltimore benevolence, to the City of Brotherly Love. He has introduced to Philadelphia's acquaintance the most distinguished men of letters and position in the

world; entertained at his residence the monarchs of mind, Emperors of nations, Presidents of Republics, and leaders of the human race in war and peace. He has disbursed, with a liberality not only unprecedented but unparalleled, the profits of his successful business, in furtherance of all good objects and in alleviation of private suffering. The step from the little schoolroom over a carpenter's shop in High street, to his present eminence, seems a long one, indeed; but he has made it.

Not less distinguished, but in a different way, stands out the name of Edwin Booth, before his countrymen and the world. I think he must be about a year younger than Childs, if there be any difference. He was a comely lad, as I remember him, dressed in a Spanish cloak (amongst the first to display that style when it came in), giving promise of the man he has turned out to be. Inheriting his father's genius for the mimic stage, he has achieved the first rank upon it, and it has been his good fortune to have lived in an era of larger prices and more numerous audiences. He is so far different from his father in style and execution, that his greatest successes have been achieved in different roles; and while he stands unsurpassed in Hamlet, he will not find fault with an old friend of Junius Brutus Booth for standing by him as the greatest Richard III., Sir Giles Overreach, and Iago, that ever trod the American boards. But it is of Edwin Booth as one of our Old Town boys that I am now speaking; and I cannot permit myself to ramble off into reminiscences of his father which might lead me in the digression of a full chapter. He is still young enough to have a long career of success and usefulness before him. His fame is already the property of his country, and cannot be taken from him.

Martin F. Conway was the son of an Irish army surgeon who died in Florida, leaving a widow with several children, who came to Baltimore, she being a Marylander. He was placed, at a very early age, in an apothecary store, and afterwards learned the trade of a printer in the *American* and *Republican* newspaper-offices.

His mind was thoughtful, active, and original; and with a talent for oratory, he sought associations which enabled him to develop it. He began with the little boys, and afterwards, with several of them, joined the older societies, known as "The Jefferson," which met at Marion Hall; the Murray Institute, which met in the basement of the Universalist Church, on the corner of Pleasant and Calvert streets; the Minerva, which met at what is now called "Douglass Institute," on Lexington street, which embraced in its membership Rev. Henry Bascom Ridgeway, Rev. Henry S. Westwood, Dr. John S. Powell, and other Old Town boys who have since grown eminent in their professions.

Young Conway became an able writer on the *Republican and Argus*, studied law, and emigrated to Kansas during the stormy period of border ruffianism and Sharp's rifle missionary work. He took the Free State side of the controversy, and became the first representative of Kansas in Congress, where he served with distinction for two terms. He made a remarkable speech early in the war in favor of letting the South peacefully secede, which attracted attention not only all over this country, but was translated and reprinted in the leading papers of France and Germany. It was a speech indicating severe thought, and confessedly able, but it lost him the sympathy of the Union men in Kansas, and they left him out in the next election. He was afterwards appointed Consul to Marseilles, in France, by President Johnson, whence he returned with a mind somewhat impaired; and he may now be occasionally seen rambling about in Washington, a wreck of his former self, with his foxy hair floating about over his shoulders, a striking and melancholy spectacle.

Andrew J. George still lives in Baltimore, a popular and successful man of business, whose public spirit has induced him to take a proper part in political affairs. He exercised the office of Clerk of the City Court for six years, and has held other public positions.

J. Tisdale Talbot was a Yankee boy from Massachusetts, broad-shouldered and with a good grip. He

went back to his birth-place, and has now become an eminent physician in Boston. The only specimen of his literary work I have ever seen is an exceedingly graphic account of an ascent of Mont Blanc he made in 1855, attached to Dr. C. A. Bartol's "Pictures of Europe," and a very creditable specimen it was. I suppose, however, Talbot was more of a Massachusetts boy than an Old Town boy, although he lived during the period of character-development amongst the lads I speak of.

Older than these boys by a few years, which makes a great difference when they are in their teens, but still holding relations of friendly intercourse with them, were William A. Stewart, the eldest son of Joseph J., who began his public career as chief clerk of the Second Branch of the City Council when his father was a member of it, and since the war has been Speaker of the House of Delegates; and William H. B. Fusselbaugh, whose father was an influential citizen of Old Town, and, with John B. Seidenstricker, a great friend of Mayor Brady. Mr. F. is now Police Commissioner.

The Debating Societies.

Quite a feature of the Baltimore of the past was its literary societies; and so many of our public men received their training in public speaking in them, that they deserve a history of themselves. The oldest one in the city, which has continued almost down to the present time, is the old Jefferson Debating Society. Of this society Messrs. James Bryson and Marcus Wolf, the latter but recently deceased, have said they were members in 1811. During the period extending from 1836 to 1856, it comprised within its membership such well-known names as those of James Bryson, Marcus Wolf, Samuel Brady, John B. Seidenstricker, Francis Gallagher, John Kettlewell, William Fell Giles, Robert M. McLane, Samuel B. Williams, John H. Barnes, Lewis H. Muller, John C. Legrand, William P. Preston, William A. Stewart, Joseph J. Stewart, Jr., Martin F. Conway, Dennis F. Sweeny, Major Sweany, and a host

of others whose names I cannot now recall. It was a free-and-easy debating club, and had existed so long in my time that its constitution and by-laws were forgotten, if it ever had any, and it was consequently long lived and well administered. Its members were generally grave men, interested in public questions, and discussed them with as much gravity, and often with profounder wisdom than the Senate of the United States. Hardly any man rose to eminence for half a century in Baltimore who had not been a member of the Jefferson, which always met in Old Town, and mostly near the Independent Engine House.

The Murray Institute was an admirable literary association, which met in the basement of the Universalist Church on the N. E. cor. of Calvert and St. Paul streets, and flourished for perhaps a quarter of a century. Its president during the most of this period was John C. Holland, Esq., who has held several representative positions, and is now President of the Baltimore and Catonsville R. R. Company. Its active members before the late civil war were Judge S. Morris Cochrane, now deceased; Henry Stockbridge, Esq., Perley R. Lovejoy, Dr. Jno. E. Snodgrass, formerly proprietor of *The Saturday Visitor*, Martin F. Conway, Joseph J. Stewart, Marcus Wolf, Levi Taylor, an amateur actor and declaimer of ability, S. Sands Mills, our present exemplary and jovial Sheriff, Rev. James Shrigley, and others. This institute met on Wednesday evenings; the public were invited to its entertainments, which consisted of recitations, improvisations and debates, and for many years there was no place of entertainment more regularly crowded with an attentive and intelligent audience than the Murray Institute. It ought to be revived.

Augustus Mathiot.

One of my highly esteemed neighbors was the late Augustus Mathiot, a man who commenced life at the foot of the ladder, and by his probity, energy and suavity of manner, rose to the top. He was one of the

original founders of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in America; and, during a faithful membership of over fifty years, passed through the various chairs, and at his death (which occurred on the 12th July, 1872) he bore the honors of P. G. M., P. G. P., and P. G. R. of the jurisdiction of Maryland; P. G. C. and R. Sec., and P. G. Treas. of the G. L. U. S.

The originators of the Order on these shores were the hilarious and convivial sons of England, and they met, as is pretty well known, at Wildey's cellar, corner of Front and Gay streets. Thomas Wildey was the prime spirit of the Order, and visited England to obtain a charter. Mr. Mathiot, finding the Order, whose foundation rested on "Faith, Hope and Charity," was losing caste by indulging in bacchanalian orgies, set to work to purify it, and at length succeeded in abolishing the bar-rooms attached to the lodges. The fine hall on North Gay street was built, and the society has thrived beyond precedent. Wildey, Welch and Mathiot were called the "three links" of Odd Fellowship. The subject of this sketch was remarkably fond of books. He worked hard to establish the Odd Fellows' Library, and finally succeeded; passing most of his latter days amid the musty tomes there collected, and diving deep into occult lore. He mastered several languages, investigated cause and effect in the various phenomena of nature, studied the sciences, and was remarkably fond of argument, in which he generally came off victorious. In disposition he was mild and gentle, genial without conviviality, and always had an open purse to the cause of charity. Being a self-educated man, he made it a boast that he was under no obligations to the schoolmaster.

Morse's Telegraph.

I was lucky enough to be at one end of the line when Professor Morse sent his first message through his telegraphic wire. After several years of perseverance, he at length got an appropriation from Congress of the sum

of $30,000, to try his "visionary" theory; and, as there are many conflicting stories as to who had the honor of sending the first dispatch, I feel desirous of alluding to the affair.

I was in Washington, and witnessed the achievement which so astonished the world—an achievement which, at the present day, places us within twenty-four hours' communication with our antipodes. There were many persons present on the Capitol grounds; not a small number came to laugh at the experiment. The message was started from the Supreme Court chamber, I think in the early part of March, 1843. It was during the administration of John Tyler. It was said at the time that Mrs. Madison, the accomplished widow of President Madison, wrote the first message, at the request of the Hon. John Wethered, our Representative in Congress. The message sent was composed of these words:

"*Message from Mrs. Madison. She sends her love to Mrs. Wethered.*"

In the space of fifteen minutes an answer was returned, acknowledging its reception.

In the "Life and Times of Hon. Elijah Stansbury," the following paragraph appears:

"It was in May, 1844, that the first message was communicated through Morse's telegraph, from Washington to Baltimore, by Miss Annie Ellsworth, daughter of the Commissioner of Patents; the words being:—'*What hath God wrought!*'"

The reader may take either of these traditions. I am pretty confident that I did not hear the name of Miss Ellsworth connected with the affair.

There were great rejoicings when the success of the experiment was announced.

William H. H. Hayward.

The recent death of this excellent gentleman, who for many years was one of my most intimate friends and associates, reminds me that one more link is broken in the chain that unites the present with the past.

During my long intercourse with him I ever found him one of nature's noblemen, a gentleman in every sense of the word—possessing the finest feelings of our nature; generous, affable, and genial. He commenced his career in Baltimore at the age of fifteen. He was a native of Lexington, Mass., and obtained his first employment here as clerk in the dry-goods and clothing establishment of Ing & Tucker, Centre Market Space, where he was noted for his urbanity and integrity. In 1854 he was appointed a magistrate, an office which he held with credit to himself for twenty-two consecutive years. He was also an excellent soldier, and for many years was a non-commissioned officer of the old "Marion Rifle Corps." At the period of the John Brown raid he received the commission of Colonel of the First Maryland Militia, and at the conclusion of the late war was appointed Brigadier-general. As a magistrate he was kind, yet firm; as a military man, neat and prompt; as a poet, enthusiastic, though many of his lyric efforts were crude and needed polish. He was always found in the foremost rank on patriotic and charitable occasions; and, although the stern duties of a magistrate required severity, yet his heart always inclined to mercy. His best poetical productions were "The Flag of the Union Forever," "The Old Town Clock," "The Unknown Soldiers," and "Bury Me in the Sunshine."

Thomas Kelso.

Among the living reliques of past times, I may here bring in the name of our worthy and truly philanthropic fellow-citizen, Mr. Thomas Kelso. An Irishman by birth, he came to our city at an early age, and by close attention to business and honest dealing (a virtue which has become a *rara avis*) he accumulated a handsome property. He is now in his ninety-second year, and can calmly look back through the long vista of a life well spent, and forward to a happy futurity. He is well known as a sincere Christian and a benevolent gentleman. Possessing ample means, he has made

liberal donations to charitable purposes, and given largely to the cause of the Christian church. Age has not chilled the heart so warm in youth; it has even intensified his ardor to do good to his fellow-creatures. On East Baltimore Street stands a living monument to his generosity—the "Kelso Methodist Episcopal Orphan Asylum," a spacious building which he purchased and endowed with one hundred thousand dollars. The institution is now in a flourishing condition; and Mr. Kelso has the proud satisfaction of knowing that his benevolent object is fully carried out.

Rev. Henry Slicer.

Among the many eminent laborers in the broad acres of the Lord, whom I used to delight in listening o, in the foremost rank of my estimation stood the Christian and scholar whose name heads this sketch.

It was said of Henry Slicer in his life-time:—"That man has as much of the manhood of man as any other man in Maryland." He was born in Annapolis in the year 1801, and came to Baltimore in early life, serving as an apprentice to the printing business under Jacob Daly. Before he became of age, he was installed a preacher of the Gospel in the Methodist Episcopal Church; and Mr. Daly generously released him from his indentures, in order that he might engage in the ministry, where, by indomitable energy, persistency of zeal, warm-hearted Christian enthusiasm, he soon made his mark as a successful preacher of the Gospel of Christ. I first heard him at a temperance meeting in 1839, at the Wesley Chapel in Baltimore. He was then in the full vigor and freshness of his manhood. He was a champion of the temperance cause for many years. He was also a popular lecturer and preacher, presiding elder and delegate to the General Conference. At one time he was chaplain to Congress, and a leading member of the old Baltimore Conference, taking the position of leader in debate on the floor of the Conference. In person he might be called a model of manhood; while

his kindness, gentleness of manners and affability to all — the children of the poor particularly — were only equalled by his greatness of soul. In 1842, a member of the Conference remarked:—"At one of our meetings of the Conference, an appeal case came up, at which Slicer and the lamented Cookman were the champions on either side. Slicer triumphed, and has been the leading man ever since."

In 1845, Mr. Slicer was in charge of the North Baltimore Station. There were then three preachers. A poor man lost his only child, and in his affliction desired Mr. Slicer to attend the funeral. He called on him, and expressed his wish. The reply of the noble soldier of the Cross was:

"Yes, brother; it is not in my district, but I will come." And he went; foregoing his privilege.

An endless amount of anecdotes might be related of this truly good man; but, as I understand the Rev. John N. Dashiel is preparing a biography of him, I will bring my sketch to a close.

Mr. Slicer died in 1871, and was buried from the Mount Vernon Church, Bishop Ames officiating.

George Appold.

Among the men of the past generation, who, by industry, energy and *honesty*, accumulated fortunes, and aided in building up the business of our city, was George Appold. He commenced the useful business of tanning hides, manufacturing leather, about the year 1812, with a small capital, and at only nineteen years of age. He leased a lot on the Howard estate for his purpose; afterwards purchasing the property, where his sons carry on the business at the present time. This place, on North Street, is known as Howard Tannery. George Appold was a useful citizen, an enterprising and successful business man, a good husband and father, and an exemplary Christian. He was, for many years, a member of the M. E. Church; a man of integrity, honest, hospitable and generous, as well as

prudent, economical and shrewd in business. He died in January, 1853, at about 62 years of age, leaving ten children, three sons and seven daughters. The sons have largely extended the business, and are now ranked among the "solid men" of Baltimore; having invested largely in the northeastern section of the city, and built many houses in the vicinity of "Appold Chapel," which was founded in part by their liberality.

John T. Ford.

Among the younger portion of my acquaintances some thirty years ago, was the gentleman whose name heads this sketch. He was then in his prime, and no one would believe him to be an old man at the present time, for he is hale and hearty, showing that time has dealt kindly with him. Mr. Ford was born in Baltimore in the year 1829, and is now in his forty-seventh year. After passing through our public schools he went to Richmond, and obtained employment with the late William Greaner, a well-known tobacco manufacturer, and also a Baltimorean. Not liking the weed that so many men laud for its narcotic *virtues*, Mr. Ford *eschewed* it by not using it in any shape, and abandoning its manufacture. He then, unfortunately, took up the book and periodical business, thinking that by turning over a *new leaf* he might better his fortune. In about a year he abandoned *book keeping* as a bad investment.

He was about twenty-two years of age when he became business manager for George Kunkel's *Nightingale Minstrels*, a truly excellent band of singers and humorists. He travelled with them through the South and West; and the tour proved to be highly profitable, under his expert management and genial deportment. He is a good writer, and furnished the press with excellent articles on the incidents of his travel. Becoming tired of a roving life and the frequently long separations from his then young and interesting family, he planned a new business programme. He associated himself with George Kunkel and Thomas Moxley, the latter a favorite personator of colored belles, and

leased the Richmond Theatre; also the Holliday Street Theatre of Baltimore. Kunkel and Moxley managed the former, while Mr. Ford remained in Baltimore and assumed entire control of the Holliday. The Richmond concern was abandoned on the breaking out of the war, but new life was given to old Holliday by the tact and energy of Mr. Ford. The building was polished up, first-class actors were engaged, and it became one of the most popular and fashionable places of amusement in the city. He subsequently leased the Front Street Theatre, and erected in Washington a fine building known as "Ford's Theatre." Subsequently, the assassination of President Lincoln in this theatre by John Wilkes Booth extinguished it altogether, by order of Edwin M. Stanton, then Secretary of War. Mr. Ford, however, obtained $100,000 from the Government for the building. In 1871 he built and opened the fine structure on W. Fayette St., known as Ford's Grand Opera House. In addition to the Holliday Street Theatre, Mr. Ford was at one time lessee and manager of the National Theatre, Washington, the new Richmond Theatre, and the Grand Opera House. In 1858 he was elected to the First Branch of the City Council from the fourteenth ward, of which body he was chosen president. At one time he acted as mayor of the city, a position which he held for several months. In 1867 he was prominently before the Democratic Convention for the mayoralty nomination, but was defeated by the Hon. Robert T. Banks, by a small majority. In 1870 he was elected to the Second Branch of the Council from the nineteenth and twentieth wards. In the Council he was acknowledged to be one of its most useful and active members. He has also been City Director, for one term, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; a commissioner of the McDonough Fund on the part of the city of Baltimore; President of the Union Railroad, and has frequently served in important enterprises of public charity. In fact, Mr. Ford is not only a self-made, but a popular man, kind, affable and genial. Of his speculations I know but little; he has made bold ventures, and, it is said, has realized a handsome harvest.

DE SOTO

OR

THE CONQUEST OF FLORIDA

A Historical Poem in Three Cantos.

BY

JOHN H. HEWITT.

INTRODUCTION.

The following poem is founded on the story of Cofachiqui, a Princess of Florida, or, more properly, that wide region traversed by Hernandez de Soto during his expedition. This district comprised, not only the country now known as Florida, but also a portion of Georgia, Alabama, and Louisiana. De Soto, in his wanderings toward all points of the compass, came one day to a broad and rapid river, beyond which, his Indian guides informed him, lay the territory of Cofachiqui. The Spaniards were suffering from famine and the fatigues of a long march. The country through which they had passed was hostile, and they found it necessary to cross the stream. Marching up and down its banks, they at length came in sight of an Indian town, where, they were told, resided the rich and beautiful Princess of the country. Some of the inhabitants appeared on the opposite shore, and the Spaniards called out to them, saying that some friendly strangers wished to pay their respects to their sovereign and treat for an alliance. The natives, after gazing in astonishment at the horses of the Spaniards, ran away to the town, and shortly afterwards six magistrates came down to the shore with their attendants, embarked in a canoe, and crossed the river. The interview resulted in these ambassadors accepting the Spanish general's offer of peace, and promising that their beloved Queen should receive them with every token of friendship. With this pledge they bade De Soto adieu.

History gives an interesting account of the interview between De Soto and Cofachiqui. The air of the Spaniard was courtly, and, in return for a string of costly pearls which the young and lovely Princess handed him, he drew a valuable diamond ring from his finger and gave it to her. After these ceremonies, the Spaniards were quartered in the town, made perfectly at home, and passed the time in the pleasantest manner,

all their wants being supplied. The Indians built them lofty arbors of green boughs, and feasted and amused them by all the means they could devise.

Cofachiqui had in her suite a young chief who loved her passionately, but who kept his love secret, preferring to attend to her most trifling wishes, rather than risk her displeasure by a confession. He was about twenty years of age, and was highly esteemed by the Spaniards, whom he had, in obedience to his Queen's wish, treated with the greatest courtesy. The historian speaks in glowing terms of the elegance of his person and splendor of his costume. This youth died by his own hands, rather than betray his Queen.

That Cofachiqui loved De Soto, there can be but little doubt. She recklessly gave him the keys to the treasures of the land, showed him where he might find pearls "by the bushels," and the yellow and white ore for which his greedy soul thirsted. Even the resting-places of the dead were ransacked for treasure. This generosity was repaid with the blackest ingratitude. The Spaniards abused the people, quarrels arose between them, and De Soto had the baseness to seize the person of his generous hostess and carry her off. He compelled her to travel on foot, with the women of her train, for three hundred miles, during which march the Spaniards were everywhere struck with the demonstrations of reverence and love displayed toward her by her people. At her command, the Indians in every town through which they passed came out of their houses to carry the baggage of the Spaniards and procure them food. After being dragged a prisoner in the Spanish camp for two or three weeks, she found an opportunity to escape. She was never heard of afterwards.

The historian of Florida, Garcilaso de la Vega, terminates his account of this Princess by declaring that she possessed a truly noble heart, and was worthy of an empire. Shame for his countrymen has induced him to suppress all mention of the brutal indignity to which she was subjected by De Soto, and for which, as a Castilian knight, he deserved to be deprived of his spurs.

DE SOTO.

CANTO I.

How beautiful is night! each star
Laughs in its azure sphere afar;
The silent moon all pensive looks
On heaving seas and murmuring brooks;
While, solitary and alone,
The whip-poor-will, with plaintive tone,
Sings to the gem-crowned night his lay,
And woos the glow-worm's humbler ray.
Hail, queen of night! whose silver beam
Kisses the riplets of the stream!
Heaven's jewelled front, in starry blaze,
Is spread before the wandering gaze;
And, on the river's sparkling breast
The placid star-beams seem to rest.
  The round moon rose; her silver ray
Glanced, smiling, on the waves, that gay
With boundless freedom danced along
The shore, while their eternal song
Crept stealthily to ears that listened,
While love-lit eyes looked on and glistened.
It beckoned love, that fairy scene!
The song of waters, as between
The reeds they crept, and kissed, and then
Rolled back, delighted, to the main.

There sat an Indian maid beneath
  A lofty palm; her jetty eye
Watching the laughing waves, whose wreath
  Of liquid diamonds rising high
  Formed a pale Iris on the sky.
Pensive and lone, her deep-drawn sighs
  Mingled with zephyrs as they passed;

While her dark eye read mysteries
  Hid in the deep. She slowly cast
Leaves of a mystic flower upon
The wavelets as they wandered on.
How beautiful she looked! how wild
Her glance, as on the deep she smiled!
The amorous wind-gods, as they flew,
Wooed her dark hair; the midnight-dew
Fell on her lips, as if it were
To mingle with the honey there.
Still, grief's impress was marked upon
Her shadowy brow; the joy was gone
That once illumed that eye; fierce now
The flame that played beneath that brow.

  The melancholy moon still smiled
On sea, on shore, on woodland wild;
While from her taper fingers fell
The mystic leaves that wrought the spell.
"I love thy pale and pensive light
  Dancing upon the broad lagoon;
But, why shine out so fair and bright,
  Fair moon! chaste moon!
Wild as thy bosom swells my heart;
  I cast these charmèd leaves on thee,
While roll thy frothy waves apart,
  Glad sea! bright sea!
And canst thou hear my plaint, thou gem
  Of the Great Spirit's realm afar?
Thou diamond of Night's diadem,
  Pure star! lone star!
To every wild nook bear my wail;
  Where sleeps the tura,* bounds the hind,
And gently fill the white man's sail,
  Mild wind! soft wind!"

The waves rolled on in all their pride,
The wild song of the Tritons died;

*Tura, the Indian name for the alligator.

While from the deep sea's hidden caves
Arose strange forms above the waves,
As if to catch the magic strain
Ere it died on the heaving main.
Once more the Sukia* threw her spell
Of snow-white leaves o'er the lagoon;
The petals faded as they fell,
They were the offspring of the moon!†
"Fair flower of night! whose leaflets die
When morning paints the eastern sky!
Thou pale recluse! who shun'st the light,
And court'st the chilly mists of night;
Oh how like thee my soul doth shun
The burning rays of morning's sun,
That it may swell more fresh at night,
And glory in its own sad light!
Now, wading through immensity,
The laughing moon looks on the sea,
And darts a more inviting ray
Than e'er was known to smile by day;
Thou, thou sad flower! alone doth seem
To worship her calm, silvery beam,
While other plants await the morn
To bow before the monarch sun.
I press thee to my aching heart
And bid thee ease its burning smart;
Like thee, when Night's dark daughters come
To throw o'er earth their mantling gloom,
That heart flies from the bright and gay
To throb the midnight hour away—
To bleed within the cold moon's light,
And count the shadowy hours of night."

*The Sukia, the enchantress of the Gulf coast. They generally used a bamboo wand, wore no dress except the *uletournon*. To effect a charm they kindled a fire of pine-knots, threw into the flames narcotic plants or the leaves of mysterious flowers. They would often step into the flames bare-footed and come out unharmed. Sometimes they would mutter a charm, place their foot upon the bamboo wand, break it in the middle, shaking out from the section in the hand a full-grown tamsgosa snake, which, in an instant, would coil itself up, flatten its head and dart its tongue out in defence. The Sukia receives the bite and dashes the reptile aside. The Sukias were said to have control over the sea, the rivers and lagoons.

†The plant *Abor Iristia*. It has leaves during the day only, but at about nine o'clock at night it is covered all over with flowers of a beautiful white and of a most delicate perfume.

Thus Kabosilma* worked the charm
That bound the sea, the lake, the river;
It bade the angry waves be calm,
Or swell into a mighty storm!
Taking an arrow from her quiver,
She placed it on an oaken bow,
And turned its head towards the north;
Then with her cheeks and eyes aglow,
She sped the wingèd death-shaft forth.
"Outstrip the wind! O'er field and flood,
Thou pinioned messenger of blood!
Nor stay thy rush through sable night
'Till Manasula† marks thy flight,
And Tuktawita‡ sees the sign
That dooms them both to grief. 'Tis mine—
The power to mark the rolling sea,
Send to these shores an enemy
Who'll curse with rapine all the land,
And, while he smiles, wield sword and brand!
Mine the high power to fill the air
With howls of anguish and despair;
To blast the fields—to hurl disease
On warrior strong, or tender maid;
To send quick poison on the breeze,
And make the aga§ droop and fade.

"Thus do I war upon my race,
Thus proudly meet fate face to face!
For I have loved as maid ne'er loved—
That Sukias can love I have proved;
That they can hate, too soon I'll show—
Oh! Manasula! soon thou'lt know!"
And then she bent her bow with might;
The arrow took its airy flight,
Singing a death-song as it sped,
That seemed to wake the sleeping dead.

* Kabosilma—the star of the sea.
† Ma-na-sula—Deer-foot.
‡ Tuk-ta-wita—Boy-chief.
§ Aga—the Indian name for maize.

Her dark glance wandered o'er the sea;
Wildly she wreathed her raven hair
With nightshade blossoms; mournfully
The weeping willow flourished there.
The tamagosa's* fiery tongue
Quivered amid the mangrove leaves;
The corral* slowly crept along,
While from the gloomy lianes† hung
The deadly scorpion. Wildly heaves
The frothy wave;—the bernice‡ trails
Its silken hair along the sea,
While the white ibis§ onward sails,
Shrieking its midnight melody.
Pale, glimmering lights rose here and there,
Danced weird-like on the noxious air,
Then rolling o'er the broad lagoon,
Licked up the stray beams of the moon.
The swamp-lamp flickered, while the owl
Shrieked—and the crouching panther's howl
Waked the dull echo, as the deer
Sprang from her covert wild with fear.
The Sukia's spell was o'er; she turned,
And, guided by the flames that burned,
O'er many a fen she slowly moved,
Through the dark solitude she loved.
Coiling and hissing in her path,
The corral shook its tongue of wrath,
While hosts of creeping, slimy things
Crawled in her way; vampire wings
Fanned her hot cheeks, and tiger yells
Echoed along the woody dells.
With fleeter steps she hurried o'er
The yellow sand along the shore,
And then o'er grassy lawn she bounded,
Until her heavy footstep sounded

* The *tamagosa* and *corral* are highly venomous serpents. The latter is the most beautiful, and yet the most poisonous of its species.

† The *lianes*, or rope plants: vines which sometimes hang loose, and at others stretch themselves to the earth and take new root. The leaves are of translucent green, and it is loaded with clusters of bright flowers.

‡ The *bernice* is a species of sea-nettle, with long silken hair and pulsing heart.

§ There are two kinds of *ibis:* the white and red. They, with the *flamingo*, inhabit the borders of lagoons and rivers.

Upon the rattling bamboo floor
Within her wicker cabin door.

. . . . . .

On Tampa's strand glad wavelets crept
And dallied with the day-god's beams,
Beneath whose glow the billows slept
Calm as the spell of infant dreams;
In sportive play the dolphin leapt
From the blue deep with flashing scales;
While onward, like a phantom, swept
The nautilus with rainbow sails.
Far off upon the sunlit sea,
With pennon drooping lazily,
And flapping sails, a galleon bold
Seemed floating on a sea of gold.
That barren coast had ne'er before,
In sunny light or tempest's roar,
Beheld so bright, so strange a thing,
A huge sea monster on the wing!
And yet again, another hull
Loomed up just on the ocean's rim;
And loudly shrieked the wild sea-gull,
While far away, in distance dim,
A third and fourth, with white sails bent,
Skimmed through the liquid element,
Bearing a host of cavaliers
With arquebuse and pennoned spears.
With plumèd helm and steel cuirass,
They stood upon the vessel's deck;
Their gaze stretched o'er the sea of glass
Toward the land, which, like a speck,
Just rose above the dim confine
Of waters stretching toward the west,
Where hung a long and fleecy line
Of clouds o'er ocean's heaving breast.

"Ho, land of gold!" the Spaniard cried,
Swelling with cherished hope and pride,
"The treasures of the earth and sea,
Metals and gems whose brilliancy

Dazzle the eyes of wondering host,
Will all be mine at trifling cost.
Ah, ha! there's wealth beneath thy soil,
The talisman that spreads a smile
Over the face of care, the god
To which the proudest monarchs nod!
And pearls as rich as e'er were seen
To grace the neck of Indian Queen,
Shall roll into our coffers, while
The spices of each flowery isle
Shall fill our holds, and charge the air
That fans our sails with odors rare.
Blow, winds! until old ocean roars,
And bear us to yon fairy shores."

The helmsman cast his eye aloft,
  And marked the quivering topmost sail;
On viewless wings and whispering soft,
  Came creeping on the gentle gale.
A ripple, then a hurried flaw,
  And then the sails began to fill;
The barque leapt gaily toward the shore,
  Cleaving the billows with a will.
Soon was a sheltered harbor reached,
Soon was the armed pinnace beached,
And then, 'mid holy rites, was raised
The Cross of Christ; around it blazed
The sacred fires, while warriors bold
Praised God, and claimed that *Land of Gold.*

. . . . . .

Aurora, herald of the morn,
High on her radiant chariot borne,
Sped up the crimson east, and drew
Night's curtain from the field of blue.
The monarch sun arose; the veil
Was raised, the morning star turned pale;
And as Sol rose high in the east
To herald in the summer feast,
The forest songsters sang their lay
And welcomed in the golden day.

Who tarries when the Princess calls?
From valley, hill and swamp they come
And crowd round Manasula's halls
To sounds of flute, and conque, and drum.
The plumèd warrior, bearing high,
In all his savage majesty,
The trophies of heroic deeds
On hunting-ground or battle-plain,
With rattle-gourds and trumpet reeds
Wild mingling with the warlike strain.
Upon his swarthy breast he bore
A score of scalps, some red with gore,
Armlets and anklets made of teeth
Of panther, mantinee,* or bear,
While ibis feathers formed a wreath
Like clots of blood amid his hair.
Then maidens came with strings of pearls
Woven amid their raven curls;
Flamingo feathers nicely braided
Around their bright and sunny brows,
By feathery palm-leaves darkly shaded,
With zones of beads all worked in rows
And strange devices; moccasins
Of deer, or wolf, or tura skins.
The grove resounded with their song,
And echo passed the strain along,
While stalwart youths, with hardy frames,
Joined in their wild athletic games.

Young Tuktawita stood aloof,
The day-star of his dreams as yet
Was hid beneath her palace roof;
The gay macaw and paroquet
Fluttered around the wicker door,
Or hung upon the clinging vine;
But she, the Queen, whose nod was law,
Disdained upon the throng to shine.
With folded arms he gazed upon
The glories of the rising sun,

* Mantinee, the river cow.

And only thought, how passing fair
'Twould be, if she, his queen, were there!
"Come forth, O Queen! The sun looks on the lake,
And merry elves, with pencils dipped in light,
Gild the glad waves; no more the owlets wake
Their solemn voices to the queen of night.
Lo! the red sentry of the broad lagoon*
Stalks proudly through the flood of golden rays;
The curapow,† with crest like silver moon,
Turns to the sun his proud defiant gaze.
In the deep copse, which e'en the tapir shuns,
The howling mono‡ chants his sad complaint;
While in the ravine where the brooklet runs,
No meteor flame burns fitfully and faint.
But we'll not seek the dark and dreary woods,
While, like a coronet of gems, the hill looms up;
We'll watch the dew-drops peeping through their hoods,
Or glittering upon the rim of lily-cup.
Come forth, sweet Princess! brush the dew away,
And wear a crown of sunbeams on your brow;
I love to see your raven tresses play
With odor-laden winds. Come now, come now,
Let the grey rocks send back our noisy shout,
While the young sunbeams wanton on your cheeks;
Now is the time to let love's secret out,
'Tis when the flowers are brightest that he speaks."
Thus sang the youth beneath the palm
That threw its shadow on the bower
Where Manasula dwelt; a charm
Was in the song. Amid a shower
Of fragrant flowers forth came the Queen,
With coronet of gems, whose sheen
Flashed in the sun and threw around
A halo of surpassing brightness,
The while her small foot kissed the ground,
Oh, how much like the doe's in lightness!

* The red flamingo.
† The white-crested *curapow*, a large and stately bird.
‡ The *mono colorado* of the Spaniards; often called the "howling monkey." It is a large, uncouth beast, of a dirty brick-red color, with a long beard. It howls mournfully through the mangrove forests, and "makes night hideous" with its cries.

Armlets of gold, with strings of pearls
Twisted amid her jetty curls;
While from her shoulders gaily hung
A tiger-skin, and bear's teeth strung
In wide festoons adorned her neck
Of golden hue, where not a speck
Marred the bright skin, or stayed the swell
Of amber breasts that rose and fell.
Hail, beauteous Queen! the summer flowers
Spring up around thy shady bowers.
The diamond frost of winter old
Melts when 'tis kissed by beams of gold;
And, flashing, leap the unfettered waves,
Laden with gems from ocean's caves.
The balmy south-winds hither come
Fresh from their motley prairie home;
On viewless wings, o'er parterres gay,
Bright laughing sprites the call obey,
Kiss thy bright cheeks and lips of balm,
Frolicking around thy fairy form.

"Welcome,"—said she. "The sun is up,
And dew-drops fill the rain-plant's cup.*
Lo! how the fiery monarch's beams
Crimson the plunging valley streams.
Like molten gold, the wavcless sea
Sends back his glorious brilliancy!
Chant ye the pæan of the sun—
The monarch of the day begun."
Then rang the woods with anthem bold,
While high the radiant god arose;
Flaming o'er earth his rays of gold,
And lulling the billows to repose.

"O, thou that riseth now—round as the shield
The mighty bear upon the battle-field!
Whence thy effulgency, O glorious Sun!
Whence that eternal light that gilds the lawn,

* The rain-plant, or wild pine—a clambering vine. It springs from the forks of large trees, to the height of from four to six feet. The leaves are broad, and wrap aronnd themselves, like a roll, forming reservoirs, in which the rain or dew is collected and retained safe from the sun and wind. Each leaf will hold a quart of clear translucent water.

And paints the roof of heaven—as stars retire
And hide their lustre in thy mightier fire?
Thou comest forth in all thy majesty,
Gemming the billows of the frothy sea;
And, on the jagged cliff—behold, thy ray
Chases the vapors of the night away.
The vale of spirits still is dark, O Sun!
Ill-boding whispers through its caverns run:
The song of blessed souls is hushed; and now
Wild burning floods pour from the mountain brow.
Shine out, O glorious light! and hear the howls
Of restless spirits from the vale of souls.

"O, hearkener to the warrior's prayer! the tides
Still ebb and flow; the moon her paleness hides
Beneath the curling wave; the gnarled oak
Is riven by the sharp-edged lightning's stroke;
The lakes dry up; the hoary cliff, where burst
The angry clouds, in age, sinks to the dust.
Yet thou alone, triumphant, rollest on
Above the shattered globe, O deathless Sun!
When tempests gather round the world, and loud
Bellowing thunders roll from cloud to cloud;
When lightnings pierce the purple air, and cast
Their sudden gleamings through the raging blast,
Thou look'st in beauty through the clouds, unfurled
In awful splendor o'er the trembling world.
O glorious light! amid the war-storm thus
Bestow thy golden influence on us.

"We go intrepid to the battle-field;
Thine image glitters on the warrior's shield,
His arrow splits thy ray. Shine out, O Sun!
With beams of victory from thine azure zone.
The ghosts of chieftains rise before our sight
And call us to the field, where valor's might
Is tested by the sinewed arm. Beam on,
Propitious radiance! we bend to none
But thee, whose floods of heavenly fire have shed
Such glory on the spirits of the dead.

Smile on our warriors brave; and, O, sink not
With face of blood still beaming on the spot
Where thousands welter in their gore—all low,
With face to thee and feet toward the foe.
O glorious light!—upon the battle-heath
Raise the fallen spirit from the couch of death!"

Young Tuktawita sprang to greet
The smiling Queen. Low at her feet
He knelt, and with a stripling's air,
Scattered his hunting trophies there.
"We greet you, beauteous child of day!
With sounding horn and trappings gay.
Fresh from the hunt, my warrior band,
With faithful bow and spear in hand,
Have hither come to join your sports,
And revel in your flowery courts.
The antlered stag, the timid fawn,
Lie prostrate on the grassy lawn;
These we bestow on you—the flower
That blooms supreme in Beauty's bower.
Humbly we thus our tribute pay
To Manasula—Queen of day!"

A sweet smile spread her coral lips,
As on the youthful chief she gazed;
And, smoothing with her finger-tips
His glossy hair, his form she raised.
"Thou'rt strong—though young. Like the young stag
Thy fleet foot leaps from crag to crag;
Thine eye is quick, thine arrow true,
And thou canst guide the light canoe
With manly skill—though young in years;
But thine is not the warrior's arm.
Behold, around—a thousand spears,
Like lightning flashes mid the storm,
Gleam in the sun, ready to screen
From hostile hosts their rightful Queen.
Hath Tuktawita's soul no fire
For warlike deeds, no fond desire?"

The youth looked down, his noble chest
Swelled as he lowly bowed his head.
"Try me," he cried; "I will not rest
'Till plume of eagle decks my crest,
Or I lie sleeping with the dead.
This arrow, found at early dawn
Resting upon the grassy lawn,
Betokens war. 'Tis from the quiver
Of Kabosilma, she whose spells
Are worked near broad lagoon and river,
And its lone flight dark deeds foretells.
Then, then, when danger's nigh, O Queen!
Shall Tuktawita's arm be seen
Wielding the war-club on the field
With mighty strength, his breast thy shield!"

The Princess smiled, then waved her hand
In greeting to the warrior band
And dancing maids, who gathered round,
Scattering blue lotos on the ground.
"Welcome to all. The day advances,
Let's pass it, friends, in games and dances.
Come, gather round, be happy all;
This is our summer festival.
The mighty sun pours out his fire;
Let's to the groves of palms retire
And shield us from his burning rays,
While the cool sea-breeze on us plays.
The doe seeks shelter 'mong the trees,
And woos the gentle sighing breeze;
While, dipping in the mirror wave,
The swallow seeks its wings to lave.
Speed, warrior chiefs and maidens bright;
Be this a day of pure delight."

CANTO II.

Tall were the plumes of Talamita,*
  And strong his bow. He stood afar,
And marked the youthful Tuktawita,
  His dark eye flashing like a star
That peers 'tween clouds of sombre hue,
Fierce in its field of mellow blue.
Full two score scalps hung at his belt,
  And tiger-teeth adorned his neck;
Rare wampum formed his tunic's welt,
  His shoes were made of skin of snake.
All wistfully the chieftain gazed
Upon the Queen, whose beauty blazed
More bright than star, or moon, or sun,
Shining alike on every one.
No arm like his the spear could wield,
  No hand like his the javelin throw;
No shout so loud on battle-field,
  No eye so sure with bended bow:
The Casique of a warlike race
  Whose deeds had sounded through the land;
With tattooed skin and painted face,
  He seemed like one born to command!

On went the games. Some javelins threw,
  Some sped the arrow to its mark;
While others launched the staunch canoe,
  And speared the tapir or the shark.
The wrestlers bared their tawny forms,
  And grasped each other round the waist;
With shield and club and sinewy arms,
  Stout warriors face to face were placed,
And, yelling loud the battle-cry,
Struggled to gain the victory.
And there were maids whose flashing eyes
Scattered around strange witcheries;
Whose limbs were lithe, whose light feet glanced
  Like a soft zephyr over flowers;

*Ta-la-mita—the bloody hand.

And wild their music as they danced
'Mid merry shouts and rose-leaf showers.

A dark form glided through the brake,
And leaped into a bark canoe;
Then paddling swiftly o'er the lake,
In silence, like a water-snake,
It sped the liquid mirror through.
On, on its course, 'till 'mid the rank
And noxious weeds on river bank,
'Twas moored; then, with a bound,
The Sukia's light foot touched the ground.
Triumphant was the glance she threw
Over the watery field of blue;
And yet more brightly glared her eyes
When she beheld the revelries
Of warrior chiefs and maidens bright
Joining in dance and mimic fight.
"The spell has worked!" she, smiling, said;
"The sea is white with wing'd canoes;
And, on the shore arm'd warriors tread,
Who seem as risen from the dead:
On their bright casques the morning dews
Shine in the light. Wo, wo to ye,
Proud Manasula! Soon the howl
Of death shall mar thy revelry,
And strike with fear thy vaunting soul!"
Then sped she to the grove of palm;
Stately her steps and proud her mien;
A corral coiling round her arm,
With its bright scales of blue and green—
Its fangs and fiery tongue between.

The Indian maids shrunk 'neath her frown,
The boldest warrior gave her way;
E'en Talamita's brow fell down
Beneath her glance's burning ray.
Around the Queen's umbrageous throne
The maids their perfumed wreaths had strewn;

Now 'mid the clustered flowers they crawled
With trembling form and soul appalled,
As if to shun the withering fire
That flashed from the Sukia's glance of ire.
"Wo, wo to ye—ye cringing throng!
Who gather in the dance and song;
Wo, wo to ye—ye men of might,
Who glory in the fearful fight,
Bare your strong arms—howl the war cry:
There are dread omens in the sky;
The winged winds bear fearful sounds;
The panther from its jungle bounds.
Behold! he comes;—his foot is pressed
Upon our mother Earth's warm breast!
His arm is strong—his breath is fire,
And ye shall fall beneath his ire!"

Thus Kabosilma spoke. Her eye
Glanced wildly o'er the eastern sky.
The youthful Queen shrunk back affright,
As if some fiend had crossed her sight;
Then, bracing every nerve, she rose,
And with a calm, yet proud repose,
Motioned the sorceress away.
But, did the Sukia maid obey?
Her stately form grew taller still,
Her look betrayed determined will!
She placed her foot firm on the ground,
And, with defiant look around,
Spake to the Queen:—"Wo, wo to ye,
Dove-hearted Queen! On the deep sea
Winged monsters float; they cleave the wave,
Their ribs spit fire—and warriors brave
Crowd their broad backs with javelins bright,
And banners fluttering in the light.
The pale-face with an eagle-eye
Has stepped upon the yellow sand,
His banner floating in the sky,
His keen knife flashing in his hand.
Wo to the red man—wo to ye!
The last limb of the gnarled tree.

Thy palaces shall fall to dust,
  Thy towns be licked up by red fire,
Thy fields laid waste, thy cattle cursed
  By the Great Spirit's hand of ire!"

"What mummery's this?" the boy-chief cried,
While springing to his Princess' side.
"Back to your den, false prophetess!
Nor with sad warnings dare address
Our noble Queen. Nay, scowl—Behold!
This arrow with its tip of gold;
'Twas winged by ye, declaring war:
Then, let it come with fiery car
And bleeding spear! 'Twill soon be seen
How many braves can shield the Queen!"
The Sukin sadly eyed the youth,
  Then, turning to the braves, she said:—
"Men of the land! I've told the truth;
  Ye shall be marshalled with the dead!
Lo!—cast your eyes across the stream;
What see ye there? Is it a dream?
Fleet footed are the beasts they stride,
Long knives are glittering by their side.
Is it a dream? Wo—wo to ye!
The pale-face has come o'er the sea!"

With timid gaze the Queen looked o'er
The waves that danced upon the shore;
And on the beach, far, far away
Stood the armed host in bright array.
Their dark plumes nodded to the breeze;
While cavaliers, with grace and ease,
Sat on their steeds and urged them on,
Their trappings flashing in the sun.
Then brayed the trumpet loud and clear,
Then rose in air the pennoned spear,
While rending shouts came on the air—
"De Soto, hail!" rang everywhere.
To Mauasula 'twas a sight
  More beautiful than rising sun;

She clapped her hands in wild delight,
And bade the fleetest warrior run
Down to the margin of the stream,
And welcome those who, like a dream,
Had burst upon her untaught vision,
Like angel hosts from realms elysian.

"Hold, reckless Queen!" a chief exclaimed:
'Twas Talamita, he whose arm
Was strong in fight, whose dark eye flamed
The fiercest in the battle's storm.
"Lives there a brave who dares to say
This arm ere quivered with dismay?
Let him come forth, and we will try
Who is strongest, he or I?
Take heed, the snake is coiled beneath
The flowers that make the glory-wreath;
His skin is beautiful; his eyes
Gleam with a thousand witcheries!
The war-path will be red with blood
If the pale-faces pass yon flood.
The hungry bird will sail in air,
The howling wolf leap from her lair;
And many a maid will mourn the day
The stranger's footsteps turned this way."

The Princess bowed with haughty grace,
Scorn veiled the smile upon her face.
"Brave chief art thou to counsel fear!
Are not a thousand warriors here?
Speed, Tuktawita, to the strand
And greet yon noble warrior band.
Tell them your Queen bids them advance,
And welcome them with feast and dance."
Like the young stag, the youth ran through
The forest wild. Soon by the shore
He leaped into his light canoe,
And skimmed the glassy waters o'er.
Half dazzled by the gorgeous sight
Of cavaliers in armor bright,

And prancing steeds with riders bold,
Marshalled under a cross of gold,
He paused before he reached the shore,
Resting upon his oaken oar.
A smile De Soto's features spread,
With lordly grace he bowed his head;
Stretched forth his hand with friendly air,
Which said the chief was welcome there.

"Fear not, young chief; we seek not war;
We come as friends," De Soto said.
The youth leaped to the sandy shore,
And, proudly raising up his head,
Thus answered:—"Fear I never knew!
Ye come in peace? So be it then.
Our young Queen bids me welcome you,
With your bright band of fighting men."
"Though keen our trusty sabre's edge,
We greet your Queen with knightly pledge
Not to molest her, or to mar
Her people's peace with sounds of war.
We are the red man's friends, and come
To add enchantments to his home."
The Spaniard smiled while thus he spoke,
And then the brazen trumpet woke
The sleeping echo, while the gleam
Of arms flashed in the glassy stream.

Then forth, with streamers gaily flying,
Darted the Indian war canoes;
Stout arms the feathery paddles plying,
And unarmed warriors for their crews.
A gallant barge, all decked with flowers,
And festooned braids of evergreen,
Bore from her shady woodland bowers
The bright and youthful Indian Queen.
Thrice round her graceful neck a chain
Of spotless pearls was twined; her arms
Showed golden bracelets, every vein
Glowed as the strangers scanned her charms.

Each plume bowed low when, like a doe,
She sprang upon the yellow shore;
Her eyes all fire, her cheeks all glow;
A being made to love, adore!
The wily Spaniard doffed his helm,
And hailed the Princess of the realm;
Such beauty, such confiding ease,
Could not but stagger, if not please;
So timid, yet so proudly bold.
He thought of love, but more of gold:
Her treasures, thought he, where are they?
Her love would surely tell him where;
The dragon-guard would own her sway,
And hail him lord and master there.

She smiled. Her teeth, without a speck,
Rivalled the pearls around her neck,
And, with a motion of her hand,
Marshalled her warriors on the strand.
All, save the stalwart Talamita
And the young chieftain Tuktawita,
Bowed homage to the stranger knight,
His barbèd steeds and men of might.
"We greet ye, beauteous forest Queen!"
Said the proud Spaniard, while his eye
Beamed love—although its glance was keen,
And his lip curled, though smilingly.
"No hostile march is ours. We come,
A band of pilgrims, far from home,
To teach your people peace, not war,
To barter fabrics for your ore.
Our King is mighty; on the sea
His ships are floating fearlessly;
While on the land no monarch boasts
More stoutly armed or braver hosts.
Shall we be friends, or, shall I speak
And bid my warriors scour the land?
Lo! we are strong and you are weak—
None dare refuse when I command.
'Tis left with you, sweet Queen, to say
If peace or war—I will obey."

Doubt, for a while, controlled the Queen;
But, with a smile, soft and serene,
She loosened from her neck and waist
The string of pearls, and gently placed
Them in De Soto's outstretched hand;
Who, bowing with demeanor bland,
Gave, in exchange, a costly ring—
A token from his master King.
Then brayed the war-like trumpet out,
While cannon joined the mighty shout
That rent the air—the steel-clad band
Filled the canoes and left the strand.

In a deep grot, where scarce a ray
Of the bright day-god dared intrude,
Sat a stern knight in trappings gay,
Beside a maid. The solitude
Seemed loved by both; for, had a gush
Of melody come from the thrush
That wandered there, it would have broken
The spell of love—words softly spoken.
The wild rose and the eglantine
Clung to the sumac and the vine;
And clustering grapes hung overhead,
While hosts of flowers their odor shed
And languished o'er their mossy bed.
In rich profusion, pendant, hung
The golden orange and the lime;
While, peeping from green leaves among,
The luscious fruits of southern clime
Bedecked that bower and filled the air
With odors grateful, rich and rare.

"I have sipped nectar from the lips
Of proud Castilian maids, and listened
To tender songs—while finger-tips
Struck lute-strings soft, and dark eyes glistened
As if the torch of love had fired
The soul, and bid its passion gush

Through flashing orbs: What heart desired
Came with a sigh and crimson blush;
But never, 'till I touched this shore,
Has my heart learned to love—adore!
Sweet Manasula! wert thou mine,
How bright a coronet should shine
Upon that brow! Princes should be
Humble idolators to thee.
Come—be my love; with me return
To where the Christian altars burn;
Where wealth and splendor reign, and this
Brief life's a pilgrimage of bliss!"

Thus spake the Spanish knight. The maid
Listened, and pondered all he said.
A sigh, half smothered, passed her lips;
Perchance there was a faint eclipse
Of the soft light of those dark eyes
Within whose depths dwelt witcheries.
Her troubled bosom rose and fell
Like the wide ocean's mighty swell;
The Sukia's warning still was ringing,
Like to a death-song in her ears;
And, quickly from his warm clasp springing,
Her cheeks suffused with burning tears,
She said:—"The fair chief's words are soft,
And, though the Indian maid has oft
Turned her ear to love's whisperings,
Yet has she heard the winds with wings
That bore a spell, speak to the flower
That graced a lady's gaudy bower,
Sweet words of love; and then it sung
The same soft song to the bud that hung
From the swamp vine. If he has said
The truth, then shall the Indian maid
Press to her heart the trembling dove,
And teach it to sing the song of love.
But, Manasula's sway is wide;
As far as sweeps the ocean's tide
Her power extends, and men of might
Stand ready marshalled for the fight

When danger's nigh, ready to sereen
The saered person of their Queen.
Yet, Manasula loves; her heart
Asks her not, Spaniard, what thou art;
She loves! Be thou her counsellor,
Whether it be in peaee or war."

And then she told of heaps of pearls
Hidden in tombs where slept the dead;
Of gold dust where the brooklet curls,
And gums that pleasant odors shed.
The wily Spaniard breathless listened,
And, oh, how wildly loved he then!
For, to the tale his hawk-eye glistened,
And his heart throbbed again, again.
"Beautiful maid! I'll dwell with thee
In thy bright land beside the sea;
I'll be thy eounsellor, and teach
Thy people how that point to reach
Where stands the Christian, proudly great
Above the red man's low estate.
They'll learn our arts; to sow, to reap,
To plow the earth, and plow the deep;
And Manasula's name shall sound
In every realm where man is found;
The Princess wise, who raised her race,
And met the true God face to face."

And then he breathed into her ear
Words that to maiden hearts are dear;
His silvery tongue spoke of a heart
That had not learned the flatterer's art
Whose every pulse beat for the one
Who in her native forests shone
A gem of pure and brilliant ray,
Bright as the first-born beam of day.
The Princess listened, every sigh
Seemed music's spirit passing by,
And every word, so sweetly breathed,
Fell on the air with rose-leaves wreathed.

And, who will doubt but that gay knight,
So heartless, yet so fierce in fight,
By magic won the Indian maid,
  Who wot not of the courtly way
Of winning hearts by snares well laid,
  Or as the serpent lures his prey?
Love is all potent. On that spot
Her regal pride was soon forgot;
Visions of bliss her heart delighted:
A peaceful home and love requited
Were hers, she thought not of the cost;
The people and their Queen were lost!

A dark form passed before the grot,
  A loud laugh rang the forest through:
"Wo, wo to ye! dark is your lot;
The tree has fallen, the limb must rot;
  Wo, Manasula, wo to you!"
Up sprang De Soto, quick as light
His sabre left its scabbard bright.
"Hold!" cried the Princess; "shed no blood;
This is her home of solitude.
'Tis the crazed Sukia, she who tells
Our destiny, whose mystic spells
Strike e'en the bravest brave with awe.
Her word is either peace or war;
And, when she lifts her warning hand,
E'en I no longer can command!
If you love Manasula, stay
Your arm and let her go her way."

She did not plead in vain; the knight
Returned the blade to the scabbard bright;
The wild flash of the Sukia's glance,
  Her piercing voice, the doom-words spoken,
Awoke him from his blissful trance.
He thought of treachery, perchance
  Of hidden snare, and pledges broken.
"Show me," said he, with a grim smile,
  "Where are your hidden gems and gold;

My wrath I'll smother for awhile
  If I have proof, and may behold
The treasures which, you say, are doomed
With your dead chiefs to be entombed.
Is Manasula's love so cold
As to be cheaper than her gold?
She loves me not, or she would share
With him she loves, her treasures rare."
The Princess smiled, and quick replied:
"I'll prove my love. A faithful guide
Shall lead you, Spaniard, to the spot
Where our dead fathers' bodies rot;
Where heaps of pearls and yellow ore
Were placed to rest forever more.
Oh, if such dross your love can win,
Take all—be mine the damning sin!"*

Deep in a dell where hooting owls
  And the wild mono nightly held
Their noisy orgies with shrill howls,
  The Sukia sat. Her bosom swelled
As she communed with stars, that seemed
To drink the light that from them streamed.
Fagots of pitchy pine sent high
A red blaze toward the spangled sky,
While dark smoke curled the limbs between
Of mangrove and lianes green.
The tall chief Talamita stood
Watching the blaze, whose flash of blood
Crimsoned his stately form, and lit
The moody eye that gazed on it.
"The Sukia's tongue has spoken right;
  The Spirit's wrath is on the land;

*History tells us of the Floridian Princess's informing De Soto that he could search the tombs in the town and neighboring villages, where he might find pearls enough to load all the horses of his army. As the fact is utterly inconsistent with all our notions of the reverence for ancestry which is the striking characteristic of the Indians, we should have strong doubts of the truth of the statement, were it not distinctly asserted in both the narratives of the Spanish expedition. The tombs and temples were visited by the Spaniards, and, according to accounts, fourteen bushels of pearls found. One writer puts the amount down at twenty-five thousand pounds. The cupidity of De Soto was not gratified: for the yellow and white ore turned out to be copper and white stone, while the pearls were of a very inferior quality.

Our braves must gather in their might
And meet the pale-face hand to hand.
The conk shall ring from peak to peak,
And, like dead leaves before the storm,
Our warriors the plain shall seek,
Our swift canoes the rivers swarm.
May cloud-fires blast the greedy host
Whose footsteps curse our peaceful coast;
May plague and famine give them graves
Beneath the feet of conquering braves!
But who is he in yonder path?
Comes he in friendship or in wrath?
'Tis Tuktawita—he who sings
Sweet songs in Manasula's ears;
A pretty parrot without wings,
A lover true, whose food is tears."

The chieftain of the bloody hand
Chuckled the while the Sukia sighed,
And raised aloft a burning brand,
Which lit the valley far and wide.
With folded arms and sluggish pace,
His eyes all fire, all flushed his face,
The boy-chief reached the darksome dell,
And, groaning, on the damp sod fell.
O'er Kabosilma's features spread
A beam of joy, and slow she said:
"Why gnash your teeth and child-like wail
Hath Manasula been unkind?
Arise! and breast the stormy gale,
Nor whimper like a stricken hind.
These eyes beheld the maiden meek,
Down in the shady grove of palms;
She did not chide, she did not speak,
But nestled in the stranger's arms.
Hath Tuktawita been asleep?
Let his proud spirit upward leap
And crush the snake that coils between
His love and her—our fallen Queen!"

Then Talamita, scoffing, muttered—
"False were the chieftain's vows ye uttered,
Faint-hearted boy! why lie ye there,
Showing the stars your weak despair?
Yours is a coward's heart; you sigh
When you should raise the battle-cry!"
"Who says that Tuktawita's craven?"
Asked the proud youth, as up he sprung,
Pushing aside his tresses raven,
As o'er his burning brow they hung.
"He ne'er has shamed the blood that flows,
So proudly burning, through his veins;
As the great mountain-furnace glows,
Or flames sweep o'er the prairie plains,
So swells his soul for mighty deeds,
So roars he when his country bleeds!
Give him the war-club—send him forth,
And, like the wild wind of the north,
His battle-cry shall echo far,
His spear gleam on the field of war!"

The cloud on Talamita's brow
Faded away; a grim smile spread,
Like moonlight o'er a field of snow,
His purple lips, calm, cold and dead.
"Son of a mighty sire!" said he,
"The winged canoes are on the sea;
The footprints of the white man trace
A bloody path to our disgrace.
Yours is a craven heart—if love
For a false Queen can stronger prove
Than honor. Let your voice be heard,
Not like the love-sick singing bird,
But calling to aid the chiefs and braves
Who stand upon their fathers' graves."
"The grey-haired chieftain counsels well,"
Replied the youth; "a fire I'll light
That shall o'er plain and mountain swell,
And gather thousands in their might."

"'Tis said: the young brave's arm is strong,
The stars no more shall hear his song,
Save 'mid the battle's din—the foe
Shall stagger 'neath his sturdy blow."
And, as he spake, the Casique drew
A glistening knife, concealed from view
Beneath his belt. "Take this," he said;
"There is no danger in the dead.
Let it drink blood, its edge is keen,—
Either the Spaniard, or the Queen."
"The Queen!" The boy-chief stood aghast,
And, with a brow all overcast
With pending thunders, while his lip
Curled proudly, and with deadly grip
He held the knife:—"The Queen, *our* Queen?
Does the brave Talamita mean
That I should do so black a deed?
Rather let Tuktawita bleed!
The blade thirsts for less sacred blood;
Its point shall reach the Spaniard's heart,
Not Manasula's: *that* pure flood
Shall warmly through life's channels dart."
Then with a firm and stately tread,
He moved along the path that led
Toward the town, where dance and song
Were joined in by the noisy throng.

CANTO III.

In solid squadrons on the field,
De Soto's mounted warriors stood;
The sun glanced on each helm and shield,
And kissed the cross with its golden flood.
And long the line of halberdiers
That stretched from river-bank to grove,
With corselets and bright pennoned spears,
And banners waving high above.
The Indian braves stood far aloof,
And maidens stared all eagerly;

Death travelled with the charger's hoof,
  While fires of vengeance lit his eye.
In a chariot by bisons drawn,
  Sat Manasula, meek yet proud;
She seemed the goddess of the morn,
  While smiling on the surging crowd.
The old, the young, bowed as she passed;
Maids in her pathway roses cast,
While ranks of braves waved boughs of green,
And shouted loud, "Long live the Queen!"
De Soto on his gallant steed
Rode to the royal car with speed;
Doffed his plumed cap and bowed his head,
Like a true courtier born and bred.
"The guide, sweet Queen," he softly said,
"To lead me to the spot where sleep
The treasures of the earth and deep."
With a sad smile she bowed, and pointed:
"Far, far inland are priests anointed,
Who watch our temples and our graves;
Where rest Casiques, and chiefs, and braves;
Where lies the wealth your soul so craves."

Young Tuktawita stood far off,
  Sorrow was in his downcast look;
He felt his wrath, but dared not scoff
  At what he was compelled to brook.
The Princess motioned him. He came,
  But with a slow and haughty pace,
Like one encumbered with a shame
  That none could read upon his face.
"Son of the wise and brave Chepec!"
  Said Manasula to the youth:
"Your ears are quick, your eyes awake;
  Your tongue speaks nothing but the truth.
The Spaniard chieftain has been told
That there are heaps of pearls and gold,
Hidden within the vaults where lie
The bones of our proud ancestry.
Be ye his guide, show him the spot
Where hoards of riches lie and rot!"

"I!" cried the youth, his dark eyes flashing,
His brow down-bent, his white teeth gnashing:
"I rob my father!" "Only show
The treasures that he covets so.
Your Queen commands, the cost be hers!
Guide the chief to the sepulchres;
But, harm him not, if you would prove
Worthy of Manasula's love."

With cloudy brow and half-curled lip
The youth bowed silently; his hand
Thrice had the knife within his grip;
But when he marked the Christian band,
With bristling arquebuse and spear,
He whispered in the Princess' ear:
"Will Manasula love the brave
Who would the land from ruin save?"
"Why question thus?" she asked—distrust
In her quick glance. "Be he accursed
Who would not raise the shrill war-cry
When he saw danger lurking nigh."
"So be it then," the youth replied.
"Lo! there is danger by thy side.
Shall I to chains and lashes stoop?
Or quick send forth the wild war-whoop?"
"Peace, reckless boy! do my command;
Manito guards our native land."

Young Tuktawita's eye flashed flame;
But with a mighty throe, he kept
His anger down. The blush of shame
Over his noble features crept.
Half scorning, half in awe he bowed,
Then, turning to the Spaniard proud,
He motioned him to follow, while
His lips curled with a scornful smile.
"Spaniard," cried he, "our Queen is wise;
She speaks, and we her words obey:
I'll show you where the treasure lies,
Under our temple—where decay

The bones of heroes gone to rest;
Which, until now, none dared molest."
Then, turning to the Queen, he said:
"A wail of woe comes from the dead!
Calm sleep be with ye, gentle Queen;
To-day the leaves are bright and green,
To-morrow comes the withering frost,
And lo! the flower's beauty's lost;
The cry of 'woe!' e'en now is heard;
It frights the keen-eyed mountain bird;
But ye are deaf, ye will not hear;
And ye are blind when signs appear!"

The clarion rang, the war-steed neighed,
And brightly shone the trooper's blade,
As through the vale the squadron rode,
Passing the Sukia's lone abode.
"Wo, wo to ye!" rang through the glen,
While echo sent it back again;
"Wo to the slave, whose recreant soul
Would own a deadly foe's control!"
The young chief heard the fearful cry,
But heeded not; his plan was laid—
To save the Queen, the Knight must die
By his strong arm and deadly blade.

With measured step he led the way,
De Soto followed with his band;
They marched all night, they marched all day,
Until they reached the prairie land.
There, amid mounds and leafy wood,
An old and spacious temple stood;
Silence was in the evening air,
In the deep forest, everywhere!
It was the home of Death, where slumbered
The bones of chiefs and braves unnumbered.
A solemn smile spread o'er his face
As, gazing on the burial place
Of warriors bold, De Soto stood
And revelled in his dream of blood.

Before him passed in grim review,
Chiefs of renown, all armed for fight;
Some the sharp-pointed javelin threw,
Some winged the feathered arrow's flight.
This ghostly army passed along,
And glaring eyes shone through the mist;
While in the tall grass rang the song:
"Wo, wo to ye!" The moonbeams kissed
The silent tombs and temples broad,
While resting on the dewy sward,
The cavaliers sought rest, and dreamed
Of treasures won when morning beamed.

. . . . . .

In the dark tomb, amid the dead,
De Soto stood. All cold and damp
The heavy air; the dim rays shed
By the red flame of brazen lamp,
Fell on the frames of giant men,
Now mouldy, crumbling into dust;
And rusty barbs that glittered when
The war-cry rang through wood and glen,
And strong arms made the homeward thrust.
"Where are the treasures, where the gold,
The heaps of pearls?" demanded he
Of Tuktawita, who, with cold
And stolid mien, stood silently
Gazing upon the sordid Knight,
Keeping the keen knife from his sight.
"In yonder deep recess, where day
Has never sent its cheering ray,
The Christian chief will find the dross
His soul so craves. He says the Cross
Gives wealth and happiness to all;
Then, why disturb the dead, and crawl
Amid dry bones to win the toys
That please the eyes of timid boys?"
"A sage adviser, thou young brave!
Why give thy treasures to the grave?
We do not rob, we only save.
Forward and show me where they lie!"
"Sooner will Tuktawita die;

Or ye, proud tyrant! Hark! the voice
Of my brave sire in paradise
Cries out aloud in thunder-tones:
'Baptize with blood our sleeping bones!'"

Quick as a lightning shaft, the knife
Flashed in a torch's crimson light;
It reached its mark, but not the life
It aimed to take. A breast-plate bright
Beneath De Soto's garb withstood
The blade that sought to drink his blood.
The Spaniard seized the Indian's arm,
And, with a smile, cold, scornful, calm,
Hurled it away. "Misguided boy,
Would you your treacherous race destroy
When steel meets steel it should be on
The open field, when the bright sun
Beholds the contest lost or won!
I'll show you how a Spanish Knight
Seeks his revenge. Go, you are free;
'Tis thus your treachery I requite:
Live through a life of infamy!"

The youth quailed not, but grimly smiled
As the proud Spaniard waved his hand.
"A serpent round our Queen has coiled,
Its poisonous breath spreads o'er the land.
I would have crushed it, but my arm
Was weak and could not do it harm.
Spaniard! the Indian asks not life;
He still knows how to use the knife.
Lo! yonder, 'neath a heap of stones,
Lie, undefiled, my father's bones;
His spirit looks upon me now,
A frown is on his mighty brow;
I hear his groan—he chides his son—
Tells him to end what is begun."
Then, with a yell whose echo died
Far in the vaults, the blade he thrust
Into his heart—the crimson tide
Of life mixed with his father's dust.

A laugh rang through the fœtid air;
And then a wild shriek of despair
Swelled wildly from the dark recess,
Breaking the deathlike loneliness:
"Wo, Kabosilma, wo to ye!
Your soul is dark as stormy night;
A star has dropped into the sea,
No more shall earth smile in its light."
It was the Sukia maid. She leapt,
Like a mad she-wolf toward her young
When danger's nigh; and long she wept,
And frantic to the dead youth clung.
"'Twas I, proud chief, that urged the deed,
For, so I hate your cursed race,
That I would laugh to see you bleed,
And die all covered with disgrace!"

"Ha! is it so?" the Spaniard cried,
"Then sleep ye by your lover's side.
Two hearts so true no power should sever;
Be ye embalmed in bliss forever."
The tomb was searched, the treasure found,
And wealth exhumed from every mound.
Joy lit the Spaniard's eye; his greed
Was satisfied, and every steed
Bore a full burden of the plunder,
For which the robbers burst asunder
The portals of the silent tomb,
And mocked the dead within its womb.
The vault where lay the Sukia maid,
By Tuktawita's bleeding form,
Was closed with mattock, bar and spade,
And there they sleep in endless shade,
Unreached by light, or wind, or storm.
Flushed with success, the troops applied
The flaming torch to the temple wide;*

* One of these temples, visited by the Spaniards in search of treasure, merits a description, as it seems to have been the most spacious of these sacred places of worship. It was above three hundred feet in length, and a hundred and twenty in breadth. The roof was very steep, thickly covered with mats, and completely water-tight. Over the mats was a sort of tiling, constructed of brilliant shells

Missing Page

The valley flowers their sweets distil,
While the young Princess weeps and moans.'
Thus spake De Soto, whose tall form
Stood suddenly before the maid;
His lips wore smiles, his brow was calm,
A joy-beam round his features played.
"The traitor chief whose trembling band
Have dared to scorn your high command,
Has been compelled to flee before
The onset of my gallant corps.
We've given to flames his towns, and razed
His temples. Nay, you look amazed.
Did you not clothe me with the power
To crush out treason from the land?
I armed in danger's darksome hour,
And met the traitor hand to hand.
The haughty Talamita's fled,
And Tuktawita with the dead
Sleeps soundly in the cold caress
Of the ill-boding Prophetess."

"'Tis done, De Soto—but the wrath
Of Him whose eye is on us all,
Whose curse comes in the thunder-path,
On me, the guilty, soon to fall.
I hear my people's cries,—I see
The fiery tongues that lap the skies;
My father's ghost reproaches me,
And blasts me with his wrathful eyes.
O chief, how madly I have loved,
This hellish sacrifice has proved!
What cave shall Manasula seek
To hide the blushes on her cheek?
The curses of her people rest,
Like storm-clouds on a mountain's crest,
Upon her head. Woe, woe! the wail
Still swells upon the wingèd gale."
She wept, and wildly tore her hair,
Scattering the flowers that pouted there.
The Spaniard smiled, half scornfully,
And twirled his gauntlet with good grace

He thus advanced the robber's plea,
While a slight flush suffused his face:

"Under the banner of the Cross,
And guided by the hand of God,
We Christians never count the loss,
When once we buckle on the sword.
A righteous mission, Queen, is ours:
To teach our holy faith to those
Who bow unto infernal powers,
And God's supreme decrees oppose.
We've taken the treasures. They were found
Buried and useless under ground;
To you they're nought—then why complain
When you lose nothing, while we gain?
I would have saved the youth, whose knife
Was madly raised against my life;
But his own hand, on murder bent,
Meted to him his punishment.
The croaking witch, whose wail of wo
Annoyed your royal highness so,
Has shared her stripling lover's doom,
And slumbers with him in the tomb.
Where are the traitors—where are they
Who dared to march in armed array
Against their Queen? Low in the dust
They met a doom righteous and just.
Ere the first beam of morning's sun
Illumes the eastern horizon,
My army shall be on its way
To reap new victories, and to slay
Where'er opposed. I cannot leave
So rich a prize as you behind;
Nor would I have your young heart grieve,
Or deem the one it owns unkind.
Your royal presence will provide
My men with food; your form will screen
My person. While you're by my side,
E'en traitors will respect the Queen.
Then up! prepare! the trumpet's blast
Shall summon all my warriors bold;

Weep not, the time for tears is past,
We'll fight your battles for your gold."

With a quick bound the Queen arose,
And steadily she eyed the knight;
Her bosom heaved with mighty throes,
While o'er her brow hung shades of night.
"False Spaniard! on your lips the lie
Hangs like a drop of poisoned dew;
There is falsehood in your every sigh;
The love you swore, you never knew.
Think you that Manasula's feet
Will tread the path that robbers tread?
Or, like a sick lamb, whine and bleat
Because a cloud bangs o'er her head?
I've fed your braves, I've stooped to speak
Words that have brought shame on my cheek;
And I have listened while you spoke
Of promises you vilely broke;
Listened—to me 'twas sweet and new,
For then I thought it all was true.
Go! but I follow not. Alone
With the sad sea-waves will I moan."

A smile sardonic spread the mouth
Of the proud knight. He slowly raised
His arm; and, pointing to the south,
Where a long line of camp-fires blazed,
He said: "Behold, weak Queen, a host
Of hungry wolves, whose only boast
Is of their plunder. Who so bold
As to oppose them, when 'tis gold
They seek? Be wise and yield, or chains
May gall ye sorely for your pains."

"A slave! a captive! scourged by whips!
Oh, for a curse to pass my lips!
Whose withering breath may blast your form
Ere your black heart can plot more harm."
Despairing then she glanced around,
No brave appeared, no warlike sound

Waked sleeping echo; all was still,
Save the soft murmur of the rill.
No friends, no succor, none to shield,
What could the lone one do but yield?
Like a bayed deer, wounded and faint,
While hope was left, she summoned tears;
But, what availed her touching plaint?
It fell upon unheeding ears.
"Leave me to die where rest the bones
Of those who watched my childhood's days;
To fill the air with sighs and groans,
And I will speak of you with praise.
Take all, but let my people live,
While I remain in solitude;
Oh, Spaniard, had I more to give,
I'd give it freely for their good."

Humbly she pleaded at his feet,
But, like a rock, unmoved he stood,
And gloated o'er a wreck complete,
Like a gaunt vulture o'er his food.
At morning's dawn the clarion rang,
And, all around, the martial clang
Was heard. The restive charger neighed,
The trooper drew his battle blade,
And soon along the winding way
The army marched in bright array,
Frighting the eagle, whose wild shriek
Rang loudly from the lofty peak.
The captive Queen, with bleeding feet,
Drenched by the rain, scorched by the heat,
Followed the train with sluggish pace,
Her shame depicted in her face.
Two faithful maids clung to her still,
Shared her deep grief, obeyed her will,
But not one warrior's arm was seen
With arrow set to save the Queen.
Affrighted fled the awe-struck crowd,
While onward rushing, like a cloud
Before the gale, the Spaniards came,
With iron dragons spitting flame.

The banner of the cross waved high,
And holy priests urged on the host;
Red flames leapt up toward the sky,
'Till in its depths their flash was lost.
Town after town was swept away,
Temples were razed to earth; dismay
Numbed the strong arm, the warriors fled
To mountain holds with fear and dread.
There, amid rocks and hidden caves,
Gathered a thousand Indian braves,
Their leader Talamita, he
Who first resisted tyranny.
Though vanquished, still his arm was strong
And ready to avenge the wrong.
Standing before the council fire,
Where gathered youth and ancient sire,
Thus spake he to the listening braves:
"Where are our fathers' honored graves?
Where are our temples, where our priests,
Our altars and our sacred feasts?
Beneath the white man's feet in ashes,
Or scattered like the forest leaves
When mad winds blow and lightning flashes,
Crushed by the power of foreign thieves!
Our Queen in bondage licks the earth,
Our wives and daughters cry with fear,
While the foul Spaniard laughs in mirth
At the whipped cravens gathered here.
Awake, ye braves! the war-whoop raise!
Wept our brave sires in by-gone days
When storm-clouds gathered in the sky,
And flame shot from the Spirit's eye?
Go forth, and like the mighty wind
That leaves all desolate behind,
Drive the cursed pale-face from the land
With vengeful blade and bloody hand!
The she-wolf will defend her den—
And will not ye, who seem as men?
Who's here so faint and craven-hearted
As to bow down and kiss the rod?

Let him from home for aye be parted,
  Accursed of man, accursed of God!
Ye who are strong and have no fear,
Whose stout right arm can wield a spear,
Gather around me in your might
Within the shadow of the night,
And we will strike one stunning blow
That shall appal the vaunting foe!"

A wild shout rang from rock to rock,
  And, like an avalanche, down poured
The Indian host. Severe the shock:
  The foe with arquebuse and sword
Met the assault; but, closely pressed,
  Their ranks gave way, 'till, in full flight,
They scoured the plain. De Soto's crest
  Towered throughout the savage fight;
His sturdy arm dealt many a blow,
Each struck an Indian warrior low.
"Stand, stand your ground!" he loudly cried.
"Charge! horsemen, charge!" Soon changed the tide;
Each trooper turned his charger's head,
And then, in turn, the Indians fled.
Crushed 'neath the hoofs they prostrate lay,
Watched by the hungry birds of prey.
Some begged for mercy, but were slain;
Others fled howling o'er the plain;
While in the river, many a brave
Sought and soon found a liquid grave.

Old Talamita tried in vain
To turn his flying bands again;
Gored by the foemen's blades, he stood
A barrier of flesh and blood.
With flashing eyes fixed on the foe,
  And foot firm planted in the sod,
His arm resisted every blow,
  While 'gainst the temple of his god
His giant back he leant, and cursed
The attacking foe at every thrust.

A wild cry, hark! the roof's on fire!
Soldiers rush forth with flaming brands;
And loudly from the burning pyre
Shrill voices ring, higher and higher,
While men exult with bloody hands,
And shout in mockery: "Lo, the Queen!
With virgins chaste and canting priests,
Dances beyond yon fiery screen:
Such ever be their sacred feasts!"
Up the blue vault of heaven leap
The unloosed tongues of crimson flame;
From star to star they seem to sweep,
Tinging the moon with blush of shame.
In the flames' womb the wailing dies;
"Long live the Queen!" the Spaniard cries;
While, crashing, fall the heavy beams,
And molten lead rolls down in streams.
Myriads of sparks then fill the air,
And flakes lie everywhere;
Then all is still, save the deep sigh
The night wind heaves while passing by.

Deep 'neath the smouldering ruins lay
The bones of Manasula, Queen
Of the bright land of Florida.
Where now the vernal grass is green,
A mound, o'ergrown by grass, is seen;
There sleeps the chief, brave Talamita,
The wise Casique, the fearless fighter,
Who fell beneath De Soto's blow,
Facing his nation's hated foe.

ST. CECILIA AND THE ANGEL.

The tradition concerning St. Cecilia, the distinguished patroness of music, states that it was on account of her excellence in the divine art that she was visited by an angel; that he was drawn from his celestial abode by the sweetness of her voice; and that the transcendency of her instrumental powers caused her to be styled the patron saint of music and musicians.

She sat beside her lyre, which slept
As if its melody were dead;
The zephyrs lingered round, or crept
Fondly among the strings, and shed
Their dewy tears upon them; while
The listening stars did wink and smile
Upon the waters sunk to rest,
With heaven reflected from their breast.

Nature was hushed, as if 'twere listening
To catch some wind-harp's infant note;
E'en the stars whispered not; but glistening
In the blue ocean where they float,
Kissed the dewed leaf, the stilly sea,
And hushed their mystic melody;
For there was music yet to rise,
Sweeter than Nature's minstrelsies.

She touched the breathing lyre, like one
Whose soul hung on her finger-tips;
And music came: each melting tone
Was like notes breathed from seraph lips.
Softly, like dew-fall on the sea,
Arose the plaintive melody;
It soared to heaven, and never were
More blissful notes winged through the air.

What form is that, which, robed in light,
Comes from the realm of stars? Its wings
Shed diamonds on the sea, and night
Shrinks from the silvery flame it brings.

Swift through the purple air it bounds,
Lured by the lyre's enchanting sounds:
A spirit of celestial birth,
By music's spell brought down to earth.

Lingering in rapture o'er the lyre,
(Like a gay humbird drawing sweets
From honeysuckles) while each wire
Speaks to the hand it trembling meets:
Child of the skies! why dost thou come,
Thus, smiling, from thy heavenly home?
Is there not in yon starry girth,
A lyre more rich than one of earth?

The angel knelt, for every strain
Called to devotion; and a choir
Of seraphims replied again
To the sweet music of the lyre.
Oh! there are spells that bind the heart,
But none like music can impart
Such soft delights; for from the skies
It drew its soothing witcheries.

Then spake the heaven-born one—his lips
Glowed like twin rubies in the sun;
Æolus, through his pinion-tips,
Made melody of heavenly tone:—
"I left the realm of stars to kneel
To song's divinity; to feel
As angels feel, when spheres reply
To heaven's eternal melody.

"Beautiful one! whose magic strains
Can lure an angel from the skies,
To nestle near thee; as complains
The dove to its young mate, its eyes
Beaming with soul, so, sweet, do I
Crouch at thy feet and ask thee why
Thou art of earth? Come be my love,
And teach seraphic choirs above.

"A spirit-song comes on the wings
  Of the soft south wind, as o'er flowers
It creeps and kisses, while it sings
  Its lullaby around Love's bowers.
So thy sweet song doth swell at night,
And woo the stars from realms of light;
They stoop and wink, and fondly kiss
The dew upon thy lip of bliss.

"God's wrath is in the piping gale
  That fells to earth the knotty tree,
Or rends to shreds the shivering sail
  On wave-tossed ships upon the sea;
But thou canst lull the storm to rest,
The tempest of the anguished breast,
Soothing the maddened brain at will,
And whispering to the soul, 'Be still!'

"The winged winds play with the reeds
  That gently bend as they pass by;
And Melancholy sadly pleads
  In strains between a groan and sigh.
But they have hushed their plaintive notes,
For thy soft music upward floats;
And mute is Nature's every breath,
Like silence lulled to sleep by death.

"Be sainted then, sweet child of song!
  Our type on earth, while music's spell
Can charm high heaven's undying throng,
  And through its diamond portals swell.
When Death shall claim thee for his bride,
Be one of us—in heaven abide;
And give to higher spheres the bliss
That makes too much a heaven of this."

And then, with snowy wings outspread,
  And hair of amber hue left free
To dally with the sunbeams red
  That tinged the mountains and the sea,

The angel rose, and soaring high,
Melted away into the sky;
While to the kneeling maid was given
The power to make on earth a heaven.

The birds poured out their love in song,
  The forest murmured mystic lays;
The brooklet, as it purled along,
  Sent up its liquid strain of praise;
And wavelets sang for evermore,
And danced high up the pebbly shore;
While amorous zephyrs whispered love
On flowery plain, in leafy grove.

Music, the universal tongue,
  Ruled everywhere—in court or cot;
'Twas in the lay the wild wind sung,
  'Twas in the woods—where was it not?
E'en the lone sea-shell on the shore
Murmurs its spirit-song of yore;
And laughing stars in boundless spheres
Roll out the tones of earth's young years.

And there is music in the heart
  When pleasant memories arise;
'Tis Nature's boon; no studied art
  Can wake the soul-born melodies
That linger round the whispered love
From lips that barely seem to move,
Or sighs that fall as tremblingly
As snowflakes dropping on the sea.

When eyes drink in each other's light,
  And speak, though not a word they say;
When passion draws the heart-strings tight,
  Love's dimpled fingers on them play;
And there is music soft and sweet,
Like the blessed strains that angels greet,
When harps are swept by seraph hand,
And fill with love the spirit-land.

The purling brook that rolls along,
All joyously o'er sands of gold,
Gives to the rocks a merry song—
The same it sung in days of old;
The insect, with its sapphire wings,
Skims o'er the flowery lea and sings;
And grot and vale and forest groan,
When wild winds swell their hollow tone.

In the lone dell where solitude
Broods over hoary rocks and caves,
See, from the dark and tangled wood
The swift stag leaps, and proudly braves
The eager hounds. A single note
From the shrill horn will start afloat
Myriads of strains, while shouting elves
Fantastic dance on rocky shelves.

The mystic maid, whose airy tongue
Never was known to tell a lie,
Awakes—repeats the hunter's song,
Till, faint and fainter, in a sigh
It perishes in some far nook,
Where e'en the slowly creeping brook
Sings not its song; where silence reigns,
Till echo wakes sweet music's strains.

When, far away from friends and home,
Some well-remembered song is heard,
What heavenly blisses with it come,
What dreams of home—that holy word!
It comes like manna on the soul
That longs to reach the happy goal,
Where loved one's gather round the hearth
And bless the dearest spot on earth.

It came from chaos, when God spake
His loud decree: "Let there be light!"
And still its harmonies awake
The spirit minstrels of the night.

Good wine, good music, make one wondrous wise;
None but a fool would turn from luxuries
To ask the host the means by which he's able
To spread so many good things on his table.

III.

He had a daughter—sweet sixteen, and *kissy;*
(I like that adjective as well as *spicy*)
Her name Cecilia, some folks called her Cissy,
Whose heart was just the opposite of icy.
A score of artists had essayed to paint her:
Psha! talk about your magic tints and brushes!
The more they mellowed down their tints, the fainter
Was the resemblance. Who could limn her blushes?
Enough to say—she was a pretty girl,
And kept close quarters, like an oyster pearl.
She had not learnt the heart's love-lessons truly yet,
But pined for something, like Will Shakspeare's Juliet.

IV.

On cloudless nights she'd gaze upon some planet;
Oft on the moon, when in her fullest splendor;
Or, during day, read woods and hills of granite,
As if they all were of the sterner gender.
She sighed, and sighed for some congenial spirit
Whose essence with her own warm soul might mingle;
She cared but little whether it had merit,
If it were warm and made her young veins tingle.
Something to love was all she asked: the wights
Who gathered at her father's board o' nights,
Were not the kind to win a young maid's heart
Without the aid of necromantic art.

V.

One night, fatigued with music in the *salon,*
She sought her couch and had a pleasant vision:
She dreamed she saw a young man, like a felon,
Steal to her side with firmness and decision,
And on her lips imprint a dozen kisses,
The while he breathed sweet words of pure affection,

Always so welcome to the ears of misses
  Who cannot understand the soul's dejection.
Upon her heart his form was photographed,
Large draughts of love her thirsty spirit quaffed;
And she did vow she'd wed no other than
The idol of her dreams, that handsome man!

VI.

She had no mother; but an old duenna,
  With watchful eyes, marked every new emotion;
She was a childless dame, born in Vienna,
  And for heart-ailings always had a lotion.
When Cissy sang, 'twas aye the song of passion,
  And every note was rendered *con amore*,
Discarding all cadenzas, then the fashion,
  And sighing every strain, *Il Trovatore*.
The good old nurse thought something must be wrong,
Alarming symptoms showed themselves in song;
So, with a sigh, she hit on the presumption
That Cis was dying of a slow consumption.

VII.

With doleful shake of head the crone related
  To the old man the danger she suspected;
Said she: "I think the sweet girl should be mated
  In wedlock to some young man well connected."
Steinhausen heard, and for a long while pondered:
  How strange to him, a marriageable daughter!
Who to select from 'mong his friends he wondered:
  Not one of them, he thought, was fit to court her.
At length he hit upon a novel plan
By which he hoped to catch the proper man;
He'd give a concert, licensed by the Mayor,
And marry her to the successful player.

VIII.

Forth went the invitations and a circular:
  A festival, the prize his blooming daughter.
The people stared, and thought the old man jocular
  From too much Schiedam mingled with his water.

The dilettanti smiled, the cognoscente
  Looked for a feast of rare and classic music,
While noted artists—Europe boasted plenty—
  Practised their solos till they made a few sick.
Poor Cissy! she so loving, yet so passive:
She thought of hunchbacks, bald-pates, noses massive
But then again she often thought, it seems,
Of the young thief who kissed her in her dreams.

IX.

One night, while seated in her boudoir window,
  Gazing upon the moon so bright and pensive,
She sang the lay of some love-stricken Lindor;
  But soon stopped short, for she was apprehensive
That some night-stroller might o'erhear her ditty,
  And take it to himself, as men are apt to,
Particularly when the moonbeams light the city,
  And gas is saved, while window-blinds are slapped to.
Then suddenly a sweet response was heard—
Soft strains, unlike the shrill notes of a bird;
They seemed to wing their way up to the moon;
Now low, now high, it was a deep bassoon!

X.

She listens to the strain; it seems to dally
  With the soft moonbeams as they kiss her tresses.
Directly o'er the way, close by an alley,
  Stands the bold stranger, he whose soft lip presses
The yielding reed. He is of noble figure,
  And holds the instrument with graceful attitude;
Such playing, (no distorting face, or rigor)
  Was never heard in that North German latitude.
The wild strain ceases, and the serenader
Looks up, the girl looks down; his notes have made her
Think of her dream, the visionary kisses:
The moon shines on his face; she screams, "Ah, 'tis his!"

XI.

The young man was not slow to hear her sighing;
  He shouldered his bassoon, and crossed the gutter;

Then to the reed again his lips applying,
There came such strains as sirens could not utter.
"I prithee cease," the maiden sighed; "I'm flurried;
Say, art thou not the youth I saw while dreaming?"
"I am," said he, in accent firm, yet hurried:
She had to bite her lips to keep from screaming.
How long they talked the moon can only tell;
Enough to say, before they bade farewell,
It was agreed that on the following night
They'd have sweet converse in that same moon's light.

XII.

Fritz Linhard was a student, fresh from college;
He'd learned enough to make him dislike 'ologies;
In music he was an adept in knowledge,
For his performance we make no apologies.
He'd read Steinhausen's circular, and fancied,
While o'er the document he glanced,
That he could win the prize; but he was nervous,
And, though he knew his skill, he trembled:
Musicians said: "From bashful men preserve us!"
While they the soul of impudence resembled.
He oft had seen Steinhausen's lovely child,
And loved her with a passion pure and wild;
A hopeless love—but then, if he could win her!
He'd make the effort, though a young beginner.

XIII.

They met, 'twas in an alcove in the garden,
(Moonlight and flowers make love-meetings charming;)
He told her of his love, then begged her pardon,
She granted it, his rapture was alarming.
"I'll try my best to win so rich a treasure,"
Said he, the while he kissed her taper fingers,
And she cast down her eyes of heavenly azure:
Oh, how love's first word on a man's lip lingers!
And how it shakes the heart-cords when it comes,
Like harp-strings touched by fingers and by thumbs.
The fair maid raised her lover from her feet,
She never dreamed that loving was so sweet!

XIV.

"Cheer up," said she, "there is a good time coming,
My dream foreshadowed what would be the wind up;
All the world's scraping, blowing, key-board strumming
Will make no change in me. I've made my mind up.
Am I, a free-born maiden, to be played for?
Compelled to marry him who is successful?
I wonder what this little heart was made for,
If not for love? I'm sure I wish 'twere less full."
Said Fritz: "I wonder!"—'twas all that he could say,
And then he sighed as if his soul would melt away.
Gently she told him it was time to sever,
And so he left, he could not stay forever.

XV.

Wandering along the lonely street dejected,
And thinking of his very slender chances,
He heard strange music; some one, he suspected,
Training himself in each sound's complex branches,
To win the prize. The movement was ecstatic,
So full of soul—now piano, now crescendo,
Then modulating through the scale chromatic,
And ending in a sweet diminuendo.
'Twas a bassoon! The young man's heart sank low,
He had a rival who knew how to blow;
One who, perchance, would put him in the shade,
And carry off the honors and the maid.

XVI.

He looked into a basement window, wondering
Who but the devil could produce such numbers:
There he beheld a bassoon player thundering
As if he'd wake an earthquake from its slumbers!
He was an old man with a nose gigantic,
Grey beard, and eyes that seemed phosphoric;
His preludes were unearthly, wild and frantic,
While quickly heaved his sides and paunch plethoric.
"Ho, ho! Fritz Linhard! come, my boy, come in!
Keep a stout heart and you the girl will win.
Come, take a lesson." Fritz thought best to yield:
For Cis he'd fight all Richmonds in the field.

XVII.

The room was rather small, say twelve by twenty,
Dingy and lighted by a farthing candle;
Scattered around were scores and loose sheets plenty,
Some symphonies by Mozart, Spohr and Handel.
An ancient spinnet graced a far-off corner,
On it were heaped books filled with theories only,
Gregorian chants; a harp that looked forlorner
Than that which hung in Tara's halls so lonely;
An old worm-eaten fiddle, a Cremona
It might have been, one that had lost its tone, or
From too much scraping since its early days,
Had faded like its present owner's bays.

XVIII.

"Now try this prelude," said the grim bassoonist,
Blowing his nasal organ maestoso;
"A short allegro, boy; you'll do it soonest.
Take my bassoon, now go it grandioso."
Trembling at every joint, Fritz met the trial;
Soon he warmed up and every note confronted:
That he played well there could be no denial,
For the old man a flattering "bravo!" grunted.
"That's good," said he; "but you must not be nervous;
Take this black belt, 'twill do you much good service.
Buckle it on—I see your lips are risible—
To all the world you will become invisible."

XIX.

Fritz took the charm, determining to use it
Whenever needed; then he bowed politely,
Told the nose-king that he would not abuse it,
Then, wending home with spirits gay and sprightly,
He sought his pillow, dreamed of sounds elysian,
Of demi-semiquavers all in meshes:
Then Cissy figured largely in the vision,
With her blue eyes half hid beneath their lashes.
When morning dawned he found himself awake,
Thinking of coffee, buttered roll and steak;
So to the nearest restaurant he went,
On Cissy's smiles and buckwheat cakes intent.

XX.

The great saloon of Herr Steinhausen's mansion
Was brilliant with a chandelier well lighted;
Besides bright jets of flame on hook and stancheon,
And flowery wreaths that for worse smells requited.
And there were gathered from far distant nations,
Pianists, flautists, trumpeters and fiddlers;
A host of men of various avocations,
Among them critics and a score of diddlers,
Maestros, capel-meisters, amateurs,
From Leipsic, Naples, Amsterdam and Tours;
Besides fair ladies of the starched gentility,
The parvenus mixed up with the nobility.

XXI.

Steinhausen was the judge; the jury, sages.
Grown grey while working in harmonious traces;
The candidates were men of various ages,
Some with hunchbacks and some with monkey faces.
The seats were filled; the leader seized his baton,
And then the overture was executed;
Such strains as those a mummy might grow fat on
And live again, settling a question mooted.
A flautist played a solo full of graces,
A violinist bowed and made wry faces;
Then o'er the ivory keys, with fingers glib,
A young pianist strove to win a *rib*.

XXII.

Fritz Linhard then stepped trembling on the platform,
He cast a hurried glance toward the maiden;
But, for a while, his optics dwelt on that form,
And then he took a fantasie of Haydn,
And placed it on the stand that stood before him.
A smile spread Cissy's lips, he caught it,
And braced his nerves; but still the fit crept o'er him,
He met the issue, and manfully he fought it.
Another look at her he loved. Her eyes
Seemed to express a love that never dies;
He raised the instrument, and such a strain!
A buzz went round: "Richard's himself again!"

XXIII.

Now, like a flute in alt, now down profondo,
Roaring amid the deep sea's deepest sounding,
The bassoon fairly rattled a secundo,
While fingers worked the passages astounding.
The building shook with shouts of approbation,
Which so alarmed the youth that he got clouded;
He wavered, lost his place, each variation
Became a chaos, notes on notes were crowded;
In wild despair he left the piece half done,
'Twould have been better had he ne'er begun!
They jury scratched their heads, they named him best,
But thought they'd wait till they had heard the rest.

XXIV.

Next came a crooked back dwarf; and, on his shoulders
He bore a contra-bass twice his dimensions;
His ghastly countenance shocked all beholders;
And raised in Cis the worst of apprehensions.
He fixed his wig of jet-black hair, all tangled,
Rolled up his sleeves and showed an arm of muscle
Then he began as if with imps he wrangled,
And came off first best in the mighty tussle.
A wailing *largo* full of moaning strains,
(The strings seemed groaning under many pains)
Began the effort; every note came creeping
Upon the air and set all eyes to weeping.

XXV.

Then an *allegro*—rather, a *capriccio*,
All boisterous and not a bit piano;
He seemed to be the devil's ex-officio
Spewed from the bowels of a live volcano.
His brow flashed fire, his queue cut many capers;
Fritz groaned, the audience stared, while Cissy wondered,
And so did all the orchestra of scrapers,
While the mad fiend his weird concerto thundered.
All, all seemed lost to Fritz, all save the belt:
He put it on and quite ethereal felt;

He stepped upon the stage and turned the pegs
Of the huge fiddle; pinched the player's legs.

XXVI.

Nicolo Pinto—that was the dwarf's cognomen—
Roared like a bull-calf when he heard the crashing;
Still he scraped on, a brave, unflinching bowman,
His goggle eyes with lambent blazes flashing.
The more he worked, the greater discord made he,
The fiddle groaned as if it had the colic;
"Down!" cried the audience; "Stop!" screamed every lady,
While Fritz looked on and gloried in the frolic.
At length, exhausted, Pinto ceased to scrape,
Re-tuned his basso, then began to shape
A new conception; but 'twas all in vain,
For Fritz went up and turned the pegs again.

XXVII.

"Ho, ho, Nicolo! where's your guardian demon?"
These words came from beneath the prince of noses;
For, 'midst the crowd that nose was seen to beam on,
Like the red flame within the bush of Moses.
"I'll play if all the fiends below forsake me!"
Shrieked the grim hunchback, pitching in with vigor;
"Who bids me hold? I'd like to see him make me!"
With look defiant bracing up his figure.
On, on he played, the owlets screamed without,
The people wondered what he was about:
Days, weeks, months and years passed on, and still
Nicolo scraped the fiddle with a will.

XXVIII.

There's such a place as Fiddler's Green; tradition
Tells us that fiddlers' souls go there to practise;
Nicolo died of rage, his spirit's mission
Was to that purgatory, and, the fact is
He played and played, and on his way went capering
To notes discordant, fashioned by his fingers,
Which, by the way were not as soft and tapering
As a fair maid's when by her harp she lingers.

His ghost kept up the wild, chaotic lay,
Maybe it's playing it this very day;
If so, all's discord where the fiddlers go,
And grizzly fiends are chanting down below.

XXIX.

Had Paganini lived in those days, may be
He would have carried off the prize instanter;
For Fritz to him was nothing but a baby,
Scarce large enough to fill a pint decanter.
But, there was no one better than the student:
At least, so thought the umpires in their wisdom;
Fearing another dwarf, they deemed it prudent
To compliment our friend and tell him his doom.
Just then a stalwart Scot, broad-shouldered, sturdy,
Stepped on the platform with his hurdy-gurdy,
Or rather bagpipes, made for Highland ranters,
And scared the cats by tuning up his chanters.

XXX.

A wail of woe fell softly on the hearing,
It was the *pibroch*, melancholy doleful;
It crept upon the heart like words endearing,
And every bosom seemed to store a soulfull.
And then "Auld Robin Gray" came humbly wooing,
A ranting fling wound up the exhibition.
But Fritz perceived the Scot was his undoing,
He donned the belt with sudden expedition,
Punched holes into the wind-sack; suddenly
The bag collapsed, the lively melody
Came forth no more, although the player puffed,
His chance was lost, his light of glory snuffed!

XXXI.

Thus triumphing, Fritz played the grand finale
Without a single balk; his shakes were over,
It was full time to bid his strong nerves rally,
For he was now to act the part of lover.
Steinhausen, faithful to the programme, rose up,
Announced the victor, then led out his daughter;

She did not pout, or sigh, or turn her nose up,
But smiled and blushed, just as a maiden ought to.
Fritz put his hand upon his heart and bowed;
But one in all that fashionable crowd
Knew that the lovers understood the cards,
An odd trick and the honors their rewards.

XXXII.

There were gay times at old Steinhausen's dwelling,
The bride and groom were made one at the altar;
Their light young hearts with fond affection swelling,
Both, with good grace submitted to the halter.
Year followed year, the charmed belt was discarded,
For they had no desire to be extinguished;
With love's *small fry* their joys were interlarded,
And, of all worldly goods, there was no thing wished.
There is no romance in our song's conclusion,
For wedlock wipes away the heart's delusion.
Fritz reached a good old age, had many friends,
And children too: with this our story ends.

HOPE ON.

I looked out on the night, and everywhere
Was gloom. The bleak wind sighed a sad, sad song;
The feathered snow-flakes eddied in the air,
Shrouding the cold earth as they swept along.
Anon weird forms, in garb of silvery white,
Flitted, like phantoms, through the shade of night;
Moanings and gibberings came from their jaws
As they wrote "Death" upon the poor men's doors.

I turned away, but not a cheering spark
Shone on my hearth; the embers glowed no more;
Amid the ashes sat an elfin dark,
Chuckling in concert with the wild wind's roar.

His bony finger pointed to the crust
Upon my platter. From his grim jaws burst
A horrid laugh, and then he munched and chewed,
As if enjoying some delicious food.

In mockery the fiend, with croaking voice,
Sang a wild song in praise of ruby wine;
Spread a broad table, decked with viands choice,
And asked me if I would not like to dine?
"Who art thou, fiend? What is thy mission here?
'Tis surely not to comfort or to cheer.
If but to mock misfortune, get thee gone!
Hope yet is mine, I still have left—a bone."

"Aha! thou dost not know old Poverty?"
Shrieked the grim elf. "I've known thee many a year;
How often have I pinched and tortured thee,
And made thy pathway comfortless and drear.
Hope against hope. As long as I am free
To scatter blight on frail humanity,
I'll be thy grim familiar, evermore
Knocking and knocking at thy cranny door.

"Why should I not? The rich man thrusts me out;
His ease and luxury are lofty walls
That guard him from the wail when I'm about,
And keep me from my usual daily calls.
Hope on, for Hope's a sweetly smiling dame,
And kindles in the heart a cheering flame;
But will Hope bring thee food? Poor fool! hope on.
Not till thy death-knell tolls will I begone."

Then melted in the ebon mist the form;
The raven croaked; high in the leafless tree
The owlet hooted. Riding on the storm,
With icy wings, sped Death and Misery!
The wind, with frozen sighs, crept through the door,
And sang the mournful song of "evermore";
While the dim lamp with sudden brightness shone,
And a soft voice breathed in my ear "Hope on."

That angel voice! Low kneeling at my side
A loved one bent; her azure eyes upturned,
Her lips half pouting. 'Twas my youthful bride,
The well-beloved for whom my spirit yearned.
She spoke, and music trembled on her lips,
Like that which wreathed Cecilia's finger-tips:
"Arouse thee, love; though clouds obscure the sun,
To-morrow he will bless the flowers. Hope on!"

SECOND LOVE.

To Alethia.

I won thee when the snows of age
Were on my brow;
When Time had written on life's page
The awful "now"
That conjures up regrets for hours
That wing their way o'er honeyed flowers.

Like a bright vision of the past,
Thy form came up,
And a sweet drop of comfort cast
Into my cup
Of bitterness; for I was lone,
Heartless and cold, like chiselled stone.

The magic of thy dimpling smile
Gave life anew;
That gentle voice, that song, the while
Fell like the dew
On the seared leaf, and, lo! it spread,
A living thing among the dead.

The buried love came up again
From Passion's tomb;
My harp-strings breathed their spring-time strain
In winter's gloom;
And I did love with all the fire,
The sweet excess of youth's desire.

And now, as round my bending form
Thy fair arms twine,
Bravely I breast the wintry storm,
For thou art mine,
My angel in the hour of strife,
The prop of my declining life.

AT THE GRAVE OF EDGAR A. POE.*

In the gloaming, just as the stars peeped out,
And dreamily the cricket piped his lay,
A bard sat musing. What he thought about,
No one could know, and therefore none could say.
There was no quiet, though he quiet courted;
The car-bells jingled and the horses snorted,
While ungreased cart-wheels rolled o'er pavements gritty,
And newsboys yelled —'twas in a noisy city.

The crimpt and dusty grass grew at his feet,
A solitary grave was by his side —
The grave of Poe, close by the busy street—
Poe, the dead poet, now the city's pride.
Strange that while living no one gave him merit,
Not e'en the raven in his gloomy garret;
While Poverty, with all her haggard minions,
Croaked with the raven as he flapped his pinions.

*These lines were written before the memorial stone was placed over the remains of the poet.

Gifted, yet poor, he struggled with the world,
Read Nature as he would a charming book,
Formed elfins in night-vapors as they curled,
And fashioned music from the gurgling brook.
By grim and restless phantoms nightly haunted,
By critics gored, by foul detraction taunted,
He held communion with his fancy only,
And wrapped himself in darkness deep and lonely.

Now that the worms have battened on his brain,
The world finds merit in the song he sung;
When living, no one listened to the strain,
Or marked the halo that around him hung.
Up with the marble shaft! He's not forgotten:
Like salted fish, he shines when he is rotten.
His name was worthless to the bank fraternity,
But, on the slab, it's good for all eternity.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

To Alethia.

Come sit beside me, love. The winter winds
Pipe their shrill songs around our cranny door;
The fleecy snowflakes enter through the blinds,
Floating awhile, then melting on the floor.

'Tis a sad night for many a houseless one;
Be ye content, for brightly shines our hearth;
All that the world's deceit could do, is done;
Still we are happy, though alone on earth.

Look! there are omens in the glowing coals,
And shadows of the past flit on the wall;
Around us congregate immortal souls,
Who from the future tear the sombre pall.

Sit close to me and we will read the signs
That flicker through the darkness of the night,
For well I know your eager spirit pines
To learn how long will last this withering blight.

Within the red glow of the burning grate
Sits a grim elf working his bony jaws;
He sweeps the food from off a well-filled plate,
And, gorging it, clean licks his hairy paws.

Dark, mocking fiend! a bone we still have left,
And there is fuel for this stormy night;
Let the wind howl through broken pane and cleft,
While Hope still lives the sky looks clear and bright.

Dimly the faggots burn where, groaning, lies
The stricken widow on her bed of straw;
Her little ones the chill air pierce with cries,
In vain they've begged all day from door to door,

"Bread! give us bread!" they cry: "we freeze;
The last chip has burnt out, our feet are bare?
Mother, do something for poor Nellie, please,
She cannot speak, and, oh, how wild her stare!"

Grim Death hath knocked at that poor widow's door,
Cold and starvation shroud the perished young;
New names are on the record of the poor,
A new dirge for the humble dead is sung.

Cheer up, my gentle one, the sky will clear,
Though darkly now the clouds are hanging o'er;
There soon will come a smile for every tear,
When Hope, benignant, whispers: "Weep no more!"

LIFE.

A child was playing 'mid the flowers,
A merry little child;
Wild bounding with triumphant health,
How happily he smiled!
His kite was floating in the air;
He let the kite-string go,
While he made for a butterfly
That lit upon a sloe.

His primer lay upon a bank;
He hid it in the grass;
That truant boy! he always was
The tail-piece of his class.
He launched a boat, of paper made,
Upon the troubled stream,
And said it was a "clipper built,"
And did not go by steam.

That curly-headed boy consumed
The golden hours of life,
And, now he's grown to be a man,
Encumbered with a wife—
A modern wife—and children, too,
His wayward ways are ended:
He has a broomstick o'er his head,
His socks are never mended.

Ambition was the kite he raised;
Folly, the butterfly;
His primer was the knowledge lost;
His boat, his destiny.
The wrinkles of old age have come;
He bends 'neath care and pain,
And thinks he'd be wiser man
If youth were his again.

THE PATRIOT'S APPEAL TO HIS DISHEARTENED COUNTRYMEN.

Though our roofs be on fire, though our rivers run blood,
Though their flag's on the hill, on the plain, on the flood;
Though their bayonets bristle, and shouts rend the air,
Faint heart! do not utter the cry of despair.

The red moon looks down on the field of the slain,
The gaunt vulture soars o'er the desolate plain;
By the loved ones, that, mantled in glory, lie there,
Arouse from thy stupor, and never despair.

We have mountains that lift their grey peaks to the skies,
We have rifles whose crack to the war-yell replies;
We have sinewy arms, we have souls that will dare:
While these are our safeguards, why, doubter, despair?

The great God is just, and He blesses the right;
He makes the weak rise, like a giant, in might;
When he strikes for his home and the tender ones there,
There's hope in each blow, there's shame in despair.

Then, shoulder to shoulder, push on with a tread
That will shake the loose earth that is heaped o'er the dead;
Bear the torch and the sword to the proud tyrant's lair,
Let the wild battle-cry drown the wail of despair.

Despair! while the old man can flourish his staff;
Despair! while the boy at the invader can laugh;
Despair! while our daughters and wives kneel in prayer,
And our mothers scream out, "Don't despair— don't despair!"

Go preach to the rock on the ocean's lone shore,
And tell it to battle the billows no more:
While there's life there is hope; for the death-blow prepare;
It is glorious to battle, it is base to despair!

LITTLE ROSE.

Child of the South, whose mild blue eyes
First saw the glorious sun
'Midst howling shells that rent the skies,
And roar of hostile gun;
Born amid strife, when old earth quaked
Beneath the warriors' tread,
And shouts that drooping spirits waked
While heroes fought and bled.

Grow up and love thy Southern home,
Though sore oppressed it be;
Pray that a brighter day may come,
And thy fettered limbs be free.
Weep o'er the graves of those who stood
Stemming the hostile tide,
Who made libation of their blood,
And, wrapped in glory, died.

A mournful heritage is thine,
A baptism of tears;
An offering at sorrow's shrine,
A chain of gloomy years,
A desolated home — a weight
Of galling chains to wear;
What, when I'm gone, will be thy fate?
A life of mute despair.

HEARTS OF STEEL.

A Battle-Song.

Before us stands the vaunting foe,
Hearts of steel!
With his advance come grief and woe,
Hearts of steel!
But by the patriot heart's pure glow
We'll strike his blood-stained banner low,
And deal him freely blow for blow,
Hearts of steel!
Lo! by the light of burning stack
Reflected from the mountains black,
Behold their midnight bivouac.
Now let them hear our rifles' crack;
Drive, drive the fell invaders back,
Hearts of steel!

See havoc's fiery-steeded car,
Hearts of steel!
Plunging o'er wasted fields afar,
Hearts of steel!
There all our darling treasures are —
Hear ye the piercing cry of war,
And mark ye yon ill-omened star?
Hearts of steel!
Our homes are crumbling 'neath the brand,
There's gore upon the foeman's hand;
All desolate our teeming land,
While blood cries from the reeking sand —
Why like cold marble do ye stand?
Hearts of steel!

Wipe from the sword its coat of rust,
Hearts of steel!
Then teach the blade the homeward thrust,
Hearts of steel!

Trail not our banner in the dust,
But as the sun's rays upward burst,
Oh, let it catch their glory first,
Hearts of steel!
Yea, swear we by the forms that lie
Under the sod of crimson dye,
By the bright tears in beauty's eye,
By the great God enthroned on high,
To drive the spoiler back — or die,
Hearts of steel!

LOUISA'S GRAVE.

Young flowers we strew upon thy grave,
O gentle sleeper 'neath the sod;
The trees their bright green banners wave
Over thy couch, while dew-drops lave
The flowers that speak of thee to God —
Yes, speak to God, though nought they say,
Yet eloquent in tint are they.

Death loves a bright and shining mark —
Sweet friend, his shaft was aimed at thee;
The barb struck surely home, and hark!
The bow-string twangs, and all is dark —
The soul seeks immortality,
Winging its flight to join the band
Of angels in the better land.

How my heart clings, dear friend, to thee!
In its great love 'twas all thine own;
So far above mortality,
I prayed that I, like thee, might be
Fit to stand nigh the Father's throne —
Fit to be with the pure that meet
Around the Son and kiss His feet.

All that is mortal must decay —
O unclean flesh, death is thy doom;
But the pure spirit bounds away
To regions of perpetual day,
Leaving corruption in the tomb.
Rest calmly in thy narrow bed,
All that is left — the soul has fled.

HOPE FOR THE BEST.

Let us hope for the best while we've strength to move on;
It is folly to pine if we tread on a thorn;
There are roses around us to gather at will,
Rich in tint and the odor they gently distill.

The dews that descend with the moon's mellow light
Are nothing but tears from the eyelids of night;
So the tears that we shed for the joys that depart,
Like the dew to the rose are the balm of the heart.

Let us hope for the best. We have love that will last,
Though the sky of our life be by sorrow o'ercast;
There is joy in that love, though it be old in years,
And its wings can not spread — they are heavy with tears.

The world is as cold as those bright floating isles
That borrow the sunbeams and seem to wear smiles;
Let us fashion a sweet little world of our own,
In an ocean of sunlight, alone, all alone.

THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.

To the Memory of Estelle.

Silence, how eloquent! it speaks of death;
Still are the leaves, and voiceless midnight's breath;
The pensive moon wades through the sea of blue,
And star-lit flowers shed their tears of dew.
Belovèd one—cold on thy death-couch laid,
With ivory brow and hair of jetty braid,
Speak! let me hear thy voice's song again,
Mingling its notes with herald angel's strain.
Gently thy spirit answered to the call,
Like the caged bird, when loosened from its thrall,
'Mid songs of bliss, upward it bounding flies
To seek a home of rest beyond the skies.
How beautiful is death! how passing fair!
Like wax thy face, like silk thy ebon hair.
The loves seem still to cluster round thy lips;
Thine eyes, once bright, are shrouded in eclipse.
Cold, cold the hand that once returned my press;
Mute, mute the lips that answered love's caress;
The icy signet of the ghastly king
Is on them now, and stills their murmuring.
The midnight bell tolls out its solemn note,
Untramelled spirits through the still air float.
I vision thine in robes of spotless white,
Haloed with stars and folds of silvery light;
It whispers "come"; and with angelic grace
Soars proudly up through bright and boundless space,
While strains unearthly fill the yielding air:
Farewell! there is a heaven, and thou art there.